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THE
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JULY, 1845.

N^o. CLXV

ART. I.—*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.* 8vo.
London: 1845.

THIS is a remarkable book, and has had a sudden run of public favour. A fourth edition has just appeared; but our last perusal having been bestowed upon the third, we shall refer to it in all our extracts, except where the first may demand some passing notice. The book treats of Cosmogonics in the largest sense in which that high-sounding word was ever used by man; and the author, after soaring with us among the clouds, and giving us a bold outline of the ‘Nebular hypothesis,’ comes down to the lower world, and tells us of the wonders of the earth, and of the marvellous organic forms, in successive generations, which geologists have brought up from regions of darkness, and put before us in the light of day. He then unfolds his theory of Animal Development, in which we learn that the humblest organic structures began first, and were produced by Electricity, or some like power of common nature—That to begin living structures any other way, ‘would be an inconceivably paltry exercise of creative power’. That nature having thus made a start, all difficulties are over; for, by progressive breeding, the first monads will work their way, without any external help, through all the ascending scale of things, up to Monkeys; and that Monkeys will, in like manner, become at length the parents of Men. He then appeals, in confirmation of his views, to the successive

anic forms found in the old strata of the earth, and to the vital forms of men and beasts ; and so builds up a scale of nature which is to be an index of a universal creative law.

The work is systematic and well got up for its purpose, so far as regards its outer form ; and in the latter part of this article we mean to track the vestiges in their own natural order. But in the concluding chapters of the work, many subjects (such as the circular system of natural history, phrenology, animal instincts in comparison with human reason, the origin of language, and the diffusion of the various families of the human race) pass under review. All of them we cannot notice, but some we are compelled to glance at ; and we do so in the first instance, that our more general views may be less interrupted, and hoping in this introductory matter to make our readers comprehend the peculiar qualities of our author's mind, and his mode of dealing with great physical questions.

It follows of necessity, that in the progress of such a work, subjects must be brought under review which bear upon almost every question belonging to natural science ; and we find that every thing is touched upon, while nothing is firmly grasped. We have not the strong master-hand of an independent labourer, either in the field or closet, shown for a single instant. All in the book is shallow ; and all is at second-hand. The surface may be beautiful ; but it is the glitter of gold-leaf without the solidity of the precious metal. The style is agreeable,—sometimes charming ; and noble sentiments are scattered here and there ; but these harmonies are never lasting. Sober truth and solemn nonsense, strangely blended, and offered to us in a new material jargon, break discordantly on our ears, and hurt our better feelings.

The author is intensely hypothetical, and builds his castles in the air, misconceiving the principles of science, or misunderstanding the facts with which it has to deal ; or, what is worse still, distorting them to serve his purpose. He does all this, apparently, without having any just conception of the methods by which men, after the toil of many generations, have ascended, step by step, to the higher elevations of physical knowledge—without any even glimmering conception of what men mean when they tell us of Inductive Science and its sober truths.

But if this be so, how, it may be asked, are we to account for the popularity of the work, and the sudden sale of edition after edition ? Men who are fed on nothing better than the trash of literature, and who have never waded beyond the surface of the things they pretend to know, must needs delight in the trashy skimmings of philosophy ; and we venture to affirm that no man

who has any name in science, properly so called, whether derived from profound study, or original labour in the field, has spoken well of the book, or regarded it with any feelings but those of deep aversion. We say this advisedly, after exchanging thoughts with some of the best informed men in Britain. The public who are not able to judge from their own knowledge, must therefore be plainly told, that the philosophy of the author is borrowed from a false and shallow School; and that the consequences he dares to draw from it, so far as they are new in the scientific literature of our country, are nothing better than mischievous, and sometimes antisocial, nonsense.

The book tells us of things new to many of us—and all of us delight in novelties. It lifts up the curtain of the dissecting-room, and publishes its secrets in rounded sentences of seeming reverence, and in the conventional language of good society. Things useful, and good, and excellent in one place, may be foul and mischievous in another. The world cannot bear to be turned upside down; and we are ready to wage an internecine war with any violation of our modest principles and social manners. Hercules, when he took the distaff in hand, made only a sorry thread; and we presume that Omphale found her hero's club but a clumsy spindle. It is our maxim, that things must keep their proper places if they are to work together for any good. If our glorious maidens and matrons may not soil their fingers with the dirty knife of the anatomist, neither may they poison the springs of joyous thought and modest feeling, by listening to the seductions of this author; who comes before them with a bright, polished, and many-coloured surface, and the serpent coils of a false philosophy, and asks them again to stretch out their hands and pluck forbidden fruit—to talk familiarly with him of things which cannot be so much as named without raising a blush upon a modest cheek;—who tells them—that their Bible is a fable when it teaches them that they were made in the image of God—that they are the children of apes and the breeders of monsters—that he has *annulled all distinction between physical and moral*, (p. 315)—and that all the phenomena of the universe, dead and living, are to be put before the mind in a new jargon, and as the progression and development of a rank, unbending, and degrading materialism.

But who is the author? We thought, when we began to ‘The Vestiges,’ that we could trace therein the markings of a woman’s foot. We now confess our error; and for having entertained it, we crave pardon of the sex. We were led to this delusion by certain charms of writing—by the popularity of the work—by its ready boundings over the fences of the tree of knowledge, and its utter neglect of the narrow and thorny entrance by which

we may lawfully approach it; above all, by the sincerity of faith and love with which the author devotes himself to any system he has taken to his bosom. We thought that no man could write so much about natural science without having dipped below the surface, at least in some department of it. In thinking this, we now believe we were mistaken.

But let us not be misunderstood. Within all the becoming bounds of homage, we would do honour to the softer sex little short of adoration. In taste, and sentiment, and instinctive knowledge of what is right and good—in discrimination of human character, and what is most befitting in all the moral duties of common life—in every thing which forms, not merely the grace and ornament, but is the cementing principle and bond of all that is most exalted and delightful in society, we would place our highest trust in woman. But we know, by long experience, that the ascent up the hill of science is rugged and thorny, and ill-fitted for the drapery of a petticoat; and ways must be passed over which are toilsome to the body, and sometimes loathsome to the senses. And every one who has ventured on these ways, has learned a lesson of humility from his own repeated failures. He has learned to appreciate the enormous and continued labour by which every new position has been won; and, above all, he has learned the immeasurable depth of his own ignorance, when he applies his faculties to any higher order of mental causation beyond the known truths he derives from others, or from his own observations and experiments. No man living, who has not partaken of this kind of labour, or, to say the very least, who has not thoroughly mastered the knowledge put before his senses by the labours of other men, has any right to toss out his fantastical crudities before the public, and give himself the airs of a legislator over the material world.

If we know not the author personally, we may well rejoice in our ignorance; for our criticisms have not the semblance of personal hostility. It is an imperious sense of duty, and an unflinching love of truth, which dictate the language of this article; and in writing it we are moved by ill-will to no one. We may, however, dissect the author's mind from the character of his book; and we believe him to be an accomplished, and, in a certain sense, a well-informed but superficial person. He exhibits a not uncommon union of scepticism and credulity. The combination is not by any means unnatural; for it often requires good and long training to cure a man of subtle doubts, and the first advances of knowledge often lead men of ardent minds into rash and incongruous conclusions. Again, the author is a man of imagination, and delights in resemblances—sometimes real;

and sometimes (strange to tell) only to be found in the similarity of sounds, by which, from the natural imperfection of language, things entirely different are confounded under common terms. He hardly seems to know that in the veriest child the perception of resemblances far outstrips the realities of knowledge. It is the part of science to anatomize external things, and to follow out their *differences*; and then, and not till then, to arrange them in their proper places and speculate on their mutual bearings.

He is so enamoured of resemblances, that he will cheat his senses by mere similitudes of sound. Every one has heard of the quickness of thought—of glancing from heaven to earth, ‘from earth to heaven,’—and who has not heard of the velocity of the galvanic fluid? Therefore, the speed of thought may be reduced to numbers, and a man may think at the rate of 192,000 miles a second! We know well that the author may shelter himself under the juggle of his own words, and tell us that he speaks only of the transmission of our will through the organs of the body. Let him, then, write in more becoming language. But he closes with his own hands his only door of escape. ‘Electricity is almost as metaphysical as ever mind was supposed to be’ . . . ‘and yet electricity is a real thing, an actual existence,’ or, in other words, a material existence, (p. 317.)* ‘So mental action may be imponderable and intangible, and yet a real existence’—that is, a material existence. In the same passage he tells us, ‘that the brain is absolutely identical with a galvanic battery!’ As well might he say that the human will and the point of a needle are identical, because each of them can produce the contraction of a muscle. Allowing that some of the functions of the brain resemble galvanism, are we to conclude that all its functions are galvanic? We repudiate the rash conclusion. It may be true that galvanic influence transmitted through a nervous chord, soon after death, will produce muscular contraction; and it may be true that, after sudden death, electric action may be transmitted from the hollow of the cranium, down the nerves which supply the stomach, so as to continue for a short time the operations of digestion. But what is all this for the author’s purpose, unless he can re-animate a dead body, and continue the higher functions of life, sensation, and volition? When he has done this, we will listen to his materialism; but not till then. There is an immeasurable difference between the

* We here repeat that we always refer to the page of the third edition, except where the contrary is expressed.

material organic combinations of a body, and its associated phenomena of life, sensation, and volition; and there is not the shadow of a reason why things so different in kind should cease together at the very moment of death. The doctrine of a 'vital principle' may have been pushed too far, and brought to the explanation of phenomena which are resolvable on the more vulgar principles of ordinary chemical combination; but this is not our present question. It is said that hair will continue to grow for several days after death. It is said also, in cases of sudden death, when life is arrested while every organ is in a healthy state, that organic action may for a while go on; and that the dead stomach may, in such a case, be dissolved by the very digestive juice which it has just elaborated. We therefore receive with doubt the digestive experiment of our author. If it be true, we willingly receive its evidence, while we reject the beggarly conclusion he dares to draw from it.

Again, all things living, whether vegetable or animal, may be traced back to some elementary germ, which admits not even of microscopic analysis. Therefore, the author tells us, all things living have one common fundamental and material germ. In tracing backwards the organic structure of different species, we can mark a difference at every step, so long as the things before us are within the ken of sense, and we can aid our senses by instruments of great power; but we lose ourselves at last among the ultimate germs of organic life. Are we then to say that these ultimate and unknown germs are all one and the same; while the phenomena springing from them, by stern unbending physical laws, are all different? One who, like this author, can snatch at the conclusion, has a mind incapable of Inductive reasoning, and cheats himself, at every turn of thought, by nothing better than empty sounds.

With the like spirit he writes as follows:—'The fundamental form of organic being is a globule, having a new globule forming within itself, by which it is in time discharged, and which is again followed by another and another, in endless succession,' (p. 175.) If this be true in certain germs of organic life, we may doubt whether it be true of all germs, vegetable and animal. But let us, for the sake of argument, accept this principle in all its fulness, and then follow the author in the supernatural consequences he draws from it. 'Globules,' he tells us, 'can be produced in albumen by electricity,' (p. 176.) 'If, therefore, these globules be identical with the cells, which are now held to be reproductive, it might be said that the production of albumen by artificial means is the only step in the process wanting.' The *if* and *might* of this precious sentence are

words of marvellous import. We believe the author cheats himself by empty sounds; and, because the poverty of language expresses not the difference of things inappreciable by vulgar sense, confounds his fundamental organic globule with the inorganic globule of a chemist. The passage of the electric fluid through water will produce a set of aërial globules in rapid and expansive movement; and just as well might he call them also organic bodies, as any other globules evolved in a chemical experiment. He calls this monstrous perversion of sound reason, 'a humble attempt to bring illustration from a department of science, on which, at present, much doubt and obscurity rest.' But if his principle be insecure, why build upon it a most complicated dogmatic system? He was not called upon to do so, nor was he bound by any duty to desert the sober method of Induction. We must tell him, and tell his readers, plainly, that he cannot desert his fundamental organic globule; and if he cannot create it by purely physical means, his whole system is gone, and he has not so much as a mathematical point to rest his foot upon. His fundamental organic globule, and the *petit corps gélatineux* of his great archetype, Lamarek, are one and the same thing, without which the authors have not the semblance of a starting-point. The theory of Lamarek, though baseless as the fabric of a crazy dream, is better framed than the one before us. It gives us, at least, a comprehensible cause of organic changes from one species to another; while our author talks only of *development*—a word without sense or significance, if he fail to give us any material facts to gloss its meaning.

One example more, and we have done with our exhibition of the idiosyncrasies of his most imaginative mind, which seem to cheat his reason, to lead him by the ears, and to make him the dupe of idle sounds. He tells us, (p. 189,) with some detail, and great simplicity, that 'Mr Weeks, by the action of a galvanic battery continued for eleven months, created a multitude of insects, (*Acarus Crossii*), minute and semi-transparent, and furnished with long bristles.' The creatures thus created were sometimes observed to go back into the parent fluid, and occasionally they devoured each other; and, soon after they had been called to life, they were disposed to extend their species in the vulgar way! So much for the experiment; and let us next read the comment of our author. 'Toward the negative wire of the battery, dipped in the fluid, there gathered a quantity of gelatinous matter—a part of the process which is very striking, when we mention that gelatine is one of the proximate principles, or first compounds, out of which animal bodies are formed,' &c.

He cannot give up this experiment without burying his whole household; for, in truth, it is the only prop on which he builds his habitation; and the stone jelly to feed his little *larvæ* is quite affecting. But in the third edition, (and in violation of his own positive principles,) he follows the lead of some hesitating critic, and adds, with graceful simplicity, 'that we should require further proof to satisfy us that the matter here concerned was actually gelatine.' We tell him not to doubt at all—that a few drops of acid, properly applied, will gelatinize some of our hardest minerals—and that rock jelly, floating in the *liquor silicæ*, is an admirable compound for a young and tender stomach—that 'rock milk' is one of the most vulgar substances wrung from nature's dugs; and, in the shape of chalk infusion, has been drunk for ages by the whole race of crowing gallinaceous philosophers who were progressively developed in the central parts of our great southern capital; nay, that the same fecundating compound has found its way to the west of Temple-Bar, and created by its animating power a celestial sky-blue philosophy, which is soon to fill the world with wonders. But we must leave these delightful visions of future good, and come back to the analysis of our author's mind.

If he be sometimes led astray by the ears, as we have shown, he is sometimes also cheated by his eyes—a vulgar error, it is true, but requiring from us a passing notice. We affirm, then, that he is sometimes led astray by the most puerile resemblances, (p. 160.) In the frozen vapour on the inside of a window he sees a vegetable form, (and what child has not done the same thing a hundred times before him?) In the *Arbor Diæ* of the chemist he sees a *crystallization precisely resembling a shrub*. In the brush produced by an electrical detonation, (we have ourselves seen one almost as big as a hearth-brush produced by Mr Crosse,) he sees the stem and branches of a forest-tree; and then he presumes to tell us, 'that we can here see the traces of secondary means, by which the Almighty deviser might establish all the vegetable forms with which the earth is overspread!' No one denies that the combination of chemical elements, and the crystalline forms mechanically resulting from it, are connected with electricity; and every one knows, that if the first attraction of the atoms be interrupted by a second set of disturbing forces, there will result a new set of crystalline forms, often, arborescent, and always of extreme complication. The first set of forms can be anticipated, and their modifications submitted to geometrical rule. The second set are utterly beyond the reach of all analysis; and it is among them that creative fancy may take delight, in conjuring up fantastical resemblances. An old woman may

see a shroud in a candle, or a coffin in a flake of soot; and every child will see steeples and houses, and the faces of its friends, in the flame of the fire or the vapour of the sky; and these unsubstantial fancies are every whit as real as the vegetable coatings and the forest-trees of our imaginative author. Comparisons of this kind are childish or superstitious—poetical, witty, or absurd—according to the manner in which we use them; but we are certain that they belong not to the stern realities of science. We believe that organic structure could not be matured without the presence of imponderable agents, such as heat, light, and electricity; but we give no creative power to these agents, any more than we give creative power to the carbon and oxygen, and other vulgar constituents of our bodies. The frozen vapour on our window may imitate the outer forms of vegetable life, but it has neither organic structure nor any inner principle of reproduction; it grows by aggregation from without, by the simple apposition of new crystalline matter like that which was laid down before; but a true living vegetable rises from a germ, and is elaborated by an internal complicated organic and reproductive structure, fitted to the materials surrounding it, and acting on them by organic laws of endless complication.

To perceive resemblances is the habit of a child; and an excellent habit it is while kept in its proper place. To perceive the differences of things is another faculty, essential to advancing knowledge. These truths our author seems neither to have studied nor thought of; and the passages we have now referred to, if they prove nothing else, at least prove this—that he has a mind unfitted for the comprehension of the severer lessons of science; and that by no effort will he be ever able to write a system of philosophy which will be fit to advance the cause of material truth, or give a rational interpretation of what has been done by the labours of other men.

While on the philosophy of resemblances, we may say a few words of the systems of arrangement in Natural History, and especially of the vertebrate classes. These classes are formed on one harmonious plan, so that they may be readily brought under a general comparison, and all their nobler organs described under common names. Each animal is perfect of its kind; and its parts are so related and fitted to one another, that the existence of one part (when thoroughly understood) implies the existence of all the rest, under the rigid government of a positive organic law. A naturalist may, therefore, start almost from any point he pleases, and reason consistently through the whole structure of an animal to all its higher vital functions; and he may go on from animal to animal, till he has arranged them all in one con-

sistent scheme of mutual relations. But if all good systems of arrangement be, in a certain sense, natural, in another sense all of them are artificial, for every system implies some starting-point or principle of comparison; and that which is best for the conception of one set of animal structures, may not be the best for another. Not one of them can for an instant be regarded as a type of what was in the prescient mind of the Creator when he called living nature into being.

If these remarks apply to arrangements of the animal kingdom like that of Cuvier, still more do they apply to the Circular and Quinary system of Mackay, who, not content with the ascending and descending scale of older naturalists, and, following out a far wider series of analogies, has thrown the animated world into a circular arrangement, and in groups of five, and contrived to bring into a kind of orderly and geometrical comparison things in former times most widely put asunder. This scheme may have its uses, and may sometimes assist us in comprehending nature, by submitting new analyses to our view; but it is intensely artificial, and is not accepted by our best physiologists and naturalists; and, on this account, is most unfit to form the basis of one single speculation on the high subject of a creative law. Its remote and sometimes most fanciful resemblances have a potent charm for this imaginative author; and led him, especially in his first edition, into details offensive to every principle of sound reason and good taste. Our readers will find the passages to which we refer in his first edition, (pp. 268-271,) but our limits prevent us from quoting them.

If our author be cheated by his eyes and ears, and misled by his outer senses, he also has an inner principle which continually misleads him. He is not only, as we have said, intensely hypothetical, but intensely credulous. A drowning man will catch at a feather or a straw to save himself from sinking; but one who resolutely plunges into the water because he sees such things floating, would be counted a madman. Yet our author plunges into the very deepest streams of human speculation, without one quality fitted to bear him up except a blind belief in his own buoyancy; and he then catches at any thing and every thing that floats about him upon the surface. A hypothetical spirit is a good spirit, if it be properly tempered with knowledge, honesty, and sagacity. It is but a perpetual upward tendency, and a craving for some higher principle, to bind together new phenomena and disconnected facts. When thus tempered, it leads us not to worship our first imaginations, and to make all nature bend to them, but it makes them bend to nature. We may carry as much sail as we please, if we have but

proper ballast, and a willing hand ready to turn the helm whenever we are steering on a shoal. This has been the governing principle of the two Herschels, father and son, of Black, of Davy, of Dalton, and other great names in modern discovery.

But we must turn again to our author to affirm, that he has neither knowledge to justify the positions he has taken, nor sagacity to discover any new means of defending them; but that he presses into his service every kind of force that will hoist his colours for an hour. His credulity is quite on a level with his rashness. Of these qualities we must give a few examples; but, for want of space, it must be in the way only of simple enumeration. He believes that Mr Crosse has, by help of his galvanic battery, made an *Acarus* well fledged and full of eggs; and he believes that he can build a stable system of animated nature upon its back. He believes that, by a double process of incubation, he can hatch a rat from a goose's egg—that a seven months' child has the brain of a beast—that dogs can play admirably at dominoes—and that he is himself a great philosopher, and born 'to improve the knowledge of mankind, and through that medium their happiness!' (p. 387.) Let him, then, no longer 'compose in solitude, and almost without the cognizance of a single fellow-being,' but set up at once a new school of sky-blue philosophy, and he will fill the fashionable world with wonders. Under his celestial teaching we may live to see a grizzly dowager, a wheezing bachelor, and a withered maid, sitting down to a quiet game of whist with a new-fashioned dummy in the form of a solemn poodle; while a lively spitz, or fawning spaniel, is raised on its hind-quarters at the corner of the sofa table, and teaching the knight's move to the younger ladies of the household!

But to go on with our enumeration. He believes that he is a great metaphysician—that mind and soul (as our fathers understood the word) are all a dream—that material organs are all in all—that he can weigh a mind as a butcher does a joint, by a steelyard—that he can measure 'the length and breadth of psychology' by tangents, as a tailor does a piece of broad-cloth—that he has 'annulled all difference between physical and moral'—that Gall and Spurzheim are the only mental philosophers since the days of Plato—that he can swallow their whole system without any grumblings among his digestive organs—that Comte is a great mathematician—and that photography throws a bright light on the faculty of memory. He believes that the human family may be (or ought to be) of many species, and all sprung from apes—that while he bestializes men and humanizes beasts, he is a great moralist—and that while he tries to set up a system which destroys all semblance of any 'final

cause,' he is a good theist. Lastly, and above all, while he rejects the Word of God, (which tells him that God made man and woman in his own image, and breathed into their nostrils the breath of life,) and thinks he can make man and woman far better by the help of a baboon, he believes that he may still remain a good Christian. It may be so; for men are full of strange contradictions. This author is at least consistent in his own materialism; and as he has adopted a scheme of nature against common sense, reason, and experience, so may he have embraced a scheme of religion that is against the vulgar teaching of his own philosophy. It is our business to analyse his mind, and to expose his system where we think it wrong, and not to reconcile his contradictions. But let no man or woman be cheated by the pipings of his 'organ of veneration,' and believe his work, on that account, not to be offensive and mischievous. Many a stagnant shallow pool will reflect the images of the sky; but if we stoop down to drink it, we only fill our mouths with nastiness.

As we have alluded to phrenology, we may add a word or two upon it before we go on to graver matters. We reject the peculiarities of the system, because they are unsustained by any direct anatomical proof. We have several times seen the human brain dissected, (and twice by Dr Spurzheim himself,) and we affirm that neither he nor any one else has been able to demonstrate any subdivisions of its structure corresponding to the organ theory. But some one may tell us that it is proved by a wide induction of facts of another kind, derived from the external forms of the cranium. This we also deny; and we need not repeat opinions enforced in former articles of this Journal, but refer to them. Let us, however, remark in passing, that there is one substantial reason why phrenology should maintain its ground with those who have a large capacity of belief, or an obstinacy in maintaining their first opinions. It starts with the assumption of certain qualities of the mind, which belong, with greater or less prominence, to every human being. These qualities were known before phrenology was ever thought of; but it gives them a local habitation, and sometimes a new name. When, therefore, a credulous neophyte presents himself for manipulation, and from the bumps upon the outside of his head is told of that which passes in the inside of it, we consider it morally and physically impossible that the oracular response should not touch some prominent points of character, of which the patient must needs be conscious if he have any character at all. It is, in such a case, the property of human nature to be taken with good kits, and to overlook the many mistakes and blunders; and so may the oracles of phrenology, like some

others, have their hierophants and their votive offerings for many generations.

In a limited sense, we are all of us phrenologists: we all of us believe that the sensible impressions of external nature are conveyed, through the nervous system, to the brain, and there apprehended by the mind; and we believe that, in a reverse order, the intentions of the will are conveyed from the brain to the organs of the body. This is no new doctrine; and we may accept a lofty expanded forehead, and other outer characters of the cranium, as indications (though by no means sure ones) of high capacity. We will even go a step further, and allow, should it ever be sanctioned by good evidence, (which we very greatly doubt,) that the intellectual, moral, and animal qualities of a man may be indicated, in a general way, by three corresponding developments of the brain, so as to affect the outer form of the head. But when men go on with their most artificial partitions of the brain, and thus proceed to build a regular psychological system on their own inventions, they may become not only ridiculous but very mischievous. Such a system may give us the ready change of hard technical words, with certain material notions to fix their meaning. But let no man fancy, when he has mastered these watchwords and party symbols, that he has reached the philosophy of the mind. He may know no more about it than a stammering boy does of oratory from having learned by rote the jargon of an old book of rhetoric; or than a bellows blower, or sexton, does of Handel's glorious harmonies, after he has counted all the keys or gilded pipes of his parish organ.

The questions between the materialist and the immaterialist are not, in truth, affected by the phrenological hypothesis. They remain in their old places. It matters not whether all the brain be subservient to every act of the mind, or particular parts of the brain to particular acts. What we call mind is that principle which binds our thoughts together, and makes us intellectually what we are; giving us a unity of consciousness not transferable to another, or separable into parts—a unity of knowledge, a unity of responsibility, and a unity of aspiration after future good. Common language does not confound such things under names descriptive of dead matter, and its actions on things dead and inorganic; because common language is the voice of human nature, and not the echo of an hypothesis. Spurzheim was a clever and honest man; but ridden to death by an hypothesis, as many a good man has been before him. He was not a vulgar materialist, whatever may be some of his followers; and we know, for we have discussed this point with him, that the theory of spontaneous generation and transmutation of species found no favour with him, because he believed it utterly untrue.²

A most wretched system of psychology, ending in a chilling physical fatalism, destructive of law and social order, or, at least, depriving them of their purest sanctions, has been reared on the doctrines of Gall; and it is on this account that we owe them a grudge. And the system is quite natural if the longings of the soul are to be satisfied with dry technicalities, and not allowed to rise above them—if we are only to know the highest functions of the mind through an insufferable jargon, which cannot go one step with us beyond the dull material instruments subservient to thought. Our author is one of the worst offenders of this school. While speculating on the phenomena of the earth, he can rise to the heaven of heavens, by the very powers which he, in theory, denies. But if his speculations lead him towards any conception of a mind superior to the common functions of gross matter, his senses are paralysed; he stops short with a strange inconsistency, and sinks down into the worst absurdities of a dismal and irrational materialism. He tells us that material organs are all in all—‘that man’s mode of action depends solely on his organization’—‘that grades of mind, like forms of body, are mere ‘stages of development’—and that there is no essential difference between man and beast. It follows, from his system, that the buzzing of bees, the gabbling of turkeys, and the jabbering of apes, are phenomena of the same order—differing only in degree with the highest symbolical representations of human thought, and the highest recorded abstractions of pure intellect. He tells us, that the difference between instinct and reason is all a foolish dream—that they are both organic. That the instinct of a bee, which leads it, in the construction of its cell, to solve a difficult problem in solid geometry, ‘is only a primitive exercise of constructiveness:’ That we may be unfortunate in inheriting bad organs from nature—grind on we must; and, if we make sad discord, it is the fault of the organs we inherit, and not of the hand that turns the handle: That if ill befall a man for his grating music, he has no right to grumble; ‘for the ‘system of nature has the fairness of a lottery, in which every ‘man has a like chance of drawing a prize,’ (p. 360.) Lastly, we are told, ‘that free-will in man is nothing more than a vicissitude ‘of the supremacy of the faculties (*i. e.* the organs) over each ‘other,’ (p. 332.)

We think all we have just quoted or referred to, one mass of mischievous absurdity. The absurdity of the last definition is perhaps the worst of all. Even allowing the absurd organ theory, volition and choice imply some control over the activity of such organs. Whence this controlling power which makes the essence of the will? Certainly not in the organs which by the hypothesis are controlled.

We have now done with the anatomy of the author's mind, and our estimate of his powers as a reformer of philosophy, material and immaterial; and having thus cleared the way for ourselves, and for the reader, we proceed to the facts on which he professes to build his system, and, as far as may be, we shall follow them in the order of the 'Vestiges.'

Before we speak of 'celestial mechanics' and the 'nebular hypothesis,' let us not, however, so far sink ourselves in dead matter as to forget the mind of man, and how it rose gradually to the conception of this great body of physical truth. We cannot reason an instant without language; for language embodies our first abstractions, without which we could not advance to any new proposition capable of being apprehended or expressed in words. This remark applies to the very rudiments of our advancing knowledge, however feeble they may be. Our knowledge of the simplest kind, as it is first apprehended by sense, may resemble the knowledge of the lower animals; and while we are fettered among things of sense, such as pain and pleasure, and our wills act instinctively in obedience to our emotions, we are on a parallel with them. We have our natural language as well as they; and we come wailing into the world feebler and more helpless than any of them. It is from no want of vocal organs that they use not an artificial language like our own; but from a want of something within themselves, demanding such symbols as expressions of their will and meaning. Some of them, as we know, can learn articulate sounds by imitation; but they understand not the words they use as expressions of thought, (except, perhaps, so far as they may become to them new symbols of some physical emotion or mere physical want,) any more than the clever puppets of Professor Wheatstone, when they give us, mechanically, some rudimentary sounds of speech, like the half-articulate babblings of a little child. The chattering of a parrot and the whistling-tunes of a bulfinch are beautiful instances of animal imitation; but the one bird no more comprehends the abstractions of language than the other does the principles of music. Our first essays in language are connected with material things; and we soon learn such a power of abstraction as to call many similar things by a common name. Feeble as such an advance in language may be, we believe it is beyond the capacity of a brute. The highest general truths, on any subject within the grasp of our thoughts, are only verbal propositions, expressing the highest conceptions we have yet formed within our minds. But there are many truths, the investigation of which our common language can never reach; partly from its inevitable association with the things around us, and with the common actions and

passions of our nature; and partly from its unmanageable complexity. Hence men have been driven to invent a new language, the symbol of pure abstraction, and the fit instrument of pure intellect. Such is the language of mathematical analysis, and it was by the help of such a language that Newton interpreted the enigmas of the sky.

As the mind is immaterial, though mysteriously connected with matter and its laws, (should any one affirm that they must for ever remain connected, we have no dispute with him, for the subject is far above our knowledge,) so the high truths of this new language are based on conceptions of our own, stripped off from matter; and express in a symbolic form, not the general relations of external and material things, but of things within ourselves, and truths arising out of creations within our own minds. And so we rise to an apprehension of general and eternal truths above all material nature, yet applicable to material nature, wherever her phenomena can be brought under the exact terms of our general propositions: and thus it is that we can come down from our abstract soarings, and sometimes test our conclusions by a comparison of them with the separate phenomena of material nature; and so the mind conceives the laws of material nature within itself, which material nature could never give the mind by a mere repetition of the same phenomena before the senses. And having done this, we can rise higher still—we can again put nature to the torture, and wring new secrets from her. We can tell, with full assurance, of material things never heard by ear or seen by eye; we can point out the coming phenomena of the heavens, and tell of material cycles (not comprehended by sense, but evolved out of our own abstractions) which began before man's creation, and are still in the progress of accomplishment.

In like manner, did our subject admit of it, we might here discuss the imaginative, moral, and other faculties of our nature, (the reflections of God's image,) and the high abstractions we derive from them; we might tell of our conceptions of beauty, harmony, law, order, time, and eternity—of our individual duties subordinate to general rules, and our moral sentiments triumphing over all material nature, and exalted into religion. And, just as in the former case, we might come down from our abstractions, bring them to the business of vulgar life, and show that they exalt man's nature (as far as may be here) and ensure his happiness. But these high subjects are forbidden. We therefore come to our conclusion, and contend that there is an immeasurable difference between instinct and reason; and where the work of instinct resembles reason, (as in the geometrical solids wrought by a bee,) we behold therein the hand of God. And we further contend, that

there is the same immeasurable interval between the abstract language of man, and the natural language by which a brute expresses its material wants—and that to regard, as our author does, the bleating of a sheep, and the chattering of a monkey, as co-ordinate organic phenomena, either with the abstractions of common language, or the symbolical abstractions of pure reason, only shows the same incapacity in comprehending mental phenomena, which he has so conspicuously shown while speculating on material things. It is true that we begin with objects of sense; but we soon learn to soar far above them; and when we contemplate the great intellectual superstructure which has been reared by man, and is in continual progress, (while animal instincts remain the same, and admit not of advance,) we turn away from the material and phrenological jargon of this author with feelings somewhat like those which would be raised within us by the impertinences of a guide who could talk only of ladders and scaffolds, hammers, chisels, and mortar-hods, while we were first gazing at one of the most glorious monuments of human art. But leaving these mental speculations, let us come to the heavenly bodies and the Nebular Hypothesis.

The motions of the heavenly bodies were learned by gazing at the sky; and after many hundred years of observation, and after many a scheme built up and thrown down again, the planets were at length arranged in their right places; their motions reduced to a natural order; their orbits ascertained; and a fixed numerical law, between their distances and their times of revolution, established on exact calculations. But the cause of their motions was only to be learned from the earth. It was from experiments on the matter of the earth that man learned the conception of regular dynamical laws; and aided by a new analysis, and new intellectual implements of his own invention, Newton extended these laws to the sky, and so established the mechanism of the heavens; and his vast work has been so perfected by the labours of La Place, and other great minds, that the science of 'celestial mechanics' now fills the highest and securest place of all natural knowledge. But if astronomy derive its crowning glory from the earth, so may it give back again to us a knowledge of the past history of the earth, which we could not derive from the matter on its surface. Thus the Nebular Hypothesis, which supposes our solar system to have arisen from the condensation of a Nebula, should it ever become established, (for it is now but a splendid vision,) may give us some glimmering insight into the primeval condition of our globe before it settled into its present form.

Men naturally delight in such speculations; and they fall in so well with certain acknowledged facts of nature, (such as the figure of the earth, its central heat, and the distribution of its

solid and gaseous parts,) that they have been received with great favour by modern geologists. The sons of the earth tried, as we are told, in old times, to climb to heaven, and had a frightful fall. The story may be poetical, yet prophetic; and should warn geologists against too great ambition. They have a good old pedigree, without any need of being helped out by an illegitimate link to a more godlike stock; and we gently hint to them, for their own good, that they have enough to do on earth without attempting the sky.

We cannot change our place without producing an apparent change of place in all the fixed objects around us; and if we forget our own motion, or are unconscious of it, all these objects appear to move—the nearest with greater velocity, the more remote with less. No one can have travelled by a railroad without having had his senses delighted with these flitting movements. The same kind of apparent movement must necessarily affect the bodies in the heavens, while we are carried in the earth's orbit round the sun. This movement is called parallax; and, so far as regards our planetary neighbours, can easily be measured, and is defined by the angle contained by two lines drawn from the heavenly body, to two points representing two different positions of the observer. But the eye, though aided by instruments of great power, could observe no movement among the stars, while it travelled through a circle nearly two hundred millions of miles in diameter. The fixed stars, therefore, were so enormously distant as to have no measurable parallax. This was the exact state of things till within a very few years.

Sir William Herschel, who made the greatest of all modern discoveries among the fixed stars, failed in making out the parallax of any one of them, though he adopted methods of consummate ingenuity, followed out with unwearied labour. But the veteran Bessel, and soon afterwards, our lamented countryman Mr Thomas Henderson,* while employed in tabulating a long series of observations, made, we believe, without any reference to sidereal parallax, found certain anomalies among their figures, only to be accounted for by some apparent movement among their fixed elements. This directed them to new observations, and to the discovery of the parallax of two stars. That of 61 Cygni (made out by Bessel) amounts to about one-third of a second—that of α Centauri (made out by Henderson) amounts nearly to a second. Our author has done injustice

* This ingenious observer, unfortunately for Science cut off in the commencement of his promising career, had been appointed Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, and Astronomer-Royal for Scotland in 1834, died in 1844. He was born at Dundee, in 1798.

in leaving out Bessel's name; but that illustrious astronomer stood in no need of any praise from such a quarter. These two stars are therefore, so far as our present knowledge reaches, the nearest of all the fixed glittering points in the sky. Yet light could not travel down from Henderson's star to the earth (though it is known to move at a rate that would carry it eight times round the earth during a single beat of a common pendulum) in three years; and starting from Bessel's star, and moving at the same rate, it could only reach an observer's eye in about ten years. These facts (for they are facts, and not idle speculations) will give our readers some conception of the enormous distance of the nearest stars. But other stars are immeasurably more distant; and it is not too much to say, that some of the sparkling atoms we see in the heavens, may be so remote from us, that the light by which we now behold them may have begun its course before the creation of our species!

We need not tell our readers that Sir William Herschel invented telescopes of great power, and by help of them saw further into the heavens than any one had done before him. His labours are written in the records of our race, and cannot be blotted from them but by some calamity which shall bury in darkness all the higher monuments of human thought. But, so far as they bear upon our present subject, they may be enumerated in a few short sentences. Beyond the common limits of sidereal space, he observed a multitude of nebulae—some of which had been seen before, and one or two of them are obvious to the naked eye. All of them when seen with instruments of low power, look like masses of luminous vapour—some of very irregular outline, and others with shapes apparently indicating a revolution round a fixed axis. Many of them also exhibit portions of unusual brightness, suggesting to Sir William Herschel the idea of a condensation of the nebulous matter round one or more centres. But when these luminous masses are examined with instruments of higher power, many of them lose their cloudy forms, and are resolved into luminous points, 'like spangles of diamond dust.' They are then called resolved nebulae; and there naturally arises a question, whether all of them may not at last be thus resolved into luminous points. At all events, this is the worst moment for any rash sciolist to throw out his speculations; when Lord Rosse has just pointed his gigantic reflector to the heavens, and has already resolved several nebulae that had not been resolved before. Should all of them be thus resolved, then all the conditions of equilibrium are changed, and there is, at once, an end of the nebular hypothesis.* But we have better hopes for the

* While waiting for Sir John Herschel's work on the nebulae and double stars of the southern hemisphere, we can, at present, do no better.

coming fortunes of this splendid vision ; and we anxiously wait for a great work from the younger Herschel, who, having repeated his father's observations in the observatory of Slough, and added greatly to them, carried his reflectors to the southern hemisphere ; and, after years of labour, has now swept over the whole visible heavens, and is preparing for the world a work which will give us all that consummate skill and art can represent to the senses, combined with all the great results which a knowledge of the highest physics can fairly draw from them. We may venture to predict that this work, whenever it shall appear, will not be disfigured by creative hypotheses like those of this ill-balanced author : and, more than this, we may venture to hope, that, after the lapse of as many centuries as have rolled away since the days of Hipparchus, it will be appealed to as a record of the old condition of the heavens, and brought to prove that condensations have been going on in the nebulous matter of the sky ; and that the hypothesis of the older Herschel may so rise into the form of a firm and noble theory.

As applied to the solar system, the nebular hypothesis assumes that the sun and planets were once in a nebulous condition, and have been elaborated out of it, in subordination to the laws of gravity, by a long-continued progress of condensation. We must start with some definite conception or other ; but no conception gives us any grasp of a true creative law. We may ask, how comes any nebula where we find it ? Whence came its laws ? Did it begin as it is, or does it show us only one among countless cycles of changes ? May it not have been a solid system once, and then have ' been melted by fervent heat,' and passed into a nebula ? What is there beyond all nebulae—for all we see, or ever can see, is but an atom of space infinite ? These questions are natural, and no one can answer them. As to creation, the hypothesis leaves us exactly as it found us. We must start with some definite supposition ; but we cannot adopt

ter than refer to his admirable Memoirs on double stars and their orbits, published by the Astronomical Society in their fifth volume ; and especially to his great Memoir on ' Nebulae and Clusters of Stars,' published in the Philosophical Transactions, (London, 1833.) We have used in our text the language of the nebular hypothesis ; but Sir John Herschel does not once adopt it. ' If,' he says, ' a nebula be nothing more than ' a cluster of stars, (as we have every reason to believe, at least in the ' generality of cases,) no pressure can be propagated through it ; and its ' equilibrium, or, to speak more correctly, the permanency of its form, ' must be maintained in a way totally different.' We recommend his notes to the great Memoir, last named, as models of philosophic caution ; and, at every turn of thought, in contrast with the unbridled speculations of the present author.

that of our author, and suppose that an irregular collapse of the primeval nebula of our system could account for its rotation about one centre. No mere shrinking force could produce such a regular rotation. His attempt at reasoning on this point is his first great physical blunder.

Neither can we assume, with him, that the nebular heat could be drawn towards the centre by any law of attraction; for that would be to mistake the nature of heat, so far as we have any experimental knowledge of it. A progress in condensation implies a loss of heat by radiation into sidereal space; but as condensation produces a change of capacity for latent heat, the more condensed portions of a nebula might become immeasurably raised in temperature by the very subduction of heat from the general mass. Here, then, we point out a second great physical blunder of our author. He seems to hate a definite physical starting-point; but such a definite starting-point we must have, if we mean to have any definite physical reasoning. Let us then suppose, on analogy, that the solar system was once in the simplest condition of a nebula, with a slight rotation round an axis, and with a condensation beginning towards its centre.

La Place, starting from this simple supposition, gave a consistency and meaning to the speculations of the older Herschel, by showing that a nebulous mass, so contracting and consolidating, might, several times over, reach such a critical condition, that the centrifugal force of the outer and equatorial positions of the revolving matter would just equal the attraction of the whole mass within it. In such a case, by a further contraction, a nebular ring might be thrown off; and if several rings were thus thrown off, they must, by a physical necessity implied in the very condition of their existence, revolve in obedience to Kepler's law. The further condensation and breaking up of these successive rings, might in like manner produce a secondary set of nebulae; which, by a like law of gradual condensation, might pass into the condition of simple secondary planets; or of planets with satellites or rings. So far, all advances at an orderly pace. The successive rings could only be thrown off from the equator of the revolving nebula, and therefore must have been nearly in one plane: and we thus, in imagination, elaborate a system in which we naturally have a great incandescent body in the centre, and all the bodies revolving, nearly in one plane, round their axes and round their orbits, in the same direction. All that La Place did was to show the dynamical possibility of the formation of a solar system like our own from a revolving nebula; and this is, we think, the exact condition in which he left the hypothesis.*

* When the younger Herschel first visited France, he was addressed by the old philosophers of Arceuil in these words:—*M. Herschel, ces*

When any revolving mass contracts its dimensions, it must, by a well-known mechanical law, continue to move faster and faster round its axis. Each nebular ring must therefore have moved faster than the one thrown off before it. The experiment of a revolving ball, held by a string which wraps round the finger during each revolution, is a happy illustration of this principle; but it has nothing whatsoever to do with Kepler's law; and the use made of it by our author only serves to show that he is unacquainted with the fundamental laws of motion. It is impossible to deduce Kepler's law (as M. Comte has most vainly attempted) from the condensation of a nebula, and to show that planetary rings must be thrown off exactly where we now find our planets; for to do this, we must know the law of nebular density during all its successive conditions, whether gaseous, fluid, or solid, which is obviously impossible. La Place made no such vain attempt; he knew his materials far too well. All we have to suppose is this—that the revolving mass, during the progress of its various changes, may several times over have reached the critical condition we have pointed out; in which case several rings might be thrown off; and if such rings were thrown off, then Kepler's law must follow of physical necessity, for it is virtually implied in the critical condition.

But has any thing been done for the hypothesis since the time of La Place? We reply, absolutely nothing. Our author bestows very unmerited praise upon the somewhat ostentatious calculations of M. Comte. As far as they are good for any thing, they only tend to prove a proposition demonstrated with beautiful simplicity by Newton—that the motions of a planet revolving in an orbit nearly circular, are not affected by the magnitude of the central spherical body, while its whole mass remains the same.* Hence if the sun were suddenly expanded to the limits of our atmosphere, the earth would go on (for we will suppose her not to be dissipated by heat) just as she did before. And, in like manner, were the earth blown out like a bladder, and expanded nearly to the moon, the moon's orbit need not change one inch; nor would she have her movements disturbed by the sudden turmoil in her primary. We owe M. Comte no thanks for

idées de M. votre père sur la condensation des nébuleuses, m'ont toujours paru très philosophiques et très vraies." The dynamical possibility of the hypothesis has been illustrated by some very remarkable experiments of Professor Plateau, whose translated Memoir was published by Mr R. Taylor in his '*Scientific Memoirs*,' November 1844.

* *Principia* Book I. Section XII. We think it a misfortune that a note of the higher analysis often prevents our modern students from reading the beautiful geometry of this section.

proving an identical proposition, or telling us what we knew before. Had he shown, on any probable law of condensation, that the nebulous matter *must* reach the *critical condition*, and that rings *must* be thrown off, he would have done something to the purpose; but he has not done this; and we believe the problem is beyond the power of any analysis. In short, he has left the nebular hypothesis where he found it. He has imposed on himself by not grasping the conditions of the problem; and our author has been imposed on by not understanding the feebleness of M. Comte's analysis. We venture to affirm, that the hypothesis is not to be considered as 'verging on the region of 'ascertained truths,' (p. 20.) It is a splendid vision, and may vanish in mid air; or, after five hundred years of continued observations, it may pass into a good substantial theory. At present, it is utterly unfit to form the basis of any system of nature, such as our author presumes to erect upon it.

No man living knew the powers of high analysis better than La Place; but he did not encumber his nebular speculations with a parade of formulæ. Such things, when out of place, are a bad form of pedantry, and sometimes, like pompous words, are a flimsy mask to hide our ignorance of vulgar nature. In such a case, they are a downright nuisance. Perhaps we say this through envy; because we have a hundred times been driven on our beam-ends by striking on transcendental formulæ, where we fancied we could have shaped our course admirably well without them. It is true that Newton stormed the sky with mathematical artillery, and that many others have followed nobly in his train. But we think he would not have advised a boy to shoot sparrows with a twenty four pounder; or have invented a steam-engine to crack nuts; for he was a lover of simple means, when they would serve his turn. Nor do any of us praise the wisdom of an Oriental despot we have read of, who encumbered his baggage with heavy guns, while he had no artillerymen to serve them.

There are difficulties in the nebular hypothesis to which we must give a passing notice. This author tells us gravely, 'that the planets show a progressive diminution in density, from the 'one nearest the sun to that which is most distant,' (p. 10.) If this is to be taken as an assertion of fact, we can only say that it is not true. Nature will not work on any plan we choose to lay down for her. The densities of Venus, Earth, and Mars, are not in such an order; and the density of Uranus is greater than that of Saturn. Why has he kept such well-known facts out of his reader's sight? The density of Mercury might, in common language, be said to represent that of the metal which is named after

the planet. The densities of the Earth, Venus, and Mars, are so nearly the same, that we might amuse ourselves by supposing them made of the same materials, arranged nearly in the same fashion. In the same kind of language, we might compare Saturn to a globe of cork, while Jupiter and Uranus were represented by heart of oak. We think these densities somewhat difficult to account for on the nebular hypothesis; and, at any rate, they are inconsistent with our author's statement.

Again, to be applicable to our system, the hypothesis requires that the primary and secondary bodies should revolve, both in their orbits and round their axes, in one direction, and nearly in one plane. But the satellites of Uranus are retrograde. They move from east to west, in orbits highly inclined to that of their primary; and on both accounts are exceptions to the order of the other secondary bodies. Our author very cleverly clears himself of this difficulty, by doubting the fact of retrogradation. But we think, considering his great capacity of belief, that we can cure him of this incipient heresy, by referring him to a paper by Sir John Herschel which clears up the whole matter, and leaves no room for doubt*. But if the fact be true, our author gravely tells us, 'it may be owing to a *bouleversement* of the primary,' (p. 9.) Now, as we really know nothing of the whole matter beyond the fact, we must give him the full benefit of a *bouleversement*; as he no doubt knows something more about it than we do.

But we have not done with unexplained difficulties. As our author neglects the extremely difficult case of the four small planets between Mars and Jupiter, we will follow his example. At the great outer planet, Uranus, the sun's central force is enormously diminished; and the motions of that body offer such difficulties to the calculations of our best astronomers, as almost to suggest the notion of some small unknown disturbing force interfering with its elliptic orbit. Again, what are we to say of comets, (some of them little more than floating nebulosities,) which cut in eccentric orbits through our whole system, and obey a common central law, yet seem to scorn all kinship to rings thrown off by a revolving sphere?

Here we must conclude our comment on the nebular hypothesis; and, in so doing, we can only speak of our author in the language of severe animadversion, when he tells us, 'that it is 'verging on the region of ascertained truths;' and then, without waiting for new and most critical phenomena, (which may be looked for almost day by day,) dashes from hypothesis to hypo-

* Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London. Vol. viii. 1834.

thesis, and builds a scheme of nature against nature, and against the sober interpretations of those who have best studied her works. Still more must we enter our severest protest when he dares to tell us, 'that organic matter must be every where the same,' (p. 166,)—'such must be the rule in Jupiter and Sirius,'—'we are all but certain that herbaceous and ligneous fibre, that flesh and blood, are the constituents of organic being in all the spheres which are the seats of life,'—'that where there is light, there will be eyes,'—(the matter of light is every where within the limits of sidereal space—are eyes every where?)—'that the inhabitants of all the globes probably bear not only a general, but a particular resemblance to our own,' (p. 168,)—'that the whole of creative arrangements are in perfect unity,' &c. We have no softer words to explain our meaning, when we call this kind of language the raving madness of hypothetical extravagance. It is at open war with all the calm lessons of Inductive truth; and, on any interpretation we can give of it, bears on its front the stamp of folly and irreverence towards the God of nature.

To give some semblance of truth to these brain-heated visions, he tries to prove that Mercury and Saturn may have the very temperature of the earth. It may be so; but we want better reasons for our belief than he can give us. Even assuming the truth of the nebular hypothesis, (and assuredly in the present state of our knowledge it is a very bold assumption,) we must believe, in all common reason, that Saturn is colder than the earth, because it has been longer thrown off from the central mass, and has had longer time to cool by radiating its heat into solar space—because it is less dense than the earth, and having on that account a greater capacity for latent heat, must have a less heat of temperature—and because it receives a less supply of heat from the emanation of the sun. By like reasoning, we make it probable that Mercury is much hotter than the earth. Hence it follows, on every probable reason we can bring to bear upon the subject, that beings, organized like ourselves, could not exist on either of the planets we have named. We can look into the moon, and we believe that she has neither air nor water on her surface, and therefore cannot have any inhabitants resembling ourselves in structure. 'But she may have inhabitants some time hence,' says our author pleasantly; 'she may be now only in an earlier stage of progress,' (p. 40;) 'seas may yet fill the profound hollows of her surface, and an atmosphere may spread over her,' and then 'the moon will become a green and inhabited world.' We think we have caught him napping here; for the progress of his worlds, on his own scheme of crea-

tion, is from gaseous to solid, and not from solid to gaseous. But no matter, we cannot hold him fast for a moment. A new hypothesis, like a witch's broomstick, will lift him from the mire, should the one he rode before have landed him there by accident. The moon's atmosphere may, for ought we know, be pent up in her bowels; and, being let out by some geological catastrophe, may thenceforth blow good to her inhabitants, as many an ill wind has done to the inhabitants of the earth.

He has 'a universal Fire Mist' (p. 30) to work all wonders. All worlds are made out of it by one unbending set of material laws; and all living things created in all worlds—all phenomena, material and moral—spring from the same material laws (and nothing else) by a stern physical necessity. This, in a few words, is our author's scheme of Nature. We might laugh at it, or admire it, according to our humour, in a poem like that of Lucretius; but we ought to do neither the one nor the other, when we read it in the laboured prose of an English Christian gentleman. He writes as if he were admitted to the council-chamber of the Deity, and the appointed interpreter of his Creator's will to a benighted world. But when we ask for his credentials, he can show us not so much as one letter of them; and he scorns all the vulgar means, and secondary helps, by which the greatest minds, but only after long toil, have been enabled to ascend to the conception of material laws, and to gain some feeble glimmering of their Maker's glory.

We next come to the natural history of the Earth, and we rejoice to find a resting-place for our feet upon the solid rock; but we hardly look upon the things around us, before we see a fabric of marvellous complexity; and are led into speculations, some of which may be as well based as the 'celestial mechanics,' and others may be as unsubstantial as a nebular vision. Our geological description will be short—little more than a formal enumeration of such facts as we believe to be well established; for were we to attempt details, they must, from the mere necessity of our narrow limits, be too meagre to satisfy any one who has read about geology, and too deficient in illustration to instruct those who are unacquainted with the science.

Taking this principle as our guide, we may first enumerate three fundamental facts now established on good physical evidence.

1. The earth is of a spheroidal form, (were it not so all its equatorial regions must be under water,) and its equatorial and polar diameters are in the proportion of 300 to 299. These are the numbers now used in our Observatories; and they are the average results of a multitude of observations made with Kater's

pendulum in many parts of the earth ; and of a careful measurement of many large meridional arcs. Our author gives the numbers 230 and 229 as representing the proportion of the two diameters ; but these were numbers derived by Newton theoretically from the statical condition of a revolving fluid body, and not from any previous measurements whatsoever. It was from these two latter numbers, combined with the great physical blunders already pointed out, that we were first led to refer 'the Vestiges' to the science gleaned at a lady's boarding-school ; but its rank materialism soon undeceived us.

2. The mean density of the earth (that is, the density the earth would have, were its substance uniformly diffused through its whole mass) is represented by the number 5.66, the density of water being called 1. The determination of these numbers was the last work of M. Bailey, after he had repeated, with almost incredible labour, and with the best resources of modern science, the old experiment of Cavendish. Still, they are but an approximation to the truth, and future observations may perhaps improve them.*

3. As we sink perpendicularly below the surface of the earth, the temperature continually increases. The rate must be obviously affected by local causes ; but it is near enough for our present purpose to state, in round numbers, that we obtain an increase of more than 1° of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every hundred feet of sinking. Hence, if there be no interruption of this law, (and we cannot give the shadow of a reason why there should be any,) we must, at the depth of a few miles, reach a very high temperature.†

Combining these three fundamental truths with other well

* We have so much to find fault with in the subjects before us, that we rejoice for a moment to breathe a purer air ; and we refer the reader, with the honest feelings of admiration, to the account of M. Bailey's private virtues and great public labours, read by Sir John Herschel to the Astronomical Society of London during the past year. We may here remark, that this unit of density is derived from distilled water at 62° of Fahrenheit. The density of the earth, from Cavendish's corrected computations, was 5.448. That by Professor Playfair, (from observations on Schehallion,) was 4.713.

† For the reason here stated, it follows that by no future improvement in machinery can mining operations be carried down to any very great depth below the surface of the earth. The limit may not have been ascertained ; but, were this the proper place for it, we could point out some instances where mining operations are now carried on at a great depth, and in a temperature almost beyond the limit of human endurance compatible with health.

known facts—that our lowest rocks have a structure indicating a previous condition of igneous fusion—that portions of the crust of the globe have many times been broken up and thrown into violent undulations; and that, in our own days, continental regions will sometimes rock and vibrate, and sea and land change their former levels—we readily admit the probability of a fluid condition in the inner portions of the globe. At any rate, whatever be their condition, they must be under great compression; and they have a mean density more than double that of the minerals at the surface.

It is a fact, established on good evidence, that igneous matter has, during many periods, been protruded from below—that mountains have risen in succession from the sea—and injected their molten substance through the cracks and open fissures of the superincumbent strata. Many masses of granite, and other forms of igneous rock, became the solid bottom of some portions of the sea before the secondary strata were laid gradually upon them. The granite of Mont Blanc rose during a recent tertiary period. We can prove more than mere shiftings of level, and that many portions of sea and land have entirely changed their places. The rocks at the top of Snowdon are full of petrified sea shells—the same may be said of some high crests of the Alps, Pyrenees, and Andes. We have proof demonstrative that many parts of Scotland, and that all England, formed, during many ages, the solid bottom of the old sea. It may be true that the antagonist powers of nature, during the human period, have reached a kind of balance. But during all geological periods there have been such long intervals of repose, or of such gradual movements, that we can trace the history of the earth in the successive deposits formed in the waters of the sea. This is the great business of geology.

But, before we begin our enumeration of such deposits, let us discharge a debt of gratitude to men like Hutton, Hall, and Playfair, who first taught us to reason well on these grand subjects of speculation. They laid a good foundation in the facts of nature, and their theoretical views were ennobled by a high philosophy. They found geology sunk under the load of a cumbrous hypothesis; but they lifted her, half drowned, from the waters, animated her by their fires, and she grew under their training to a goodly stature. If other discoverers have gone beyond them, it is but the common fortune of all advancing knowledge; and our modern geologists, while they are pursuing a new game, should bear in mind that, without such noble leaders, they never could have ventured to attack the quarry that is before them; and it would ill become them to think only of themselves, and forget the hard-bought honours of their fathers.

The science of Palæontology has its limits, or it may run into endless details, like those of Botany. Those who love large views of nature will, perhaps, then leave the ranks in which they are now serving, and come back to more early speculations; and the problems arising out of the structure of the earth, and the phenomena of large mineral masses, may supply, for ages to come, matter for the investigations of chemical philosophy, and the calculations of exact science. But we must now come to our enumeration of the regular stratified deposits of the earth, beginning with the oldest.

1. *Hypozoic system*.—We find in many parts of the world, and especially in the central ridges of mountain chains, a vast series of crystalline slates. They are called metamorphic by our countryman, Mr Lyell; and the word implies that their structure has been changed, since the time of their first formation, by the action of some mineralizing cause. This may be generally true, and we do not discuss the point; but, unfortunately, the structure does not, by itself, imply the age of a rock; because it is found, occasionally, among rocks of very different ages, which have been acted on by central heat.* What we affirm is—that such crystalline slates do exist in many cases below the oldest rocks in which organic remains have been discovered. These rocks have been called *hypozoic* by Phillips—a word implying that they contain no organic remains, and that they are geologically below all the rocks that do contain the traces of animal life. There are good examples of this division in Wales and Cumberland, and, we believe, also among the slates of the Grampian chain. We may remark, once for all, that our illustrations will, as far as possible, be borrowed from the British Isles.

2. *Protozoic system*.—Following the analogy of the word, *hy-*

* On this subject, the geologists of Scotland led the way, and so nearly finished their work, that they left little to do for those who followed them. Statuary marble was formerly called primitive; but Sir James Hall made it out of pounded chalk or oyster shells. The erupted syenites of the Isle of Sky have converted a great mass of lias into a rock like statuary marble. In the Alps, beds of lias are, by the action of the central granite, converted into gneiss. Facts of this kind have led many observers into great mistakes. In some parts of Scandinavia the altered Silurian slates are converted into beds with a perfectly crystalline structure, which would formerly have been called primitive. Some of these facts have, perhaps, misled our author. On these subjects we must refer our readers to the 'Report of the British Association' for 1844.

pozoic, we may call the next system *protozoic*, or the lowest in which the traces of any organic structure have been discovered. In it we would include all the higher slate-mountains of Wales and Cumberland; and the greater part of the frontier chain of Scotland, which stretches from St Abb's Head to the Mull of Galloway. The rocks of this system are of enormous thickness; and though much interrupted by volcanic action, and blended with much igneous matter, many parts of them must have been slowly and regularly deposited during a vast lapse of time. The lower portion of them is several thousand feet in thickness, and contains no organic remains; at least, none have been discovered in it; but the upper portion, also several thousand feet in thickness, contains in North Wales numerous organic remains, especially along five or six distinct bands, marked here and there by the presence of calcareous matter. These fossil bands are much more imperfectly represented in the north of England, and we believe still more feebly in Scotland. But what are these old types of organic life, and what is their arrangement? We find among them no animals of the higher classes with a regular skeleton and a backbone; but we do find *radiata* in abundance—such as corals, encrinites, &c.; and we also find two groups allied to modern star-fish, (*Ophiura* and *Asterias*.) Crustaceans (trilobites) are in great abundance; some with beautifully perfect organs of sense, but with forms unlike any living genera or species of the class. Of molluscous creatures we have a great abundance; and many specimens of several divisions of that class, especially of cephalopods—the highest of all molluscs in organic structure. Such is our oldest *fauna*. Those who look for details must seek them in the lower Silurian System of Mr Murchison, and in many other works. Vegetable fossils do not appear among these British rocks; but there must have been a mass of vegetable life in the ancient sea, as no *fauna* can appear without a *flora* to uphold it. We therefore conclude, that vegetable structures, such as Algae and Fuci, must have abounded in these primeval times of life; and that, from their soft and destructible nature, they were absorbed and disappeared during the consolidation of the strata; and such bodies are found in Scandinavia among the very oldest fossil groups.* But what is the arrangement of these different organic structures? It is not true that only the lowest forms of animal life are found in the lowest fossil bands, and that the more complicated structures

* We may here refer to a paper by Mr Murchison, read to the British Association during their last meeting at York.

are gradually developed among the higher bands, in what we might call a natural ascending scale. We find, on the contrary, the predaceous cephalopods, and the highly organized crustaceans, among the very oldest fossils of the system. Such is the order of nature; and she refuses to do her work on our dictation. We are describing phenomena that we have seen. We have spent years of active life among these ancient strata—looking for (and we might say longing^{for}) some arrangement of the fossils which might fall in with our preconceived notions of a natural ascending scale. But we looked in vain; and we were weak enough (perhaps our author might tell us) to bow to nature. The *radiata*, such as corals and encrinurites, are found throughout; but they are found along with the higher types, and they abound more in the upper than in the lower bands of the *protozoic* system.

But some one may perhaps ask, what is the *original ascending scale* on the theory of development? Assuredly we wish not to misrepresent the theory, and we will quote our author's words. 'The first step,' he tells us, in the creation of life upon this planet, was '*a chemico-electric operation, by which simple germinal vesicles were produced.*' The next step was '*an advance, under favour of peculiar conditions, from the simplest forms of being to the next more complicated, and this through the medium of the ordinary process of generation,*' (p. 210.) All this is confirmed by an appeal to Mr Babbage's calculating machine, and by a geometrical figure; and our author adds, very pleasantly, and with a logic, we hope, peculiar to himself, 'though this knowledge were never to be clearly attained, it need not much affect the present argument; provided it can be shown that there must be some such influence within the range of natural things!' We reply, show this and we have done. We have nothing but bare assertion; and we defy him, and all the materialists on the face of the earth, to prove this single point. Again, he tells us, 'the idea which I form of the progress of organic life upon our earth—and the hypothesis is applicable to all similar theatres of vital being—is, that the simplest and most primitive type, under a law to which that of like-production is subordinate, gave birth to the type next above it; that this again produced the next higher; and so on to the very highest—the stages of advance being in all cases very small, namely, from one species to another; so that the phenomenon has always been of a modest character,' (p. 231.) He adds, 'I take existing natural means, and show them to have been capable of producing all the existing organisms,' (p. 233.) But he has not shown this; and we affirm that he cannot show

it; and, to prove his point, he has taken the *unnatural means* of falsifying the documents of nature.

(3.) The *third system*, or the third great natural division of the ascending series, follows the second without any break or interruption. It represents all the upper Silurian rocks of Mr Murchison, with the addition of a series of slaty-red beds, called 'tilestone,' which are now separated from the old red-sandstone.* In the country bordering on South Wales, it admits of the following six natural subdivisions, taken in the ascending order:—(1.) Wenlock shale; (2.) Wenlock limestone; (3.) Lower Ludlow shale and slate; (4.) Aymistry limestone; (5.) Upper Ludlow shale and slate; (6.) Tilestone. Our limits preclude details, and we must content ourselves with this enumeration; but we may remark that we have found in North Wales, and in the north of England, rocks of the same age, and of very great thickness, but admitting not of any such distinct subdivisions as are given above. In Scotland, there are also rocks of this age; but they are more feebly represented, and have not yet been well described. Again, we ask, what are the fossil species of this system, and what is their arrangement? We reply, not in any order representing what we call a natural scale. We might as well attempt to construct a scale out of the order in which a child has arranged the organic fragments it may have picked up from a shingle beach. Some of the old species are found straggling through the upper system; but, as a group, the species are new and characteristic; and their arrangement seems to have been chiefly determined by the successive physical conditions at the bottom of the old ocean. Are, then, the new species derived from the old by a gradual transmutation or development from one species to another? We reply, no; because the new species, as a general rule, are as sharply defined as the old; and show no gradations leading to any ambiguity. And let us here observe, that the same insuperable difficulty in the way of the transmutation theory (which derives all forms of animal life by a natural process of generation from the beings which preceded them during former epochs of the earth) presents

* The determination of this order we owe to Mr Murchison; and it enabled us, on the only good evidence afforded by any British sections, to connect the old slate-rocks with the old red-sandstone. It, therefore, gave us one good base line whereon to build a system. In all other parts of the British isles, the history of this part of nature is in disjointed fragments; but they can now be arranged in a true chronological order.

itself, both in the grouping of each separate system, and in the passage from one system to another; and this is true, whatever part of the ascending geological series we choose to take between the lowest formations and the highest. The hypothesis has difficulties to meet at every turn; but the circular scheme of nature, and its diverging lines, will supply new matter for our imaginative author. And, by taking a hundred steps, which nature never took before him, and by casting off the incumbrances of fact, he may reconstruct his broken circles, and again set his mechanism in movement. If we kill the serpent, he will sow its teeth, and look for a crop of armed men. We refer his memory to the old fable, and tell him that his new champions will not fight his battles, but slaughter one another.

We do not think that the *fauna* of this system (so far as regards the classes above named) is one jot more noble than that of the protozoic groups; but there is one remarkable addition. The remains of fish appear in this system. The species described in Mr Murchison's work are from the higher beds of the upper Ludlow rocks, (No. 5 of the system here described;) and the scales of small fish were supposed to occur further down; which our author regards as the tokens of nature's first and half-abortive efforts to make fish out of the lower animals. We believe he is wrong as to his facts, and we are certain he is wrong as to his inferences; for we have seen characteristic portions of a fish derived from the shales alternating with the Wenlock limestone, and therefore from beds below these small abortions. This fish, to speak in the technical language of Agassiz, undoubtedly belongs to the Cestracient family of the Placoid order—proving to demonstration *that the oldest known fossil fish belongs to the highest type of that division of the vertebrata*. Again, what are the fish derived from the beds near the top of the upper Ludlow slates? They are only seen in small fragments; but out of them Agassiz has reconstructed seven species. All of them, without exception, belong to fish of a high organic structure; and among them are two undoubted Cestracients, telling us over again, the story told before, by the older fish derived from the Wenlock shales. Such are nature's first abortive efforts! We entreat any good naturalist well to consider such facts as these; and to tell us whether they do not utterly demolish every attempt to derive such organic structures from any inferior class of animal life found in the older strata? We are not describing nature at second hand, and as far as we know, we speak of her works in the words of simple truth; and, we repeat, that she will not regulate her labours by an imaginative system, or conform to such rules as we lay down for her.

(4.) The *old red sandstone*, or *Devonian system*, comes next. It forms the material of the grand and rugged mountains which fringe many parts of our Highland coasts, and range, on the south flank of the Grampians, from the eastern to the western sea of Scotland. It is of enormous thickness, and a part of its history is traced in the excellent and lively work of our meritorious self-taught countryman, Mr Hugh Miller.* It is seen also, but in a more degenerate form, on both sides of the frontier chain of this kingdom, plunging under the carboniferous rocks. In the north of England it is less continuous, and is more degenerate; but in South Wales and the neighbouring counties, it is again of enormous thickness, but more regularly bedded, and of less mechanical structure than in Scotland. In the regions above named it contains few traces of marine shells and corals; but in parts of Devonshire and Cornwall are formations of the same age, abounding with shells and corals, and with a structure which brings them into a mineralogical comparison with our older slate rocks. The position and structure of the conglomerates prove, on evidence not short of demonstration, that the beds of the older system had been upheaved, contorted, and consolidated, before the old red sandstone was spread out upon their edges. The example on the north side of St Abb's Head is famous in the history of Scotch geology. It was there that Hutton and Playfair found evidence of the vast periods of time that must have elapsed, during the elaboration of our older strata; and the same kind of evidence meets us again and again, as we ascend through the long series of all the secondary deposits.

But what are the organic remains of the old red or Devonian system? We are told in the Memoirs of Professor Sedgwick and Mr Murchison (and their conclusions are confirmed by the far more extended labours of Sir H. De la Bêche and Professor Phillips) that, as far as regards the animals of the lower classes, the *fauna* forms a connecting link between that of the Silurian and carboniferous epochs. But is this effected by a gradual transmutation of specific forms? We reply, unquestionably not. Certain Silurian species rise into the Devonian system, perfect and well formed, and then finally disappear without any change of type; and a few perfect carboniferous species first begin in the Devonian system, and afterwards abound in that which is next

* This work, as admirable for the clearness of its descriptions and the sweetness of its composition, as for the purity and gracefulness of that tone of sentiment that pervades it, is entitled *The Old Red Sandstone, or New Walks in an Old Field*; of which a second edition was published in a duodecimo volume in 1842.

superior. But there is a good *fauna* of characteristic species whose limits are well defined, and not to be derived, by any known analogy of nature, from the species which existed in former epochs. Let us, however, leave the obscure forms of animal life, and come to the magnificent group of fishes which characterize this series of rocks. On the system of Agassiz, fishes are divided into four great orders—(1.) Placoids, or fishes partially studded with a kind of scaly plates—such are the sharks and rays of the present day; (2.) Ganoids, or fishes encased in scales of hard enamel—such is the bony pike of America; (3.) Cycloids, or fishes with scales, like those of a common salmon; (4.) Ctenoids, or fishes with jagged scales, like those of a perch. In the fishes of the first and second Order, the skeleton is more or less cartilaginous; but the system is not founded on the condition of the skeleton, for each of the four orders contains both cartilaginous and bony fishes. Taking into account the brain, and the whole nervous, circulating, and generative system, the Placoids stand at the highest point of a natural ascending scale; and the Ganoids are also very highly organized. Now the fish described from the old red sandstone come under these two orders, Placoids and Ganoids. Of the Placoids, the families of Cestracionts and Hybodonts are well known; but during the passage of this Article through the press, eight or ten new genera of Placoids have been found by Agassiz among the fishes brought by Mr Murchison from the old red sandstone of Russia; and among them are several new species of *Ctenodus*—a genus known before only in the carboniferous system. Let the reader bear in mind that these fishes are among the very highest types of their class; and that we can reason upon them with certainty, because some of them belong to families now living in our seas.

Again, of the Ganoid order, we have in the old red sandstone Cephalaspides, Acanthodians, Dipterians, Sauroids, and Coelacanthes. In none of them is there the most remote affinity to Crustaceans, or any other Articulata. On the contrary, they in many respects make an approach to the higher class of Reptiles—for example, in their dentition, and some of them in their ball and socket jointed vertebrae.

These facts are not new; the greater part of them forming now the common stock of our geologists. They could not be altogether, we should think, unknown to our author; but he turns them to no account. And these fishes, he tells us, have heterocercal tails, and therefore resemble the embryo of a salmon. Therefore, on his system, they must be low in organic structure. To cling to such feeble analogies as these, and to keep out of sight the broad and speaking facts of nature, is about as wise as it would be for the Captain of a man-of-war to clear his decks for action, by throwing overboard his great guns, and then to fight

his enemy with the rickety furniture of his cabin. Again, he tells us (pp. 68, 69) that the *Cephalaspis* very much resembles a trilobite—that the *Coccosteus* has a jaw ‘like the nippers of a lobster, and its mouth opening vertically, contrary to the usual mode of the vertebrata’—and that these facts enforce our placing these fishes near the Crustaceans! Now these supposed facts are only blunders and guesses made by the first observers before any good evidence was before them. To repeat these blunders now, is discreditable to the author, and only shows the pertinacity with which he clings to his philosophy of resemblances; or that he is unacquainted with the progress of discovery and the present condition of geology.

5. *Carboniferous System*.—In England this system begins with great coral reefs, and beds made up of the fragments of radiata, and with beds composed of shells, often with both valves united. The animals must, therefore, in many cases, have died on the spot where we find their remains; and to account for the structure and position of these rocks, (which form some of the grandest features in South Britain,) we must suppose them to have been deposited on the conglomerates of the old red sandstone, or on the broken edges of the still older systems, during long periods of time; and we must further suppose, what is implied in the conditions of the successive beds, that during these periods there were many changes of level between sea and land. Masses of vegetable matter, which grew on the neighbouring land, were drifted among these ancient strata, along with mud and sand, and thus contributed their spoils to some of the lower and less perfect beds of coal. Over them came the rich carboniferous deposits of England, which must be accounted for in some different manner; for they are not marine, and some of them contain a few beds of fresh water shells. We believe they were formed by the repeated submergence of ancient jungles which were not drifted from the flat regions where they grew. In Scotland this series is geologically more perfect. We have deposits of good coal below the carboniferous limestone, and afterwards (as in England) alternating with it. The limestone series is less perfect than in England; but over it we have, in the great Caledonian trough between the Grampians and our frontier chain, an upper coal formation like that of South Britain. In Ireland, the lower division of the system is still more perfect, and probably encroaches on the old red sandstone; but, unfortunately for that island, the upper division is feeble and degenerate.

It is difficult, and perhaps impossible, from want of evidence, to know when land-plants first began to grow. Our author speaks positively, as usual, on this question, and what he tells us is wrong. In the Rhenish provinces, and in the Hartz mountains, we find traces of such plants, and even thin beds of coal,

among rocks abounding with both Devonian and Silurian fossils; and, in Ireland, the carboniferous impress descends so low, that some geologists have already been induced to shift their boundary lines, and to cut off some of the upper bands from the old red sandstone and give them to the carboniferous system. One thing we may, however, affirm, that we know no older types of land-plants than those of the rocks we are now describing; and they show us a gorgeous *flora*. Several hundred species have been described; many more are known, but have not yet been figured; many, no doubt, will be hereafter discovered; and many must be lost for ever.

But what are these old types—these first-fruits of nature's vegetable germs? Are they but rude, ill-fashioned forms, 'as if some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well?' Far otherwise. Among them, we find pine-trees in structure more near to the magnificent pine-trees of the South Sea Islands, than to any other forest trees of the present world. We find also palm-trees and tree-ferns, and other gigantic forms of vegetable life, approaching to the structure of tree-ferns. In this old *flora* are grand but strange forms, so unlike all living nature, that our best botanists know not in what order of the vegetable kingdom they are to find their place. Our equisetæ and lycopodia, and some of our arundinaceous plants, are represented in this old *flora* by types generically different from living nature; but equal to living types in complexity of structure, and superior to them in the scale of development. To bring it into comparison with any thing in living nature, the old carboniferous *flora* may be said most nearly to approach the rank and complicated vegetation of a tropical jungle; where the powers of vegetable life are stimulated to the utmost by great heat combined with great moisture.

These ancient forests performed a most important part for the good of the future inhabitants of the earth; and they may have helped to purge the atmosphere of an excess of carbonic acid, and may so have prepared the surface of the earth for new inhabitants. Insects, we know, were buzzing in the air during this period, (and here again our author is mistaken;) but we believe that no birds cheered these old forests with their song, and that no reptiles were seen crawling on the ground.* Fishes, however,

* During the passage of these sheets through the press, we have learned, from the last number of Professor Silliman's Journal, that traces of birds have been found in the carboniferous system of North America. Should this fact be established, it gives us one more argument against the theory of development.

abounded in the seas and salt marshes; and it was during this period that they reached their most perfect organic type. They were the lords and despots of creation, and they had a noble structure in conformity with their high office. Since then the class has greatly increased in its species, but has degenerated to a less noble type. Here, as in the old red sandstone, the Cestracionts and the Sauroids abounded; and the fish of the latter family reached their most complete development both of size and structure. Fishes of both these families are still living in our seas and lakes—the feeble representatives of the ancient race—and they have been submitted to the knife of the anatomist.

Should any one of our readers have been misled by our author's hypothetical descriptions, we entreat him to study the admirable dissertation on the Sauroids, in the second volume of the *Poissons Fossiles* of Agassiz, and then to look over the list of fossil fishes characteristic of the Palæozoic period. It is there shown to demonstration, that the Sauroids in their general osseous structure, and in the development of their nobler organs, run close upon the class of Reptiles. Yet have they a general structure so peculiar, that no anatomist can confound them with Reptiles, or derive one class from the other, by any known law of organic nature. It is true that all the Palæozoic fishes have *heterocercal* tails; and some of them (the Cestracionts) have other anatomical arrangements in which they resemble the salmon, while it is in an embryo condition. On this account, as it falls in with his theory, our author degrades the old fishes from their true anatomical place in the scale of nature, and dares to quote Agassiz as giving some confirmation to his views.—(P. 71.) But he misunderstands Agassiz, and keeps out of sight the whole pith of the argument. Agassiz discards the embryonic theory, because it will not lend itself to the demonstrations of comparative anatomy; for the theory would, in this part of nature's kingdom, lead only to false conclusions, and turn upside down every principle of true arrangement. But we may quote a few words from the dissertation to which we have alluded:—‘Je n'accorderai pas une valeur exagérée à l'embryologie, qu'on a trop souvent invoquée, comme un argument sans réplique, dans les débats dont il vient d'être question.’ ‘Il existe sans doute un type général de conformation embryonique dans toute la série des vertébrés, mais nous savons aussi que le type particulier de chaque espèce entre de très-bonne heure en conflit avec le plan général.’*

In the whole of our past labours, we never met with passages more worthless and untrue to nature, than those in which

* *Poissons Fossiles*, Vol. ii. Part ii. p. 34.

the author of 'The Vestiges' gives us his comments on our ancient families of fossil fish. If he had not read the great work of Agassiz, he was not in a condition to enter on the question. If he had read it, and understood it, when he wrote the passages to which we have just referred, then have we a far graver charge to bring against him. But we bring no such charge against him. Like many other men, he shut his eyes to nature, or only took a one-sided view of her; and then brooded over the fantasies of his mind till his dreams became to him as substantial realities: and, under this delusion, he composed his work 'in solitude,' hoping to give other men the benefit of his visions, and thereby to improve their happiness, (p. 380.) Bärnet started with better principles, but he went on guided by a like spirit. He told us of all that had befallen the earth from its creation until now; and he added, with all sincerity, that he could not inform mankind of all that was to happen hereafter to our world, only because he had not leisure for retirement and long meditation.

6. *Permian System. Zechstein. Magnesian Limestone Formation.*—Under these names is designated a series of well-known deposits which succeed the carboniferous rocks, and sometimes pass into them by insensible gradations. In the south of England they are represented by conglomerates, partly composed of the solid and more or less rounded fragments of the older rocks. Here again we have a proof of the long periods of time during which the ancient works of nature were perfected; for the old rocks were solid as they are now, and their organic remains were petrified at the time these conglomerates were forming. In Scotland we know of no good illustrations of this system; but in the north of England it is made up of the following regular series of deposits, tallying almost step by step with the Zechstein of Germany:—(1.) Lower red sandstone; (2.) Marl slate, with many impressions of fish; (3.) Magnesian limestone, admitting of further subdivisions; (4.) Red marl and gypsum; (5.) Upper slaty limestone, partly magnesian; (6.) Upper red marl and gypsum. This last deposit passes into the great red sandstone series of central England. We have copied this succession from a paper published by Professor Sedgwick in the 'Transactions of the Geological Society of London,' (Vol. iii., 2d series.) Led by the physical affinities of the system, and following the classification of previous writers, he placed it at the base of the secondary series; but he stated distinctly, that in zoological characters, it had more affinity with the lower systems above described, than with those which came next above it in the ascending scale. Much has been done since, and the results may be stated sufficiently for our purpose in a few lines. (1.) All the fossil plants of the lower red sandstone are, so

far as we know them, specifically the same with certain types of the carboniferous flora. (2.) The fishes of the second group (the marl slate) all specifically differ from the fishes of the carboniferous system; but out of six families of fish found in this group, five are found also among the carboniferous strata. (3.) Many of the shells and corals of the third group agree generically (and we believe some of them, specifically) with the corresponding carboniferous types; but they show no such agreement with the shells and corals of the higher systems; and the Producta, which plays so important a part among the old rocks, here appears for the last time. On the other hand, Reptiles appear for the first time in the system now under notice. Taking all these facts together, we accept the classification here given, and so end the details of our Palæozoic chapter.

The aggregate thickness of the six systems, above described, is enormous; but we profess not to give it in numbers. The slate rocks of North and South Wales, including the upper Silurian beds, are of a vast thickness. The old red sandstone gives us, in some parts of England, six or eight thousand feet; and we believe that the Scotch series might give us a higher number. The carboniferous beds of South Wales have been carefully examined under the government survey, and give, as we are told, a measure, taken perpendicularly to the beds, of fifteen or sixteen thousand feet. Such numbers might deceive us when we speak of averages. We see no reason for believing that these old deposits were formed more quickly than the drifted matter which is now altering the soundings of our coasts. At any rate, taking into account all the facts, mineralogical and zoological, as we have sketched them, we conclude that the six Palæozoic systems were elaborated by nature during a vast and unknown cycle of past time.

Before we take a still more hurried view of the next chapters of geology, we must meet our author more specifically than we have yet done. The bones of at least three species of Reptiles have been found among the magnesian beds of the system last described, and they are the oldest known Reptiles of the world. Are they, then, of such a structure as to link themselves, on a natural scale, to the noble sauroids of the preceding carboniferous epoch? No such thing. Had the fish-lizards (*ichthyosaurs*) shown themselves among these beds, they might have given some colour to our author's argument; but we find them not. The Reptiles of this period—the Palæosaurs, Thecodonts, and the (so called) Monitors of Thuringia—all belong to the Lacertilian order of Owen.* He divides fossil Reptiles into nine natural

* We must refer for all details to Professor Owen's 'Reports on Fossil Reptiles,' published in the reports of the British Association,

orders; and we believe we are correct in placing the Lacertilians in the third order from the top. Their dentition, their well-formed extremities, and their general bony structure, bid defiance to any plan of deriving them from fishes by any conceivable law of transmutation. *Natura nil agit per saltum*, we have heard it said; but it is hard to say what may not be done by an intrepid naturalist, who can create *acari* by galvanism, and hatch a rat from a goose's egg! This time, however, our author's courage seems to fail, and he is so inconsistent as to be giddy before he leaps the great gulf which nature has put before him. He first states the difficulty, feebly and imperfectly, and then he blinks it altogether: for in his grand tabular scheme of creation, he drives the Lacertilians out of their proper dwelling, and thrusts the Ichthyosaurs into it; and he does this without a single hint to the credulous reader, that the printed scale is only a fanciful scale of what nature ought to be, and not a scale of what nature truly is. And, in the name of common sense, what is this but to shuffle nature's cards so as to play with them a cheating game? We do not wish to speak in the words of too severe a censure; and perhaps the author did not know the materials he was dealing with.

There can be no doubts about the author's theory, and if it can apply any where, it must be among the Palaeozoic strata, where nature began her great organic scale. Let us then see how he makes his way among these most ancient records. 'The cephalopoda are the most highly organized of the mollusca, and they are sometimes represented as being coexistent with the humbler molluscous forms; and on this point conclusions have been drawn against the idea of a progress of animated being; but it seems to me, when the pre-Silurian era and its fossils are distinguished with sufficient care, that the simpler mollusca, as well as the radiata, preceded the order of cephalopoda. His note, appended to this passage, (p. 61,) only shows that he is unacquainted with what geologists have done since 1839, in Britain, France, Germany, and North America. They have laboured hard in the hopes of finding some definite types of a pre-Silurian era, and they have not found them. We have given the result fully in our summary of the *Protozoic system*. But our author can look at this part of nature's works only through a distorting medium. Taking all his facts at second hand, he hacks and mangles them to make them fit the rack of his hypothesis; and while he accuses our geologists of laborious ignorance, or wilful misrepresentation, he takes on himself the part of an

1839 and 1841. We trust that these Reports will soon be superseded by a separate and illustrated work from the pen of the same great comparative anatomist.

inquisitor, and stretches nature's limbs on one of the wheels of his circular system, till she tells him what he pleases. And should this most potent method fail of its true purpose, he has also a circular logic to help him out of all doubts and dangers. His hypothesis is true, because it is drawn from the response of nature, and the response of nature is only true when it gives back the watchwords of the hypothesis !

Again, let us see how he can deal with facts upon a broader scale. Speaking of the development of plants and animals in our successive deposits, he says, ' Among plants we have first sea-weeds, afterwards land plants; and amongst these the simpler (cellular and cryptogamic) before the more complex. In the department of zoology we see, first, traces all but certain of infusoria; then polyparia, crinoidia, and some humbler forms of the articulata and mollusca; afterwards higher forms of mollusca; and it appears that these existed for ages before there were any higher types of being. The first step forward gives fishes, the humblest class of vertebrata; and, moreover, the earliest fishes partake of the character of the lower sub-kingdom, the articulata. Afterwards came land animals, of which the first are reptiles, universally allowed to be the type next in advance from fishes, and to be connected with these by the link of an insensible gradation. From the reptiles we advance to birds, and thence to mammalia, which are commenced by marsupialia, acknowledged low forms in their class.' And he adds, ' Though there are blanks in the series, and many missing forms, those present are all in the order of their organic development,' (p. 150.) All this runs on most smoothly—our author gives not his credulous reader the benefit of one single doubt or difficulty. During our critical labours, of more than forty years' continuance, it has never been our fate to comment on a passage so full of blunders and rash assertions. We crave our readers' patience while we examine it almost line by line. It may be true that sea-weeds came first, but of this we have no proof; and of land plants we have not the shadow of proof that the simpler forms came into being before the more complex. The simple and complex forms are found together in our most ancient *flora*. It is true that we first see polyparia, crinoidia, articulata, and mollusca: but it is not true that we meet with them in the order stated by the author. The subject is dark and difficult, and all we can do is to take the order of nature's work as we find it. The sentence on which we here comment contains three distinct propositions; and all the three are false to nature, and no better than a dream. It is true that the next step gives us fishes; but it is not true that the earliest fishes link on to the *radiata*. This is a grand, and, at the present day, an unpardonable blunder;

for the earliest fishes belong to the very highest families of the whole class. It is true that we afterwards find reptiles, but those which first appear belong to one of the highest orders of the class, and show no links of an insensible gradation into fishes. It is true that, about the same period, birds first appear, and a few specimens are found in our ascending series of secondary rocks. Among the lowest are *Struthionidæ*, the next are *Grallæ*, and the highest (in the chalk) are *Natulores*. They are far too few in number, and too obscure, to be used in any good argument; but, as far as they go, they give us a result in direct antagonism with our author's scheme. If he use them at all, he must just reverse their arrangement. He appears to know this, and so, in his general scale, (p. 234,) he has packed them all together. It is true that two genera of marsupials appear above the first birds and reptiles; but they are not so low in organic type as some living mammals. They are anomalies among the strata where we find them; and there are no other organic types to which they offer the shadow of any near affinity. They are, therefore, again in direct antagonism with the scheme of regular development. We take them as we find them, and we have no hypothetical stumbling-blocks in our way. We state, in this short comment on the passage last quoted, what we know to be true. We have seen the beds in which the remains of these successive creatures lay; many of the specimens we have examined; and, as to our conclusions, we should think them worthless were they not confirmed by our greatest masters of comparative anatomy. When, therefore, the author, (p. 234,) in conformity with our extract, throws the successive forms of animal life into a scale which is to explain a general creative law, what does he but publish an empty dream? And if it is not to be called a dream, then is it ten times worse—a falsification of the documents of nature, and an insult upon the understanding of his reader.

Assertions, like those in our last extract, are repeated in one form or another again and again. So that the author, and perhaps some of his readers, may believe them, through the mere pertinacity and solemnity of their reiteration. He tells us, (p. 249,) that the first animals of every well-marked type, must be aquatic; this is one of his circular speculations. But he adds, that the geological sequence confirms this view, both as to birds and mammals. Now, the oldest birds were, as far as we can make out their structure, not aquatic; and the oldest mammals (we mean the marsupials of the Stonesfield slate, for we have not seen true cetaceous bones from the lower oolites) assuredly lived on dry land. These we may call mistakes of theory, or errors of inadvertency. But what shall we say when he tells us

in the same page, 'that the first reptiles (*ichthyosauri*) were natorial, and of comparatively mean organization?' He has copied his own imaginary scale, and he has not copied from nature's book. The facts must certainly have been known to him. How could he, then, (without giving us a single hint that his order was hypothetical,) indite this sentence, and then tell us, in the same page, that he was giving us the very order 'which geology shows us in the history of our globe?'

One of the most intrepid men, of the Oxford half-Popish School has told us plainly, that candour is not the leading virtue of a Saint. But there are fanatics of other schools, and many a man has been a fanatical idolater of his own material hypothesis. In such a state of mind, he is like one afflicted with monomania. We cannot trust him for a single moment. But he is an object of pity far more than blame. It is not that he hates the form of truth; but either his vision is so false that he sees her out of bearing; or he has, unfortunately, such a film before his senses, that he cannot behold her figure though she stand upright before his face. He has not read to us the book of nature, page by page, as we have seen it written; but he has given us, instead, a strange set of cross readings, and made her tell a story most foreign to her simple meaning. In common cases, we should call this a very grave offence against truth and reason. Had he told us that our geological documents were mutilated and obscure—that, like the worm-eaten parchments of an old record-office, they were so far gone that no mortal could make a connected history out of them—and that he would work up an historical tale from his imagination—using the old documents now and then to eke out an hypothesis, or to give a savour of reality to a fictitious narrative:—Had he done this, we could have understood him, and we might have admired his lucid style, and the air of sober systematic reality which seems to refresh us while we read his pages. But this he has not done. He professes to write a history in conformity with our old documents. He has interpolated them again and again; he has falsified their dates; and he has not condescended to tell his readers what part of his narrative is based on written records of old date, and what part is pure invention. If the works of nature are thus to be turned upside down, and every principle of sound Inductive Reasoning is now to be held in abeyance, it is high time for our men of science to strike work; and we must henceforth cull our philosophy from John Dee, and our history from George Psalmanazar.

We now come to the second series of deposits containing traces of former organic life; and it is, in some cases, so linked to the

upper beds of the former, or palæozoic series, that we hardly know where to draw the line between the two. We can do no better than follow the English subdivisions, as they are symmetrical and well known. They give us the following systems in a regular ascending order :—

7. *New red sandstone and saliferous marls, or Triassic system.*—This system forms the base of the great central plains of England, and is surmounted by the saliferous marls and red arenaceous beds which pass under the great oolitic terrace, or rather the succession of terraces which stretch across England from the coast of Dorsetshire to the north-eastern coast of Yorkshire. We find in this system no beds of shells and corals. There was, during its formation, a great quantity of red oxide of iron in the ancient sea, (and the same remark applies to a part of the old red sandstone,) which seems to have utterly destroyed the old forms of organic life. But in the eastern parts of France, and in central Germany, the physical conditions were different; and in these countries there is, in the upper part of this series, a great shelly calcareous deposit (muschelkalk) not found in the British Isles. In other respects, the continental deposits agree with those of this country; and they are of great but irregular thickness, resting, as they often do, unconformably upon the broken edges of the older strata.

8. *Oolitic system, or Jurassic system, of continental writers.* It admits of the following subdivisions or subordinate groups :—

(1.) *Lias*—a great argillaceous deposit with some thick arenaceous bands, and many concretions and beds of argillaceous limestone. It is continued without interruption from the coast of Dorsetshire to the north-east coast of Yorkshire.

(2.) *The great oolitic terrace*—so called from containing beds of oolitic limestone; but calcareous matter by no means forms the greater part of it. It makes a grand feature in England, and is absolutely continuous from coast to coast.

(3.) *Oxford clay.*—It is in some places of great thickness, (perhaps not less than 2000 feet,) and it forms the subsoil of the great Bedford level. From sea to sea its continuity is unbroken.

(4.) *Middle or Oxford oolite.*—Where it is of its greatest thickness, the calcareous and oolitic beds form only a subordinate part of it. It is not so continuous as the former deposits. Here and there it puts on the form of a coral reef; but wherever it is seen it keeps its right place, commencing at Weymouth, and ending at Filey Bridge on the Yorkshire coast.

(5.) *Kimmeridge clay.*—This deposit is, we believe, perfectly continuous, and ranges on a line nearly parallel to the middle oolite.

(6.) *Upper oolite, or-Portland rock*.—This rock on the south coast of England forms a grand terrace; but in its northward range it becomes degenerate, and in Buckinghamshire all traces of it are gradually lost.

Such is the *oolitic series*. It reappears in France with the same general subdivisions, which may be traced through eastern France into Germany, and to the very confines of the Alps. In more distant parts of the world, it is represented in some places by one undistinguishable mass of calcareous matter; or by more complicated formations not elaborated in conformity with the British type. In some parts of England, the organic remains of the successive groups of strata are arranged with an astonishing regularity—reminding us of an artificial distribution in the cabinet of a naturalist; but in following the beds, we find that any change of mineral type, implying a change of physical conditions, produces some corresponding change in the distribution of the *fauna*. These organic changes were probably brought about by changes in the sea bottom, from mud to sand, or to calcareous rock, and by oscillations in the soundings. For correct principles of reasoning on such subjects, we may safely refer to some excellent Memoirs recently published by our distinguished countryman, Professor E. Forbes. They are of great value, because their reasonings are all based on the well-observed facts presented by living nature. About the end of the epoch of the *new red sandstone*, the British strata appear to have been deposited in a shallow sea. The numberless remains of insects in the lower beds of the *lias* seem to attest this fact.* Near the top of this formation we find, on the Yorkshire coast, upright stems of plants marking the spot on which they grew, and therefore proving the partial existence of dry land. There is also a well-known upper carboniferous *flora* in the oolitic series of Yorkshire, which reappears on the coast of Sutherland. Lastly we find, on the coast of Dorsetshire, the well-known ‘dirt-beds,’ with roots of coniferous trees, and their silicified trunks growing up in the position of nature, and in a direction perpendicular to the beds. There must, therefore, have been great oscillations in the relative levels of land and sea; and the causes of change, above hinted at, in the distribution of the organic forms, are not imaginary. Many new types may have come into being during the long continuance of the oolitic period; but assuming this fact, and admitting all

* A description of these insects will appear in a work, now in the press, by the Rev. P. B. Brodie. It was from that gentleman that we first derived our knowledge of the Cestraciant from the Wenlock shales.

the changes above indicated, we may confidently affirm that the system, considered as a whole, has a most characteristic *fauna*.

(7.) *Wealden rocks*.—These rocks are of great thickness, and immediately cover the upper oolites without any break of continuity. Our knowledge of them is chiefly derived from the long-continued discoveries of Dr Mantell. They are essentially of fresh-water origin; and in this respect they bear the same relation to our older secondary rocks which the old carboniferous system bears to the inferior palæozoic groups. But they are not strictly lacustrine, as they contain no beds of rock marl, such as we might have looked for in a lacustrine basin among the oolites. They more resemble great drifted beds of sand and mud sent down by some ancient river into a shallow sea or estuary. Be this as it may, their fresh-water shells, plants, birds, and great land-reptiles tell their story, and link them to the oolites, of which they form the summit.

9. *Green sand system, Neocomian system* of some continental writers.—Again we have a gradual change of level, as this system, without any apparent break of continuity, rests upon the former, but is essentially marine. It is divided into *lower green sand*—*galt*, or Cambridge clay—and *upper green sand*. These subdivisions were first fixed by Dr Fitton. To his elaborate papers, and some recent Memoirs by Professor E. Forbes, we refer for all details, and for good speculations drawn on analogy from the phenomena of living nature. The lower green sand shows, as might have been expected, many analogies with the upper part of the oolites. The *galt* and the upper green sand are considered by some writers, and perhaps correctly, as a part of the *Cretaceous system*.

10. *Cretaceous system*.—In all the preceding subdivisions of the secondary rocks as seen in Britain, calcareous matter formed but a subordinate part; but in this system calcareous matter forms the predominating mass, to which the flints and other extraneous minerals are subordinate. Part of it seems to have been deposited in a sea of considerable depth, and all of it is marine. The physical conditions of its formation differed greatly from those which produced the preceding systems. Hence we find in the chalk great changes in the organic types. Some families become extinct, and others become degenerate: and other families (unconnected in structure with any which went before them, and not therefore to be derived from the older families by any natural generative law) were called into a new being. The upper part of this system is wanting in England, (though the chalk is 1000 feet in thickness,) but it is found in Belgium and Denmark. It is more arenaceous than the chalk, but forms a true upper mem-

ber of the deposit. Here ends our chapter of secondary rocks.

11. *Tertiary system*.—This represents all the regular deposits newer than the chalk. It is irregularly distributed over vast surfaces of all our continents; but we must confine our chief remarks to Britain; and here, as in France, we see its lowest beds resting on the chalk. But it does not pass gradually into the chalk, or any other rocks of the same age. A long interval of time must have elapsed between the formation of the upper beds of chalk and the beginning of the tertiary beds. This interval is marked by great water-worn hollows in the surface of the chalk; and sometimes (for example in some parts of Norfolk,) by the perforations of the old marine animals, made while the chalk was the bottom of an ancient sea. These remarkable traces of former life are discovered when the tertiary deposits are removed, by man's hands, from the surface of the chalk. This interval is also well marked by great shingle beds, and conglomerates of rolled flints, near the base of the lower tertiary deposits. The flints must have been then as hard as they are now, and their organic remains were then petrified. All these facts bear on the question of time, but our limits forbid any further speculation.

The system admits of three primary subdivisions—Eocene—Miocene—and Pliocene. These three names imply—that in the lower division we only find the dawn of existing species—that in the next division there are more living species, but that extinct species still predominate—and that in the upper division extinct species decline, and living species predominate. This grouping is artificial; but it is based on nature, and is perhaps the best that could be given at the present time. We owe it to our countryman Mr Lyell; and to his works we refer for all details. The lower division is well represented by the deposits of the Hampshire and London basins, and has been brought into a beautiful co-ordination with the grand phenomena of the Paris basin. The middle division is feebly represented by the coral reefs, (coralline crag, &c.) which, on the coast of Suffolk, are seen to rest on the London clay. The highest is still more feebly represented by the crag-beds, and certain small lacustrine deposits resting on them, which are found in Norfolk. Vast periods of time must have passed away during the tertiary epoch. Of this fact we have irrefragable proof in the details respecting the upper tertiary groups, which we derive from foreign writers. But in this island we have ample evidence to prove this point; for the *fauna* of our Eocene period indicates a climate almost tropical—while the *fauna* of the upper crag belongs to a climate not above, but perhaps below, the present mean temperature of Britain.

12. *Diluvial system*.—We might have expected that, as we were

now close upon living nature, the characters of our old records would be legible and clear. Among those we have now turned over, 'we find chapter after chapter of which we can read the characters and make out their meaning; and as we approach the time of man's creation, our book becomes during our last period still more clear, and nature seems to speak to us in a language so like our own, that we easily comprehend it. But just where we begin to enter on the history of the physical changes going on before our eyes, and in which we ourselves bear a part, our chronicle seems to fail us—a leaf has been torn out from nature's book, and the succession of events is almost hidden from our eyes.* To this period we must refer the gigantic boulders which have been driven by floods across our continents, or drifted by icebergs over our valleys, and perched sometimes on our mountain-tops. To it we must refer the *till* of Scotland, and the great *brown clay* of England; and our vast beds of gravel and superficial rubbish, with broken fragments of mammals' bones, mixed with the spoils of all the older rocks. Some of our raised beaches may have reached their present levels during this period, of which we profess neither to define the limits, nor to describe the succession of events. The mammals' bones, both of extinct and living species, are sometimes found together in this drifted matter, and mingled with land and fresh-water shells of modern species. There were enormous changes of level; and glaciers as well as great floods played their part in producing these strange phenomena: But we profess not to describe them.

13. *Modern system.*—We possess some old physical documents connected with this system, and we will give one example of them. In the great Bedford level which spreads over the lower lands of Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire, we have accumulations of silt, drifted matter, and bog earth, some of which began before the earliest periods of British history. When these accumulations are removed by artificial means, we find below, sometimes shells of recent species, and the remains of an old estuary; sometimes sand banks, gravel beds, stumps of trees, or masses of drifted wood. On this ancient surface of the ground we find skulls of a living species of European bear; skeletons of the Arctic wolf and European beaver and wild boar; and numerous horns and bones of the roebuck and red-deer; and were we to go to a little distance, we might add to this list the bones of the gigantic stag, (Irish elk.) Among these remains are many others we do not notice, as they belong to animals such as are now living in the neighbouring country,—as badgers,

* *Geology of the Lake District.* Kenal, 1843.

otters, &c. Had the traditions of Europe been lost, and we had known nothing of its early inhabitants, we might very properly have referred these remains to a newer Pliocene period; and had we taken up a theory like that of our author, we might have speculated on some of these extinct forms, and asked into what living species they had passed by transmutation. As a matter of fact we know that they perished by natural means—by the loss of shelter as the forests were cleared away, by the drainage of the bogs, and by the hand of man. And why not apply this reasoning to the old world? We say, on good analogy, that in the *fauna* of any old period (*e. g.* the oolitic,) species were gradually exterminated by the changes of physical conditions, or by the invasion of animals of greater power, and not by any transmutation into other species. This kind of reasoning starts, at least, from something we know to be true; but it professes not to account for creation, nor can any natural means within the ken of our senses, and the limits of our knowledge, give us the least help in accounting for it.

And here we conclude all details that are purely geological. We have given a continuous sketch of the several systems, from the first records of our secondary rocks down to the present time, that our discussions on the phenomena of organic life might not be interrupted.

We have already proved from physical records, and the plainest facts of ancient geology, that the successive organic forms of the palaeozoic rocks suggest not to the mind the theory of development; but, on the contrary, are so directly opposed to it as to involve it in the rankest contradictions. And let us here come back to the right principles of physical reasoning, which cannot be too often brought before the mind. As all our exact knowledge of the 'celestial mechanics' is derived from our previous knowledge of the laws of matter studied on the earth; so all our exact knowledge of the organic laws of the old world can only be learnt from a study of the organic phenomena of living nature. With such phenomena we must begin, or we have no philosophical starting-point. If we desert this sober method, we are only plunging among the crazy systems of the old philosophers, or of men who falsely passed under that sacred name. Prove the development theory then from living nature; or make it probable. If this were done, (but it never will be done,) a moony materialist, or a meditative hypothesis-monger, might venture to look among the gaps and chasms of our old organic records; and might in imagination fill them up, or rearrange them in something like accordance with what he believes or knows of living nature. But let no man dare to begin his work at the wrong end—to leave the clear light of day (before he has most deeply studied the laws

of nature as they are now before his senses) and plunge among the dark caverns of the earth, and then brood over the old organic types of nature's sepulchre, till his brain becomes as much confounded as if he were in the den of Trophonius. And should such have been his misfortune, let him not come back again to the light of day, and pretend to explain away the clear evidence of living sense, by responses as mystical and as unreal as those of an ancient oracle. It is against this conduct of the mind, followed by a dogmatical dictation contrary to all the sober rules of sound philosophy, that we most solemnly warn the truth-loving reader.

Let us now come to the fossils of the secondary and tertiary periods, beginning with those of the new red sandstone, (system 7.) Here we find no shells or corals; but we have traces of several species of reptiles. Of the *Labyrinthodon*, five species appear to have been made out. They were *Batrachians*, (of the same order with frogs and toads;) and if the old saying, '*expede Herculem*,' is to be trusted, the largest species may almost have rivalled in stature a small Highland bullock. They were undoubtedly of a low order of reptiles; but their near affinities are not with fishes, (as they ought to be on the development theory;) and in their deviations from the more vulgar type, they seem to ascend towards the higher reptiles. In the language of this theory, they are (as Owen tells us) 'degraded crocodiles, and not elevated fishes.'* Whether these creatures were ambitious, like their degenerate representatives of more modern times, and at length dilated themselves to bursting, we know not; but the whole race disappears, and we meet it not again.

To these *Batrachians* we must add the *Rhynchosaur* and the *Dicynodon*. The former has mandibles without teeth, like a *Chelonian* or a bird of prey; but its cranial structure and skeleton are truly *Lacertian*. In none of its deviations from the common structure of a *Lacertian*, does it make the least approach towards the saurid fishes: the changes from the common type are in another direction. The latter has two large tusks (somewhat like the tusks of a walrus) fixed in the upper jaw; but the cranium and other bones are a true saurian type. Combining these organic forms with the three genera of reptiles found in the magnesian limestone, (system 6,) we may ask, does the scheme of development derive any support from these phenomena? The reply is obvious, and we shall touch on this question again.

In addition to these reptiles, we have the traces of *Chelonians*, and of birds, (supposed to be *Struthionidæ* and *Grallæ*.) These

traces throw no new difficulties in our way; for we account for them as we do for the reptiles' bones. But to what anterior forms of nature are we to refer their origin on the scheme of development? We are unable to tell. A few more birds are found among the Wealden rocks and the chalk. They are, as we hinted, too few in number materially to help our argument; but we know that even these stragglers are not found in the order of development.

We next come to the *muschelkalk*—and here we must refer to continental catalogues, as the deposit (at least in any distinct form) is not found in Britain. It has a very remarkable *fauna*, and we have seen many good collections derived from it. And what are the organic types? We do not find so much as one single species with which we are familiar in the palæozoic series. All the older families and orders have disappeared; and even the saurians differ in their order from those of the preceding epoch. It is not too much to say that nature has destroyed all her old moulds of workmanship, and begun a new work on a different plan. Yet is there no break or interruption in the regular sequence of the deposits. We accept these facts of nature as we find them. The physical conditions of the earth were changed, and creative wisdom called into new being organic structures to suit the change. With this we are content; and we defy any man living, whatever may be his knowledge, to prove that in these steps of the great ascending series, 'the stages of advance were very small'—'only 'a new stage in the progress of gestation, an event simply natural'—'a development from species to species—phenomena of a 'simple and modest character!' (p. 231.) Assertions more opposed to the works of ancient nature were never before recorded in the written language of a gratuitous hypothesis.

We next come to the fossils of the oolites, green sand, and chalk, (systems 8, 9, and 10,) which complete the secondary series. How are these fossils to be distinguished from those of the successive palæozoic systems? We can only indicate the prominent points of difference; but not so much as one single species seems to be common to the palæozoic and secondary groups. The Trilobites, many genera of Brachyopods, and many species of Goniatites and Orthoceratites of the older systems, do not rise into the secondary groups. It is true that we find numerous Crustaceans in the secondary groups; but they have no near affinities to connect them with the Trilobites. Again, Ammonites and Belemnites of the secondary systems may be said to represent the Orthoceratites and Goniatites. But where are the connecting links? We find them not. Let us, however, assume the natural connexion, and what follows?—That these families of Cephalopods began in the earliest times—flourished and in-

creased, and obtained their most complicated development in the middle of the secondary period—then declined, and finally died off, so as to leave no trace of their existence during the tertiary and modern periods. Meanwhile, the *Nautilus*, one of the kindred families, survived all these changes, and is now living in the sea. Does this look like our author's scheme of development? We reply no. It points to a different law, (exemplified by many families of fossil fish) The families were created by a power superior to vulgar nature, in conformity with the conditions of the sea; and died off, and were superseded by other forms of life, as those conditions changed.

It follows from what is stated, that *Ammonites* and *Belemnites* are characteristic of the secondary rocks; but there are multitudes of other characteristic species as well defined as in living nature. The frequent changes in their grouping are readily explained on the principles we have pointed out. Some species are doubtful, and in such cases geologists connect them to the kindred types by all the intervening links, and sometimes give them all a common name. Such ambiguous cases are the exception and not the rule: were the development theory true, they ought to be the rule and not the exception; but, on the whole, we have as good reason for believing that species were permanent during the secondary period, as we have reason for that belief in the living *fauna* of our seas.

The fishes of our secondary systems (Nos. 8, 9, 10) are eminently characteristic; and distinct species are found in nearly all the separate subdivisions of the whole series, from the bottom of the lias to the top of the chalk. Even allowing the change of species by development, (which we by no means do,) the supposition will not help us; for we shall be afterwards compelled, on this hypothesis, to ask for many sudden changes from family to family, and from order to order. And surely this would be thought a little too much for the 'simple and modest advances' of nature. All these fishes are *homocercal*—i.e. have tails with rays regularly diverging from the end of the backbone, like the tail of a herring or a trout; but all the palæozoic fishes have *heterocercal* tails. Their backbone runs to a point above the tail, which is placed below like a triangular rudder. This latter structure is still seen in our sharks, sturgeons, and in the sauroids of the North American lakes, (bonypike.)

So far we have been describing the fossils of the secondary rocks; and to fortify our argument, we will now refer to a true history of development given by Agassiz,*—not to serve an hy-

* *Poissons Fossiles*, Vol. i. p. 170.

pothesis, but to put before the senses, in one connected view, all the leading ichthyological facts of the old world. Up to the base of the chalk, all the fossil fishes, without one exception, belong to the Ganoid and Placoid orders. Let us then see what has been the early development of some of the oldest families of these two orders. They are not confounded with one another, but they adhere to their natural type through the whole ascending scale, so far as their remains are seen.

The following examples are from the tabular view of Agassiz, but the running comment is our own:—(1.) The *cestracionts* come in, as far as we know, with one species, (the oldest fish in the fossil world, and, at the same time, of the very highest organic type.) Genera and species are soon added to the family, so that during the palæozoic and oolitic periods it increases to a noble clan, and then gradually declines through the chalk; and at the end of the tertiary period, is in the state in which we find it now—degenerate as to numbers of genera and species, but not so as to family type. For the type lasts throughout, and runs not into other families, though both genera and species constantly change while we ascend from one system to another. (2.) The history of the *sauroids* may be told nearly in the same words. (3.) The first beginning of the *lepidoids* (another ancient and noble family) and their gradual expansion, may also be so told; but the whole race becomes extinct at the base of the tertiary period, and was not afterwards revived. (4.) In addition to these families, there are two others (the *hybodonts* and the *cælacanthes*) which began in the palæozoic rocks, and died off among the secondary groups—not by any confusion of family type, but by a gradual decay of numbers. (5.) There are four other well-defined families which flourish only during a part of the palæozoic period; yet, while they last, preserve in perfection the family type, and do not merge into other families by any connecting links of structure. (6.) The *pycnodonts*, another grand family, began just at the base of the secondary series, and died off among the tertiaries, having long periods of gradual increase, followed by like periods of gradual decay. How we are to reconcile this short statement, which represents the present condition of our knowledge, with the theory of a progressive development from one humble type, is utterly beyond our comprehension. All the facts in this part of nature are at open war with the theory. The families, we repeat, lose not their true type, either during their periods of advancement or of decay. We contend, therefore, that they were created in accordance with natural conditions of the ancient seas and died off from a gradual change of conditions unfavourable to their life.

Let us next come to the cretaceous system, and analyse the phenomena in the same manner. We have before stated that this deposit indicates a great change in the physical condition of the old sea; and, in accordance with this fact, we also find a great change in many of the organic types. It is here that we have the first traces of animal species still living, and they belong to *infusoria*; but all (or very nearly all) the nobler organic forms of the chalk are of extinct genera and species.* But we will confine ourselves to fossil fishes. (1.) We find four families which, commencing among some of the older systems, pass into the chalk, (with changes of generic and specific type;) and afterwards (with corresponding changes) pass into our present seas. Two of these families (*Squalus* and *Ray*) go on continually increasing, as we ascend. (2.) The two orders of *Cycloids* and *Ctenoids* now make their appearance for the *first time*, in not less than *eighteen goodly families!* They are separated by a wide organic interval from all the older families and orders; and they are the fishes with which we are now most familiar among the living forms of nature. All those eighteen families (but with various generic or specific changes) pass through the tertiary period into the modern seas; and, in addition, there are a few families which began during the tertiary periods, and are still living in our own times. How are we to account for all this in the theory of development, which gives us only 'a simple and modest' change from one species to another? Allowing, for sake of argument, the possibility of specific changes in a *genus* of *one family*, how are we to account for the sudden appearance of two new *orders* and eighteen new *families*? The facts of nature are in direct antagonism with the theory. They crush it to atoms.

The inevitable blunders made by the first observers, and some figurative language of Agassiz, in which he speaks of certain fishes, (now proved not to be the very oldest,) 'comme les jeunes enfans d'un monde encore à son berceau,' are naturally drawn (like straws and feathers by a piece of amber) to our author's mind, and become the life-food of his visionary system; and he dares to quote the author of the '*Poissons Fossiles*' in support of it! But let this admirable naturalist be his own interpreter. At the end of his great work, he discusses the scheme of

* * The *Terebratula striatula* of the chalk is, we believe, identified by Mr Sowerby with *T. caput serpentis*; and we are informed that *T. subundata* is considered by Professor E. Forbes identical with *T. vitrea*. If these views be correct, the chalk is the true Eocene formation, and they would fall in with the opinions of Agassiz founded on fossil fishes.

development, and rejects it, because it is encountered every where by physical impossibilities; and what then is his conclusion? We will give his own words:—‘ Il faut nécessairement remonter à une cause plus élevée, et reconnoître des influences plus puissantes, exerçant sur la nature entière une action plus directe, si l’on ne veut pas se mouvoir éternellement dans un cercle vicieux. Quant à moi, j’ai la conviction que les espèces ont été créées successivement à différentes reprises; * * * * et que les changemens qu’elles ont subis durant une époque géologique ne sont que très-secondaires, et ne tiennent qu’à leur plus ou moins grande fécondité, et à des migrations subordonnées à des influences de l’époque.’ There is a moral grandeur in this sentence, and it comes to us with the power of demonstration; concluding, as it does, one of the greatest works of Natural History that was ever finished by the labours of one man. Truth is always delightful to an uncorrupted mind; and it is most delightful when it reaches us in the form of some great abstraction, which links together the material and moral parts of nature—which does not annul the difference between material and moral,—but proves that moral truth is the intellectual and ennobled form of material truth, first apprehended by sense. And believing that all nature, both material and moral, has been framed and supported by one creative mind, we cannot believe that one truth can ever be at conflict with another. If there be a religion of nature, and we believe there is, we conclude that there can be no religion but truth, and no heresy but falsehood.

The reptiles of the secondary rocks must next have a passing notice. They began, as we have seen, just at the end of the Palæozoic period—not with the *lowest*, but with one of the *higher orders* of the class; and following the same kind of law which we have remarked in certain families of Cephalopods, and in many families of fishes, they reached their grandest development during the secondary period, and then gradually declined. The class lived, however, through all after-periods; and, as is well known, still flourishes on the earth, represented by four orders with many genera and species. Nearly all that is exactly known on this great subject may be learnt from two admirable Reports by Professor Owen.* A few species have been added since; but they only confirm his general views. He has described eighty-five species in these reports, and many more are known in continental collections. Some of the species in the lias, oolites, and Wealden rocks, are in almost incredible abundance. The shallow seas

* Reports to the British Association, 1839 and 1841.

and estuaries must literally have swarmed with them. He divides the whole class into nine orders. The *Dinosaurs* stand at the head, and seem to reach the noblest reptile type that ever was created; and they died off before the cretaceous period. In their marrow-bones and strong ponderous limbs, they make some approach to pachyderm-mammals; but they are true saurians in general structure. The *Enaliosaurs* are at the other end of the scale, and (in the *Ichthyosaurs* and *Plesiosaurs*, and one or two cognate genera) make some approach to *Sauroid Fishes*. 'But (says Professor Owen) by no known forms of fossil animals can we diminish the wide interval which divides the most sauriform of fishes from the *Ichthyosaurus*.' And we may add, that were this interval ever filled up in the cabinet of a naturalist, we should be no nearer to the scheme of development; because all the large sauriform fishes had disappeared from the face of nature during a former and widely separated epoch. This Order of *Enaliosaurs* began in the muschelkalk, but in England it is first seen in the lias, and after swarming through the oolites, it disappears near the bottom of the chalk.* Species, we believe, were persistent; and some species (amidst the many physical revolutions) survived during the whole epoch of the oolites. The *Pterodactyls*, or flying dragons of the old world, began with the lias, and ended in the lower portions of the chalk, as has been very lately proved by Mr Bowerbank: *Crocodylians* began at the base of the oolites. Their first forms greatly differed from those of living nature. Many of them had double concave vertebræ; others had a kind of plano-convex vertebræ; some had concavo-convex vertebræ—in this respect resembling living crocodiles—but, strange to tell, the concave and convex surfaces were in a reversed order. These crocodylians continued to exist, but with specific changes, through all succeeding revolutions. In the tertiary period we have new genera of the order, with a structure in perfect conformity with the modern crocodylian type. We have space for no more details, and we must refer to the admirable summary given at the end of the above two Reports.

After all his exact details, and after enriching us with the greatest additions to our knowledge of this class of fossil animals which has been made since the days of Cuvier, Professor Owen

* The whole account of the Reptiles given in 'The Vestiges,' is so mystified as to give us no definite knowledge of the grouping of the orders. The herbivorous Saurian found in the sea by Mr Darwin, is not an Enaliosaurian, any more than a crocodile is an Enaliosaurian, when it is found (probably having mistaken its way) out at sea.

adds, 'Does the hypothesis of the transmutation of species afford any explanation of these surprising phenomena? Do the speculations of Maillet, Lamarck, and Geoffroy derive any support from this department of Palæontology?' He answers this question in the negative, by a rigid appeal to facts and anatomical conditions; and he tells us that a slight survey of organic remains might serve to support these views, 'but in no stream of science is it more necessary than in Palæontology, to drink deep or taste not.' The author of the 'Vestiges' has not drunk deep; had he done so, he might perhaps have been bewildered by the strangeness of the draught. But there is a sobriety in plain truth; and the magnitude and certainty of the phenomena, and the imposing nature of the consequences in which they are inevitably bound, might have saved him from the temptation of trying to turn the real vestiges of the old world upside down, before he began to build his ideal system upon them.

Before we quit the secondary fossils, we must notice the two genera of mammals found near the bottom of the oolites. How is it possible to connect them, by any process of development, with any other contemporaneous or preceding types of nature? We are certain they cannot be so connected. But we have no difficulties to remove. There were giant-birds during this period, which probably could not fly; but Pterodactyls and a few birds were then winging their way through the air; and flying insects were in abundance. The *flora* of the oolites does not betoken a climate warmer than that of New Holland. What difficulty in supposing that one or two genera of Marsupials should then have been created?*

We next come to the organic phenomena of the tertiary system. On the theory of development, 'the stages of advance are in all cases very small—from species to species,' and the phenomena, 'as shown in the pages of geology, are always of a simple and modest character.' Let us test these assumptions by one single step from the chalk to the London-clay, or any other ter-

* Our author, on his own scheme of nature, ought to have considered New Holland as one of the oldest countries of the world; and he might have argued (from its Flora, its Cestracionts, its Trigonæ, and its Marsupials) that it was as old as our oolites; but this would not have served the good ends of the scheme of development: so he casts this evidence, such as it is, overboard, and presumes, without the shadow of any evidence—that New Holland is a very new country. We do not wish to send our author after a new hypothesis; but we point this out as a very amusing example of inconsistency.—(P. 256, &c.)

tiary deposit. Among the millions of organic forms, from corals up to mammals, of the London and Paris basins, we find hardly so much as one single secondary species.* The humble infusoria have been already noticed; and in the south of France it is said that two or three secondary species straggle into the tertiary system; but they form a rare, and almost evanescent exception to the general rule. Organic nature is once more on a new pattern—plants as well as animals are changed. It might seem as if we had been transported to a new planet; for neither in the arrangement of the genera and species, nor in their affinities with the types of an older world, is there the shadow of any approach to a regular plan of organic development. Our limits forbid us to enter on details, and in truth they are unnecessary; for if the chain of development be made of broken links, and if its first links were never bound to nature, (and we have proved already that they were not,) then must the last links inevitably want all semblance of material support. • But to convey to our readers some notion of the *flora* and *fauna* of the oldest subdivision of this new period, we may tell them in a few words, that we find in it the remains of a noble flora—coniferous trees, palm trees, and thousands of drifted seed-vessels of very many new species, but all of a tropical or sub-tropical type. To these we may add more than a thousand molluscs, all new, yet making an approach to the types of living nature; and with them are two or three modern species. We find Crocodilians greatly differing from the secondary types, and conforming to the modern, yet not specifically agreeing with them—serpents approaching the great boa—tortoises or turtles in great abundance, but of extinct genera—fishes of the same general structure with the newer families of the chalk, but of a different species, and along with them at least two families of a new type—birds of nearly all the living families, but the species probably different. And lastly, we find a noble series of mammals—especially Pachyderms; but including Carnivora and Bimana, and other orders. Among the mammals described by Cuvier from this lowest division of the tertiary system, all the species are of extinct genera. Some exceptions to this rule may have been found since; but, at least, all are of extinct species. These different orders and classes are not arranged on any ascending scale. Carnivora are as old as Pachyderms, as far at least as we have any evidence bearing on the question; and Bimana (monkeys) are found in this divi-

* See above, the note to p. 55.

sion—thus contradicting and stultifying the upper end of our author's grand creative scale.

As we ascend towards the middle divisions of the series, there is a development of nature's kingdom nearer and nearer to living types. But it is not a development after our author's scheme. It follows the law of the rise, progress, and decline of the organic families of the older world, already pointed out. We have no confusion of genera and species, and no shades of structure to make dim their outlines. In the great tertiary basin of the Lower Rhine, we find, in a few small quarries near Mayence, more vertebrate remains than have been found in the Paris and London basins. Many genera and species are new, and among them are old species of Elephant and Rhinoceros.* We seem to have taken one upward step towards the living world; but we have no confusion of species. Again, a vast menagerie of old Asiatic mammals, and lower vertebrates, (collected with vast labour, and in part also described by Falconer and Cautley,) are now in the British Museum. Some of the types are strange and new, and all of them show the riches of these ancient kingdoms of nature. But not one of them (and the question has been battled out at Paris) offers the shadow of a proof of specific transmutation, or obliterates the clearness of nature's record. The documents of a newer date found among the British rocks are few and imperfect. We have already spoken of them, and we cannot follow the subject any further, as our narrow limits forbid it.

Returning, then, to the lowest division of the tertiary system, as seen in the London and Paris basins, and confining ourselves to the Pachyderms, we may ask, from what anterior forms of organic life are we to derive them by any possible law of common nature? The creatures (excepting the marsupials of the lower oolites, system 7, *supra*) of the older world, which made the nearest approach to mammals, were the Dinosaurs;† and they died away (if we are to trust Geology) ages before the end of the chalk. These mammals (and the same remark applies to all the other remains of the class) have no zoological base to rest upon. They were therefore not called into being by any known law of nature, but by a power above nature. They were created by the hand of God, and adapted to the conditions of the period. This is the conclusion of Agassiz and Owen, on better evidence than Cuvier possessed: and this

* Many of the specimens are admirably figured by Hermann von Meyer, but very few of them are yet described.

† Owen's Report, above quoted, 1841, p. 202.

was in substance the grand conclusion of Cuvier; for if, as he again and again affirms, the extinct fossil species which he reconstructed with admirable skill, were not produced by any continued natural organic law from other species, then must they have been created. His first proposition is this—*les espèces perdues ne sont pas des variétés des espèces vivantes*. But there are some, he tells us, *qui pensent qu'avec des siècles et des habitudes toutes les espèces pourraient se changer les unes dans les autres, ou résulter d'une seule d'entre elles*. And what is this but the theory of transmutation and development? But he replies—*pourquoi les entrailles de la terre n'ont-elles point conservé les monumens d'une généalogie si curieuse?** He wrote on the evidence before him, and it was enough. His conclusions were contested at every point. Ancient tombs were ransacked to obtain evidences of some change in the human type. Animals were dissected in cases where, by domestication and all the artifices of breeding, the varieties of species had reached their widest limits.* Hybrid monsters were produced by cross-breeding, (such are never produced in wild untamed nature;) but they were fruitless; or, (as is said in one or two cases,) after two descents, they returned to one of the first types. All the experiments and dissections were in vain—nature was true to her own work—and species were found, in living nature, to be permanent. To this law not one exception has been found. But there are some good anatomists at Paris—misled, we believe, by false views respecting the grand zoological sequence of geology—who cling to the theory of development; and some of these hypothetical interpreters have presumed to scoff at these great conclusions, and to talk of *la clôture du siècle de Cuvier*.† Such persons we would remind of the fable of the old lion, and leave them to make its application.

Were we disposed to rest on mere authority, we might be well content with the names of Cuvier, Owen, and Agassiz; but were they, and all the anatomists of the earth, against us, we should not one jot abate our confidence in the truth of our opinion. For we have examined the old records; but not in cabinets where things of a different age are put side by side, and so viewed might

* *Discours Préliminaire* to the *Ossemens Fossiles*; and the same sentiment is repeated more than once in the different dissertations in that great work.

† *Compte Rendu de l'Acad. des Sciences*. Paris: 1837. (No. 3, p. 81.) The reader is requested to compare this with the *Compte Rendu*, 1837, (No. 5, p. 168,) where M. de Blainville maintains the sound philosophical views.

suggest some glimmering notions of a false historical connexion. We have seen them in the spots where nature placed them, and we know their true historical meaning. We have visited in succession the tombs and charnel-houses of these old times, and we took with us the clew spun in the fabric of development; but we found this clew no guide through these ancient labyrinths, and, sorely against our will, we were compelled to snap its thread; and we now dare to affirm, with all the confidence of assured truth, that geology—not seen through the mist of any theory, but taken as a plain succession of monuments and facts—offers one firm cumulative argument against the hypothesis of development.

And thus we are led to meet some writers of our author's school upon another and far higher question. Does the conclusion at which we have arrived degrade our notion of the God-head and of his creative power? We think far otherwise. The law of creation is the law of the Divine will, and nothing else besides; and, as the children of nature, how are we to know that will, except by honestly reading the book of nature? The fiat of the Almighty was sufficient at all times, and for all the phenomena of the universe—material and moral. It may be true, that in the conception of the Divine mind there is no difference between the creation of dead matter and its unbending laws, and the creation of organic structures subservient to all the functions of individual life. But such views are, and must be, above our comprehension, and only lead us from the right way of ascending step by step to the conception of natural laws, governing the kingdoms of nature, organic and inorganic. Each organic structure is a miracle as incomprehensible as the creation of a planetary system; and each structure is a microcosm related to all other worlds within the ken of sense; yet governed by laws and revolving cycles within itself, and implied in the very conditions of its existence. What know we of the God of nature (we speak only of natural means) except through the faculties he has given us, rightly employed on the materials around us? In this way we rise to a conception of material inorganic laws, in beautiful harmony and adjustment; and they suggest to us the conception of infinite power and wisdom. In like manner, we rise to a conception of organic laws—of means (often almost purely mechanical, as they seem to us, and their organic functions well comprehended) adapted to an end,—and that end only the well-being of a creature endowed with sensation and volition. Thus we rise to a conception both of Divine power and Divine goodness; and we are constrained to believe, not merely that all material law is subordinate to His will, but that He has also (in the way he allows us to see His works) so exhibited the attributes of His

will as to show himself to the mind of man as a personal and superintending God, concentrating his will on every atom of the universe.

Our author sometimes writes well when he speaks of the power of God; but his sentiments are not derived from the cold and heartless philosophy to which his whole mind is now in trammels. He then speaks to us in words derived from better feelings, and from habits of thought not nurtured by his philosophy. But his mind has often been withered by that philosophy; and we repudiate, with sentiments of pity or of deep aversion, those expressions in which he tells us, that we 'anthropomorphize God;' that the creation of a lower animal 'is a most inconceivably paltry exercise' of the power of God, (p. 164;) 'that it is no fitting mode of creative intelligence that it should be constantly moving from one sphere to another,' (p. 165;) and that, if we reject his system of development, some phenomena of creation 'can be regarded in no other light than as blemishes and blunders,' (p. 201.) Who but a man whose mind had been cramped by the fetters of a rank materialism, would dare to write (we have no softer words to express our meaning) such irreverent nonsense? Who dares to talk of the littleness of the very least of God's works? Who is it that anthropomorphizes his Maker, and thinks him weary while journeying from one organic creation to another? Who is it that dares to tax the God of nature with blemishes and blunders? *'Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth!'*

There are, we know well, some dark questions, both in material and moral nature, which no man may fathom; but good may spring out of that which we regard as evil, and, where the dark questions are beyond our faculties, it is the part of wisdom to think of the unfathomable depths of our ignorance, and to bow before the throne of God. Does not our author see that he binds the Divinity (on his dismal material scheme) in chains of fatalism as firmly as the Homeric gods were bound in the imagination of the old blind poet? We know of no 'blemishes and blunders' in creation. And were they there, and could we scan them, what would it matter to our conception of them, whether they sprang from dead material laws ordained by an all-powerful and all-seeing God, or from an immediate defect in an act of creative power?

As for anthropomorphizing the Deity, we have no help for it. We have no conception of God, nor can we ever have, except through such faculties as he has given us. Humanize his attributes we therefore must, or express ourselves in mere negations. This is our condition, whatever may be our views of nature. The ma-

terial system may end in downright atheism ; or if not, it stops short in the undeviating sequence of second causes ; and it often ends in a kind of pompous idolatry of material phenomena, and in a pantheistical jargon—at once offensive to good taste and to the nobler sentiments of our moral nature. Our view of the natural world, on the contrary, sees from one end of the scale to the other the manifestation of a great principle of creation external to matter—of final cause, proved by organic structures created in successive times, and adapted to changing conditions of the earth. It therefore gives us a personal and superintending God, who careth for his creatures. We pretend not to know his essence ; we speak only of the modes in which he has condescended to show himself to our minds. We dare not tell of any true creative law as conceived in the Divine will—in this respect all systems are on the same level ;—but while our system degrades not the Godhead, (and how can it do so while it teaches us to comprehend his works ?) it exalts the nature of man, and lifts him above the dead things of the earth ; for it teaches him the personality of the Godhead, and gives an emphatic meaning to a voice, far above that of vulgar nature, which tells him that he was created in the image of God, and that he has moral destinies which hold no allegiance to the laws of dead and inorganic matter. We believe that our author has not drunk deep at the polluted fountains from which he has drawn his false philosophy : we have no proof that he knows much of the literature connected with it. Neither do we believe that he sees the consequences which would follow, were men so foolish as to accept it. Sentiments like those to which we have just pointed, give an importance to this article, which it could not have from any connexion with a flimsy work, such as that now under review.

If palæontology do not help our author's scheme of development, (and we are certain it does not,) and if species be permanent in all the higher animals, as has been shown by Cuvier and other great anatomists, who have sifted the question to the bottom, on what has the hypothesis to rest ? It must rest on reasoning or on facts ; it can rest on nothing else. Let us first look to our author's reasonings ; and they illustrate, in a high degree, his own peculiar logic. ' There may, he tells us, (p. 179,) never have been an instance of the origination of life ' otherwise than by generation, since the commencement of the ' human species.' He then goes on to state, (p. 180,) that as the world became well stocked, we might expect that nature would strike work, or only show ' her life-originating power in ' the inferior and obscurer departments of the vegetable and ani-

‘mal kingdoms.’ We have two remarks to make upon these characteristic sentences. 1st, We may explain the obscurer cases of nature’s work by appealing to the clear; but do not let us stultify what is clear by starting with the obscure. Let us have direct proof where we can; if that be not possible, let us be content with the best analogies we can get from nature. That would be a sound way of reasoning; but it is not this author’s method. 2d, If nature have, in truth, partly ceased from her creative labours, have we not as good a right to ask, Why is she not still toiling at her most recent labours, having long since finished her more ancient? We should expect she would have long since done with monads, and be employed in our days in turning monkeys into men; or men into something better than they are. This would be a progressive labour; our author’s (against his own system) is retrogressive. There is now a glorious specimen of one of the female *Quadrumana* (a Chimpanzee) which the author has no doubt seen in the Zoological Garden of London. When we saw this satire on humanity, we did think (and we thought so again when we bestowed a glance at the long-tailed monkeys) that the gap was indeed very small between the *Bimana* and the *Quadrumana*—that the author, after all, was right in now taking a retrogressive scale—and that if monkeys be not passing into men, it is plain there are men in plenty who are passing into monkeys. But let us not dwell on this untimely digression.

There may, says our author, never have been an instance of transmutation since the beginning of the human family, and yet ‘the doctrine may be shown, on grounds altogether apart, to ‘have strong probability on its side;’ and with like spirit he tells us, (p. 218,) ‘though this knowledge were never to be ‘clearly attained, it would not much affect the present argument, provided it be satisfactorily shown that there must be ‘some such power within the natural range of things.’ We must tell our readers, in reply, that there are no probabilities in nature independent of experience. In such a case they are idle hypotheses, and nothing else; and no good can ever come of them. And as for the concluding quotation, it is but another instance of our author’s grand circular logic. I have, says he to himself, an hypothesis with which my mind is satisfied; and there must therefore be something within the natural range of things for my hypothesis to rest upon! This is all we can make out of these passages; and if they can be shown to contain one jot of sounder sense, we will quit our critical vocation for ever.

One example more, of our author’s reasonings, and we have
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done. He allows that what we see of nature 'impresses us with 'a conviction that each species invariably produces its like,' (p. 210.) But, he adds, Mr Babbage has invented a machine which will evolve a series of numbers in regular succession; and, after 100,000,000 turns of the axle, the series will begin to change, and go on after a new law. And what follows on our author's new method of logic? Therefore, species may change—therefore, electricity having produced monads, the monads may breed up to monkeys; and the monkeys, by good breeding, may become men! We think this, perhaps, the most unspeakably preposterous instance of bad reasoning in the whole volume. The machine in question, had it been completed, would have been one of the boasts of our country; but, instead of abridging the labour of our observatories, it is now to be dragged before the public (we doubt not to the inexpressible disgust of Mr Babbage) only to cast light upon the precious philosophy of resemblances! The machine produces an orderly set of numbers, and nothing else—all the results are of one kind, and co-ordinate. But are the phenomena of life—sensation, and mind—of the same kind, and co-ordinate with the phenomena and laws of inorganic matter? We trample under foot the rash, the insane assumption. Because a cleverly contrived machine can produce a regular series of mechanical effects, and abridge the mechanical toil of thought, are we to argue that electricity can produce a monad, and a monad breed up to a man? A child may see through the absurdity and sophistry of such an argument. Let us not be imposed on by the outer garb of knowledge. Sophistry may nestle among numbers, and a gross fallacy may cheat our senses by skulking under a formula. Let arithmetic and machinery be used in their right places, and among things that are homogeneous. To appeal to them, where life, imagination, and mind are the subject of our thoughts, is rank folly; and only shows that men may cramp themselves by dwelling too long among one set of notions, till their intellectual and moral nature becomes as rigid as the spokes and cogs of a brazen wheel. In such a condition, a man may so stultify his best faculties, that when he steps beyond the limits of his own narrow circle, he will tell us of defining the rapidity of thought by miles—of weighing mind in scales—and of measuring the length and breadth of the human soul by tangent lines! (1st Edition, p. 275.)

Such is the natural end of a dull inanimate materialism. In one way, and one way only, can the inventions of human skill be brought to bear upon the questions of mind. When we see a puppet imitate the gestures of a man, we know that it is all

mechanism, or that there is some one behind the curtain to pull the strings. When we see a calculating machine evolving a regular and complicated series of numbers, like those brought out in the study of a calculator, we know that the machine thinks not of itself, and that its numbers are but the outer signs of previous thought in the contriver of the machine: they are but another form of symbolical language—a kind of telegraph of the human mind and will. Hence, (by the inner constitution of our minds, without which we could never rise to general knowledge,) when we see harmony, law, order, adjustment, and all the semblance of transcendent intellect in the works of nature, we are assured that, behind the dark curtain of dead matter, there is a moving principle superior to dead matter, which makes all its members move in obedience to will, and law, and intellect supreme. This is, we think, sound reasoning; and all unsophisticated minds will yield assent to it the moment it is proposed to them.

We have now done with our author's reasonings, and let us come to his facts. The first question we ask is this—Is there in the mechanism of nature (we now speak figuratively) any apparent contrivance, to produce a shifting from one species to another, on an ascending scale? Our author, of course, says yes, and we most positively say no. His argument professes to be based on some very obscure facts of living nature; and secondly, to be helped out by the still obscurer phenomena presented by the fetal forms of animals, while in their mother's womb. We will begin with the obscure facts, for we do not wish to blink them; and we profess to know nothing of nature but from reasonings bottomed on observation. We dare not, like our author, go at once to the great First Cause and tell our readers what he must have done: and what was, and what was not, a *paltry exercise of his creative power*. We study the laws of nature as the docile children of nature, and we slowly rise to the comprehension of certain laws. We can rise to a conception of a great First Cause co-ordinate with all we see. We see him, dimly it may be, in his works, but we form no conception of his essence; and, strain our souls as we will, we have not the atom of any natural conception of his power beyond the suggestion of the things which form the natural materials of our thoughts. Hence, in reasoning of creation, we dare not, we repeat, tell beforehand of what God must have done. This is rashly and irreverently 'to anthropomorphize 'God;' and thus our author's weapon is turned against himself. He accuses us of this great folly; but we can bear the charge, while we only seek the truth by listening to the accents of nature's teaching. Let us come, then, to our author's array of facts, and our answers shall be as short as possible.

(1.) He tells us that oats, if cropped before maturity, and then allowed to remain in the ground over winter, will spring up next year in the form of rye—(p. 226.) This is an old story, and we believe a fable. Let the pretended fact be tried, and should it prove true, it makes nothing (as he himself indeed allows) for his general argument.

(2.) When lime is laid on waste ground, we are told that white clover will spring up spontaneously; and in situations where no clover seed could have been left dormant in the soil—(p. 181.) But how is this to be proved? It is certain that many seeds will remain dormant in the soil, perhaps for centuries, and then spring up the first year the soil is turned by the plough. Some seeds have retained their vitality for thousands of years in the old tombs of Egypt. And is it not well-known that such seeds as have a perfect capsule, and have not been crushed by the gizzard of birds or the teeth of beasts, will pass through them, and fall upon the ground with undiminished vitality? The author's case is well-known, and does not throw in our way the shadow of a difficulty.

(3.) He next contends that the lower animals cannot first spring from an *ovum*, because they increase by 'fissiparous generation'—by a splitting up of their bodies. But he destroys his own argument; for, on his own showing, animals which do spring from *ova*, undergo in the first instance this very process. The process is afterwards carried further, but that does not change the first condition of foetal existence, or separate the cases so as to give the shadow of colour to the author's argument.

(4.) He tells us that wild pigs never have the measles—a disease produced by a *Hyatid*—that there is a *Tinea* (we believe there are two) only found in dressed wool—and that the larva of the *Oinopota cellaris* only lives in wine and beer—(p. 186.) Hence he concludes, that the *Hyatid*, the *Tinea*, and the *Larva*, must have been created (of course by means purely natural) since we began to eat bacon, to wear woollen coats, and to make wine and beer. Negative arguments have often two edges, and they are odd-tempered weapons, which will sometimes turn their points towards the breast of the man who fences with them clumsily. Has our author a clean bill of health for all the primeval pigs, and well attested by good medical naturalists in all ages before pork was eaten? Wild animals of the genus *Canis* seldom have the mange; but they sometimes have it, as the gentlemen of Melton Mowbray will tell him. Has he peered into every nook and corner of the whole world for the *Larvæ*? Does he not know (and he ought to know) that the *Tinea* is quite as inju-

rious to the fleece as it is to the prepared and manufactured wool? If his account be true, it only shows that the creatures are rather nice, and love a clean pasture.

(5.) He next brings before us the *Pimelodes cyclopus* of the Andes. They are little fishes which swarm in some high lakes, filling up old volcanic craters, and other hollows of the great chain, and they are also found in the streams gushing from these high lakes. They are not more difficult to account for than the trout and other fishes found in the mountain lakes of Europe. When the pent-up fires rekindle, (perhaps after centuries of repose,) the lakes and all their contents are belched out of the old craters, and fill the neighbouring valleys with pestilence and ruin. These phenomena are most instructive; but our author gains nothing by fishing in such troubled waters.

(6.) He mentions the *Entozoa*—creatures living in the interior of other animals. The tape-worm which infests the human species, is a well-known and melancholy instance. We allow that they throw some real difficulties in our way; but we deny that they give us the shadow of an argument for the transmutation theory. Difficulties are inevitable while we are among the obscurest parts of nature's workmanship. How came these creatures where we sometimes find them? We are certain that our author blunders (as he so often does when he touches on a point of exact physics)—when he tells us that their ova could not pass through the air, because they are too heavy for the transit. Does he not know that the dust which floats through the air on a windy day, is specifically as heavy as the rock from which it has been ground, and that the distance to which a particle will drift depends far more on its minuteness than on its specific weight? There is no difficulty whatsoever in supposing certain ova to drift through the air, and to settle and grow when they find a proper *nidus*. In some cases we can trace the whole history of these animals—often considered so mysterious. The eggs are dropped by an insect on the skin—the animal licks them off, and so they pass into the stomach, where they find a proper *nidus*, and then pass through their first changes. Speaking generally of the *Entozoa*, we may ask, if these creatures spring spontaneously without ova, how comes it to pass, (as anatomists have proved,) that nature has provided a means for the continuance of the species, and that some of them are almost incredibly prolific? One single individual of the human *Entozoa* (*Ascaris lumbricoides*) may have within its ovary many million eggs.* Again, many of

* See Professor Owen's lectures on the invertebrate animals, read before the College of Surgeons, (Vol. i. 8vo, p. 76, 1843.) Many of the

these eggs, and many of the perfect Entozoa, have such an astonishing vitality, that they will resist both the effects of boiling water, and of the hardest polar frost, without losing the powers of life. We cannot pursue these intricate and obscure subjects any further; but we conclude, partly on direct proof, and partly on analogy, that the *Entozoa* were produced in the common way. And, reviewing all that has been advanced under the six preceding heads, we venture to affirm that our author has not brought before us the semblance of any new fact; and that all his specific instances are worthless for his general argument.

There is, however, one grand case for discussion before we can go to the foetal, and final question. We mean the *Acarus Crossii*; and its history has given us, during one or two past years, so much insight into nature, that we cannot find in our hearts to leave it without some parting words. Mr Crosse produced many specimens of a minute insect during his most intrepid and instructive galvanic experiments. The phenomena were new and startling. Mr Crosse is a man of genius and rapid imagination; and, like many other men of genius, he has blundered among new and unlooked-for phenomena; but he can afford to do this, and, we doubt not, has joined most heartily in a laugh against himself. It is our author, and other lively commentators, who have helped to make his creative experiments ridiculous. We will not describe the creative process, but take on ourselves for a page or two the office of historians. Soon after the discovery, picked specimens of the little monsters were sent to Paris and London. At Paris, we are told, a conclave of naturalists met to welcome the strangers. On looking at one of them through a magnifier, it was found to be an *Acarus*—a creature highly organized, belonging to the class of *Articulata*. This was hard to believe; for the creature ought, theoretically, to have been a monad. On looking, therefore, nearer and with a higher power, it was still seen to be an *Acarus*; but its body was covered with bristles, and it proved to be a well-fledged female full stuffed with eggs! This was too much for them to swallow—all the *cuisine* of the French capital could not make it go down. It seemed as if the room had been filled with nitrous oxide, so inextinguishable were the bursts of laughter. And what was the fate of the London specimen? There also the little beast

Entozoa have a most complicated organic structure; and in our minds it would be as mad to suppose them to spring from any natural or fortuitous concurrence of inorganic atoms, as it would be to refer the bodily frame of a horse or a man to such an origin.

turned out to be an *Acarus*. 'It must then have dropped from 'the fingers of the operator,' cried out a celebrated botanist and a man of caution, 'and philosophy is in the condition now 'that divinity was in the days of Hudibras—'tis the *Acarus* '*humanus* (we humanize the name lest it should frighten the 'reader) which burrows in the fingers and produces most un-'sightly ravages.' On looking more steadily, and with a higher power, it proved to be an ugly cross-eyed monster covered with bristles. It was not the *Acarus humanus*; they knew not what to think, and they parted in deep meditation. So the matter rested for a time. It was, not long afterwards, discovered that these creatures had found their way all over London. Such had been the stimulating effect of the galvanic fluid, that they had multiplied beyond all conception; so that a few Malthusian entomologists began to talk of the end of the world, and told us that, before many years were over, it would be gnawed to atoms like a mite-eaten cheese. As men recovered from their first alarms, and were able to look steadily at the wonder, it was found that the *Acarus Crossii* was an old but forgotten acquaintance—the *Acarus horridus*, which abounds in dirty shops, dusty shelves, and damp out-houses; and, having a taste for pure physics, is especially abundant in all laboratories, and among the bottles of a chemist's shop. As for the germs of this creature, of which some nonsense has been written, and has found a *nidus* in the 'Vestiges,' they are nothing more nor less than the *exuviae* of the creatures, shed off after the manner of their kind.*

Such is the history of the *Acarus Crossii*; and we think that no man in his senses can doubt a moment about its real parentage; or, should he doubt, let him read one fact more in the true history of galvanic creations.

A few months since, a new monster was produced in the laboratory. It was carefully packed, sealed, and forwarded to a great anatomist, and by him submitted to the Microscopical Society of London. The seal was broken—attention was on the stretch—the microscope was adjusted—and what was the grand discovery? Nothing more nor less than a vulgar carrot-seed! But why not a carrot-seed by galvanism as well as an *Acarus*, said one of the operators? It was hard to preserve a becoming gravity; but the operators did what prudent men should do—they enquired into the details of the creative experiment. And what was the reply? They learned that the experiment had been conducted with great care and caution, and that

* See a paper by Mr E. NEWMAN, in the *Zoologist*, Vol. ii.

the vessel into which the creative wires had been dipped was a common garden-pot, which was at hand and convenient for the purpose! Such is our history of the second and last creative experiment

The philosophers and naturalists of London are now of one mind upon these recent acts of creation; but our author composes in solitude, and is not a philosopher, and may therefore require some treatment. He must know that the *Pediculus capitis* was in former times swallowed by thousands for a diseased liver; and why should not the eggs of the *Acarus* do good to a diseased 'organ of causality?' We confidently prescribe its eggs, in homœopathic doses, to be taken on an empty stomach—and we would fain add a mild infusion of 'electro-galvanic carrot-seed to help their operation. If this will not do, there is no help for it.' As for Mr Crosse, we entreat him to return to his former laboratory—where he may wrestle with thunder-clouds, tie a flash of lightning in a noose, and try new experiments on the formation of crystals. He is a man of genius; we can ill afford to lose him; and in his proper line he may yet do good service. But we entreat him not to meddle again with animal creations; and without delay to take a crow-bar and break to atoms his obstetrico-galvanic apparatus. He is well read in the classics, and he knows perfectly that Lucina was a propitious goddess only to those of the craft; and that she has, from the oldest times, strangely damaged the cerebral organs, and put them frightfully out of tune, whenever men meddled with the profession without the stamp of her diploma. We say this in right good-will, and we cannot regard the history we have given as without its moral.

We here quit our comment on the matured organic structures of the living world; respecting which we venture to affirm—that up to this time the theory of development is an idle dream without one fact to rest upon—that no organic structure has been created by natural means—and that no one species, by lapse of ages, or by artifices of breeding and nursing, has passed into another. The Hindoo philosopher put his world upon the back of an elephant; our author's world is upon the back of a mite; but has he no stronger matter to prop its tottering foundations? We think not. But there is one arrow more in our author's quiver, and we must turn its point before we leave him: This leads us to the question of Foetal Development.

Spontaneous generation in the very humblest animal type, and a gradual transmutation from one species to another, in a regularly ascending scale, are the two great principles of our author's

borrowed scheme. We have shown to demonstration that they derive no support from the phenomena of the old world; and he has failed to give us so much as a single instance, either of one principle or of the other, drawn from the undoubted facts of living nature. He offers nothing deserving the name of theory; for theory is but a reasonable interpretation of allowed facts; but he offers us instead a well connected scheme of gratuitous hypotheses. As a matter of fact, species do not change, and the fixed organic laws of nature are the first principles of physiology; in the same way that the fixed laws of atomic combination are the first principles of philosophical chemistry. Were nature changeable, there could be no philosophy. The foetal changes within the womb are matters of the deepest interest; but, whatsoever they may be, they affect not our author's argument one jot; unless he can show some want of fixity in the phenomena which flow from them. But this he has not done, and cannot do. Parents produce an offspring like themselves. Eagles do not hatch owls; geese do not hatch rats, (whatsoever our author may dream;) and no tropical heat can ever bring a beast from the eggs of a reptile. Hence no foetal changes, we repeat, can affect the general question. And here we might perhaps leave our author and our readers, who may think we have said enough; but we will not yet leave him; and through a few pages we will discuss his wild speculations (all borrowed from a bad school,) and his strange misconceptions on almost every fact he pretends to put before us.

He assumes, not only that the organic germs of all creatures are alike, but that they are identical; and that the higher animals (of course, including men) pass, while in the womb, through all the successive conditions which are permanent in the animals on the lower grades of the general organic scale; or, in other words, that the foetus of a man is, during the successive periods of gestation, a monad, a polype, a cephalopod, or an insect; a fish, a reptile, a bird, ending with a monkey; and, lastly, a man with a permanent organic form. This is the theory; and how does he use this marvellous organic apparatus? He sends off the spokes of his organic wheel from different points of the ascending axle. The monads breed on (for example) till they have become like fishes; and the class of fishes then begins to branch off according to law. But the fishes also improve by breeding; and some one more favoured than the rest, and by a longer gestation, produces the reptile type; and from that type is given off a second spoke, representing, in due time, the class of reptiles. In like manner the other classes are sent off, higher on the axle, till we reach a spoke of the great organic wheel at

the end of which are monkeys and men, (p. 217.) Nor is nature ever to stand still; for if our matrons will (as our author tells them) be more patient, they may yet send off another, and a higher spoke, to be 'the crowning type of man!' We fearlessly affirm that this monstrous scheme, is, from first to last, nothing but a pile of wildly gratuitous hypotheses. He stumbles on the threshold of his argument (a bad omen,) and each step he takes is false to the gradations of real nature. We wish with all our hearts we could pass this subject over; for it is fit only for professional books, and it requires illustrations which we cannot give here. But the subject is woven into our author's system, and he has contrived to do so in a popular manner: touch on it, then, we must; and we accordingly proceed to give a sketch of some of the leading changes in the foetal forms, from their first organic germs up to a perfect mammal.

1. The old adage—*omne animal ab ovo*—may be taken as generally true. But all *ova* are not the same, neither are all organic germs (or germinal vesicles) the same; and because we have only one word—germ—for the fundamental organic element, and one word—atom—for the inorganic—are all these germs and atoms to be, on that account, called identical? We reply, no; and we need not repeat what we have said before. But, in the beginnings of life, there are other organic elements besides the ovum. 'We have the spermatazoa, and more than a hundred species of these strange parasites have been figured. We believe, partly on direct proof, and partly on good analogy, that they differ in different species of animals; if so, there is an end of all identity in the first beginnings of organic life; and we know that these different organic elements are bound to a series of phenomena, by organic laws as undeviating as the laws of gravity. 'By no change of conditions,' says Dr Clark, 'can two ova of animals of the same species be developed into different animal species; neither by any provision of identical conditions can two ova of different species be developed into animals of the same kind.'* If these views be right (and we believe them unquestionably right,) they crush at the first step the whole of our author's system.

2. Let us now suppose animal life to have begun. The next step in advance is the separation of the organic germ within the ovum by something like a geometrical cleavage; followed by a

* Memoir by Dr Clark on 'Fœtal Development,' read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, (1845.)

slow and gradual evolution of a germinal membrane. During this process the first changes do resemble that observed in the fissiparous generation of monads. There is an analogy and nothing else, and this resemblance soon ceases; for, directing our attention to the vertebrata, we find that all the organic globules remain within the ovum; and have a mysterious bond of union (not appreciable by microscopic sense) whereby they are soon led to arrange themselves in two nearly parallel rows. We may say that the keel of the animal is then laid down; and in it we have the first rudiments of a back-bone and a continuous spinal chord. But during the progress and completion of this first organic process, no anatomist has observed the shadow of any change assimilating the nascent embryo to any of the radiata, mollusca, or articulata. Thus are three whole classes of the animal kingdom passed over without any corresponding foetal type, and in defiance of the law of development. The law is false, we affirm, in its beginning, and false at every step. It is but an idle dream of the philosophy of resemblances.

3. We next have to remark a very complex series of changes through which the germinal membranes pass. 'They are in two distinct sets, and follow in succession of time. In the first set are laid down the animal organs—the nervous system and organs of motion—as well as the intestinal canal and its appendages, (sometimes called the vegetative organs,) and a kind of intermediate system evolving gradually the heart and blood-vessels. The combination of all these is the true *embryo* state of the animal. The second set of changes, which are subsequent, produce the perfection of the animal, and determine its sex. These belong to what is called the *larva* state. Now, the embryo state, and the larva state, are both passed *in ovo* by mammals and birds, (and some other classes of vertebrates;) but the larva state is passed out of the *ovum* by batrachians, fishes, and most of the invertebrates.' These are not merely facts in natural history, but they arise out of anatomical laws, and are provided for by the peculiar and prospective contrivances manifested during the embryo state. In the early stages of development, the embryo consists of parts already laid down, and of germinal appendages out of which all the other parts inevitably follow in their order. The two parts cannot be separated without ruin to the growing animal. The conditions necessary to life, as the structure advances, are due temperature, due nutriment of the several organs, and due access to the atmospheric air; and the

prospective contrivances by which these conditions are secured are so different, in different classes, that no anatomist has any difficulty in distinguishing them, and they do not admit of interchange. To describe these structures would be impossible without illustrative drawings; but they are well known, and they are fatal at every point to the scheme of development. We cannot hatch a rat from a goose's egg, because all the organic membranes evolved during the process have a prospective reference to the ultimate form of a bird; and it is physically impossible, if they be not fatally interrupted, that they should end in any thing else; for the end is involved, by strict anatomical necessity, in the previous conditions of the organic membrane. We might just as well affirm that all living mammals are one and the same, because they are all constructed on one plan, (which no one denies,) as affirm that these progressive foetal forms are all identical.

3. Let us now consider the state of the foetal development, as it approaches the period when fishes and batrachians quit the ovum, (not accidentally, but by a physical necessity, arising out of the organic structures just alluded to;) and become, afterward, more separated than they were before, from the higher classes. The animal framework is at this period considerably advanced; and in all the vertebrata (of whatever class) fissures begin to appear immediately behind the head, and descend into the interior of the intestinal tube. They have been called (we think unfortunately) branchial fissures; and this name has misled many authors who have taken up the philosophy of resemblances. These fissures gradually close up in all the higher classes, and with them they never are true branchial fissures. In fishes they are permanent, and on these fissures the gills are gradually formed, and nearly completed just as the fish quits the ovum; and a part of the same description applies to batrachians. Let these branchial fissures be taken from the embryo of a fish, a batrachian, and a mammal, and put before an anatomist, and he will tell instantly and certainly to which class each embryo must belong, for there is no confusion of structure. On the (so called) branchial fissures of a mammal's embryo, there is a simple membrane, with blood-vessels forming a kind of unbroken arch, without any the least trace of gills; but in frogs and fishes these fissures are covered with tufts and fringes, which are fed by lateral offsets of blood-vessels. There can be no mistake in this structure; and in due course of nature the embryo frog and fish (through the feeding of the lateral vessels) become furnished with the tufts and gills peculiar to each class; and being so prepared, they pass out of the ovum into the water. Were the

embryo of a mammal thrown off at that time into water (of its own temperature,) it could not support life for a moment.

4. Is, then, the embryo of a mammal ever to be called a fish? The philosophy of external resemblances might say yes; but the philosophy of true anatomical differences says no. Our author cuts the matter short, and tells us, (p. 196,) 'that in mammals the gills exist and act at an early stage of the foetal state, but afterwards go back and appear no more; while in fishes the gills are fully developed, and the lungs appear in the rudimentary form of air bladders.' This sentence is one mass of gross blunders. He mistakes the organic nature of the air bladder; and we again affirm *that no one has ever seen a trace of gills on the (so called) branchial fissures of a mammal*. The foetus of a mammal never breathes by help of gills, and is never in the condition of a fish. The author's assertion is absolutely false to nature. It is true that the foetus of a mammal floats, during all its progress, in a watery fluid; and at the stage we are here considering, its limbs are ill matured, and a person of lively fancy (like this author) might say that 'they resembled' the fins of a fish; but they are not made up of rays, nor have they the anatomical structure of fins; and the development of the brain is, at this period, absolutely different from that of a fish. We have, therefore, all the differences we want; and we affirm that the foetus of a man never passes through the conditions of a fish; that the development theory breaks down again, (as it did at the two former steps of progress;) and that it will not bear the test of exact anatomical analysis. It is, in fact, from first to last, the mere fabrication of a vague philosophy of resemblances.

5. All the higher animals are constructed on one general plan; but as there are differences in the perfect animals, by which we separate them into classes, orders, genera, and species, so are there corresponding differences in their foetal forms. In every stage of progress the foetus is made up of organic parts laid down, and of certain inseparable appendages. The parts laid down may be so ill defined that a fanciful person might call them, while in early progress, by some name suggested by his imagination; but he has no right to overlook the inseparable organic appendages, which have all a reference to the perfection of the animal form; are all prospective contrivances, and imply, by anatomical necessity, the subsequent and more perfect conditions of existence. This remark is important. The great and prominent foetal differences have reference to future conditions; and do not arise merely out of the existing conditions of the organic parts laid down. Were the appendages defined only by the existing conditions, different classes might be supposed, hypo-

thetically, not only to be laid down on one general plan, but to pass into one another by insensible gradations. Nature will not, however, do her work on our hypotheses. She does her work on another plan. Let us then go further on the ascending scale—after fishes and frogs have left the ovum, and are no longer among the objects of immediate comparison. How are the higher classes brought to foetal maturity? Is this done on such a plan that we may suppose them to have sometimes interchanged their types, and to have passed one into another? We again reply in the negative; for we find not the semblance of any such organic interchange, while we attend to real anatomical differences. Is it possible, for example, that a bird's egg should be hatched into a mammal? We reply no—and the undeviating facts of nature bear us out; and, if we went no further, our reply would be grounded on a conviction like that of a clown, who believes that the sun will rise to-morrow. But the negative reply, of an anatomist, or rather his positive reply, that a bird will be hatched from a bird's egg, is still better grounded. His confidence would be of the same nature with the conviction of an astronomer, that the sun must rise to-morrow; for he knows the anatomy of an egg, and he knows the organic cycles evolved within it, and evolved inevitably, by proper incubation. He knows that, from first to last, there are organic contrivances within an egg which have a defined prospective reference to the laying down the organic structure of a bird, and apply not to that of any mammal; so that there is neither any obscurity nor any possibility of structural interchange. The ornithorhynchus is a mammal of a strange form, and of all mammals is nearest to a bird; but there are most wide organic intervals between them; and Professor Owen has shown us, that there is a defined mechanical difference in the anatomy of their ova, which proves (even before foetal life has made a progress) that one ovum must be hatched outside the mother, and the other inside. We cannot dwell on mere details—we appeal only to leading facts and first principles. Going back, then, to the time when the lower vertebrates are quitting the ovum, we may in one sentence point out a broad set of foetal differences,—implying, prospectively, a great organic separation in all the higher classes. 'At this period, when 'frogs and fishes are beginning to breathe by *branchial tufts* and 'gills, other amphibia and birds are breathing by *allantoid*; and 'never, for an instant, breathe by *gills*. At the same period of 'foetal development, hot-blooded quadrupeds are breathing by 'allantoid and *placenta* jointly, while man is breathing by *placenta* 'alone. These are essential foetal differences, connected with the 'last perfection of animal structure, and they form a wide anatomo-

'mical separation so as to bar all interchange or confusion of organic type.'* These contrivances of nature are, we affirm, prospective, and not brought about by any natural or artificial change of physical conditions; and all the contrivances are wise and good, and well adapted to the future condition of the perfect being. This is the true law of nature, as told us by the successive forms of foetal life. Were these facts known to our author? For his own sake we trust they were not known. At any rate, he has left his readers in perfect darkness as to the real evidence of the questions on which he presumes to write with no small confidence; and, so writing, he does his utmost to lead them into gross error and inextricable confusion.

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. My substance was not hid from thee when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance yet being imperfect, and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them. We quote not these words, because of their authority. We bow to their authority; but we meet our author and his school on mere natural grounds common to us all. We would fain, however, persuade our readers to pause a moment, and turn, as we have done, to the glorious-inspired song which links the material to the moral parts of nature, and teaches the true aim of high philosophy. It contains the very essence of ever-enduring truth; and the wisdom of man, whatever may be his skill among material things, may embrace it and feel its strength, but can never go one step beyond it.

6. After the well-known facts which we have now laid before our readers, we may further ask—'With what shadow of reason can any school of anatomists pretend to say, that one order of animals can pass into another order, in the way of ordinary generation, seeing that the indispensable respiratory foetal organs are so different in each? The fallacy which allows for a moment such an absurdity to pass, is this—that, to serve their purpose, they describe their foetus by its central portions only, and not by its whole mass, including its organic appendages, which are essential to its continued life and its matured structure.'† Look, say they, (and so says our author, p. 206,) at the foetal heart of a mammal. It first represents a single tube, as in insects; next, an organ, with two communicating cavities, as in fishes; next, with three cavities, as in amphibia; and, lastly, it has four cavities, as in birds. And so we are to conclude that a mammal's heart, after passing through the lower types, is left at last in

* Dr Clark's Memoir on 'Foetal Development.' † Dr Clark, *ibid.*

the condition of a bird's heart, beyond which it makes no advance. There is some positive truth, but there is far more positive falsehood, in these statements; and we are not satisfied with mere loose analogies. All the vertebrate creatures, without one exception, pass through their larva state surrounded by water; and for the circulation of the blood, while the creature is so surrounded with water, we learn, from the example of fishes, that a single heart is best. Now, the development of this organ in the higher animals, while they remain in the womb, unites in it a capacity for two distinct, and apparently conflicting, modes of action. Their blood circulates by a single heart like that of fishes, and their conditions of life are perfect of their kind: but, during these conditions, a double heart is laid down and perfected, in prospective wisdom, to meet a coming change when the creature is to pass into the air. 'Where there is light, there will be eyes,' says our author. He tells us what is not true. He speaks as if light made the eyes by some natural necessity; and not that the eyes were made in darkness, before light had ever reached them. Just in like manner, a child while in the womb wants not the circulation of a double heart, and the conditions of the things around it could never imply that structure; but prospective wisdom gives that structure in anticipation of a future want. The beauty of the mechanism by which these double objects are attained—partly by the structure of the heart itself, and partly by the vessels which arise from it—have, in every age since Harvey's time, (except the present,) filled the mind with reverence and wonder.

But let us give our materialists a closer meeting upon this question. 'The first rudiment of the heart appears as a single tube, and it gradually becomes bent like an Italian S; and it then makes three swellings which are afterwards, in mammals and birds, to become the two auricles, the two ventricles, and the aorta, with the pulmonary artery. This led to the belief that the swelling for the auricles was first divided into two compartments by a septum, and that the swelling for the ventricles was divided at a later period of foetal life. This belief is, however, contrary to fact. The septum is formed in the swelling corresponding to the ventricles, a considerable time before it is formed in that corresponding to the auricles. So that, for a period, the heart of a human foetus (as well as that of other mammals and of birds) has one auricle and two ventricles. Hence it does not pass through the form which is permanent in the amphibia; but it does pass through a form not found permanent in any known creature. This grand correction of an old mistake we owe to the concurrent labours of Valentin, Rathké, and Bischoff, who stand in the first rank of discoverers; and no good anatomist

'has pretended to contradict them. *The hearts of birds and mammals do not, therefore, pass through forms which are permanent in fishes and reptiles.*'—(Dr Clark.) To meet a possible objection we may state, that we here speak of the normal type of reptile-heart; for in the very highest order of that class there is an approach to a double heart. Neither let it be said that the heart of birds and mammals, when in the condition of a single tube, is identical with a corresponding condition of the heart of fishes; for in the former case there are no aortic valves, while in the latter they are essential.

6. The development of the brain in vertebrate creation, is like the development of the other parts. 'The fluid matter first laid down for it is potentially the whole nervous system. Like processes begin upon things similar as to some of their rudimentary forms, but dissimilar in all their ultimate organic results; and, during the early stages of foetal progress, differences appear which come soon so strongly into sight as to overwhelm the resemblances. No one can turn over the plates, detailing the development of the brain in two vertebrates, from distant parts of the zoological scale, without being struck at once with the truth of our assertion.' Our author does not appear to have studied a single standard work; yet there is a magnificent anatomical literature connected with the foetal questions; and he ought at least to have leaned for support upon some high authorities. But he has contented himself with quoting one or two superficial works of no authority whatsoever. One of his quotations is no better than a most ignorant misrepresentation of facts; for he tells us (p. 206,) that *ventricles* and *corpora striata* are only found in mammals. We can tell him that they are found also in the lower classes. Again, with like inaccuracy, and on no better authority, he tells us (p. 235) in his grand creative scale, that the brain of the human foetus, during its nine months' gestation, resembles that of the following nine orders:—an insect, a fish, a turtle, a bird, a rodent, a ruminant, a wolf, a monkey, and a man. Let not the reader be imposed on by mere vague and ideal resemblances, which bear not the semblance of sound anatomical truths. The brain, during foetal progress, is like the other structures. It consists of parts laid down, and of parts in connected progress, which eventually complete the structure. Had, for example, a seven months' child the true anatomical brain of a wolf, it must remain ever afterwards through life of a beastly nature. But it has, anatomically, a true human brain, though not yet brought to full size and proportion: What the mother's blood would do in the womb is done by the mother's milk; and the little ill-formed semblance of a child is gradually nourished in body and brain, and every organ, till it reaches the full stature and perfec-

tion of humanity, being neither better nor worse than the average of its fellow-creatures.

Blunders and misstatements of this kind might have admitted of some semblance of apology, and we might, perhaps, have referred our author's misconceptions, on every part of the Fœtal Question, to a want of knowledge, or to the delusions of a hypothetical spirit. But what apology can we make for the grand creative scale arranged in four parallel columns?—(P. 234.) We affirm, on principle, that no scale of nature, invented by man, can ever define the law and order of creation. But assuming a scale, let it be applied fairly, and therefore in subordination to the known facts of nature. Assuming the author's most fanciful and most false views of the fœtal development of the human brain—do they derive support from the sequence of organic forms in the ascending series of rocks? He tells us, 'that, excepting a few mammals, the parity is perfect;' and 'that it is a wonderful evidence in favour of his hypothesis.' Does he, then, arrange the organic forms in the order of nature, and then put them in a column parallel to his hypothetical development of the fœtal brain during the nine months of gestation? If he did this, he would act fairly, and the reader might then judge for himself: but he does no such thing. For, without giving his readers any notice of his artifice, he arranges the paleontological forms in accordance with his own hypothesis! This is not merely an intrepid use of the circular logic—it is an insult upon the reader; and an artifice we should be unable to describe in the conventional words of common courtesy. The whole pretended order is one mass of error. Fishes are in their wrong place—birds are put six steps above their proper geological grade—monkeys are raised four steps, that they may claim parentage with the human family. The scale, from first to last, is one mass of error; for geology, as we have shown above, bids defiance at every step to this writer's theory.

'Sex is fully ascertained to be a matter of development,' (p. 219.) In a proper sense it is; but not in the sense in which our author uses the word development; for what he adds is certainly not true. 'All beings (he tells us) are at one stage of the 'embryotic progress female; a certain number of them are 'afterwards advanced to male.' If this fact be fully ascertained, we might ask, by whom—by the author himself? If so, we can only tell him, that the best authorities are all against him; and that, in this instance, he seems to have gone beyond them. Whether his apparent position arise from his having turned his back upon all our highest anatomical authorities, or from his having outstripped them in the race, we must leave our readers to judge. 'Soëmmering points out the different proportions of the

‘ thorax, as well as of other parts of the male and female human embryo. Von Bäer, Valentin, Carus, and Rathkè, all affirm that, from an early period, and afterwards through all the changes, the individuality in respect of sex is clearly made out. In the first beginnings of life all distinctions are lost—at their first appearance the liver cannot be distinguished from the lung. But because the analysis of the ultimate elements of organic structure is impossible, it does not follow that they are all the same.’—(Dr Clark.) It is evident that our author has not enumerated himself either with facts of structure or with anatomical authorities; but he has been led astray, as his manner is, by some vague analogies, which he has found in the works of Huber, and not perfectly comprehended. The facts stated by Huber (in his work on bees) are of great physiological interest; but they help not on, so much as one step, our author’s scheme of development; neither have they any bearing on his new sexual hypothesis; unless he can show that the sex of a lamb, a calf, or a foal depends upon a longer or shorter period of gestation. If his mind is troubled with any doubts upon this subject, (but it is not much its nature to let doubts stand in the way of theory,) we can only recommend him to shut Huber’s book, which cannot help him, and to consult some honest British cattle-breeder, who will tell him all about the matter.

There are strange facts in the metamorphoses of the lower, invertebrate animals; but all of them are governed by an undeviating cycle of organic laws; and none of them gives so much as the shadow of an argument for the hypothesis of transmutation from one species to another. As a general rule, these changes (like the gradual changes in the foetus of a mammal) are from a lower to a more perfect organic structure. But there are some striking exceptions, or apparent exceptions, to the rule. For example, the myriapods have, at first, three pairs of feet, and in that respect conform to the type of the higher insects; but afterwards the feet increase in number. So that we have here a creature of a lower grade passing during its early stages through the type which is permanent in the higher. Again, the larvæ of some creatures are locomotive, and have eyes; but, in the more fully developed state, when they reach the condition of perfect animals, they become fixed to one spot, and lose the sense of sight. Facts like these are of the deepest interest; but they make nothing for our general argument, and we must leave them. No vertebrate animal, after the first rudiments of its structure are laid down, conforms to the type of an invertebrate. In the beginnings of life, we find a general similitude; but the fundamental rudiments of organic structure are laid down upon an entirely separate plan. The whole animal existence of a verte-

brate and invertebrate creature does, however, admit of a general comparison. In each case we have the ovum, the embryo, the larva, and the perfect animal with the power of continuing its species. But by no contrivance or fostering can we make a larva fruitful, or obtain from it a new animal of some lower type:—the attempt must fail, because it involves a physical impossibility. Neither can we, by any artifice of breeding, push the perfect organic form of the complete animal beyond the limits of its species. Numberless attempts of this kind have been made, but they have all failed, and must ever fail, because they are contrary to nature's laws. There is, therefore, a grand unity in the works of nature proving a unity of creative will; but there is no confusion or mixture of species, when species are well ascertained: neither have the natural laws of atomic action in dead matter ever produced so much as one undoubted case, even of the lowest condition of organic structure, endowed with life. All nature, then, at whatever point we meet her, and during whatever age in the past history of the earth, tells us, with one unhesitating voice, that she has not enacted any law of spontaneous generation, and that she will not allow any power inferior to herself to mar her vestiges, or blot out her fixed organic types.*

We have now done with the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation.' We have examined fairly, and on common natural ground, every material point of his argument. He fails from his first beginnings—he understands not the present condition of the Nebular Hypothesis—and, admitting the truth of the hypothesis, he has drawn from it the most unwarrantable conclusions. He understands not the present condition of Geology, and he has strangely, and to all appearance unfairly, distorted such facts as were before him, to serve the purposes of his hypothesis. He has not brought one allowed fact from actual nature to bear upon his theory. He seems not to have consulted one good authority on the Fœtal Question; and he has, consequently, misconceived it, or misrepresented it at every turn of his professed argument. 'Men, like Von Bäer and Valentin, far from favouring the cry

* We contend that many cases of ambiguous generation are readily explained, by supposing the *ova* to have passed into a properly prepared infusion through the air. From some recent experiments we learn, that when the air, which has access to such an infusion, is made in the first instance to pass through sulphuric acid, no *infusoria* are produced, the floating *ova* having been destroyed during their passage through the acid. Connected with the subjects discussed in the preceding pages, we refer to an elaborate Report by Dr Clark, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge, read to the British Association in 1834, and published in their third volume.

‘ of some eager followers, (now feebly re-echoed in this country) —that the higher animals pass through stages of development, which are permanent in the lower—expressly tell us that such views are one-sided and insufficient. The views they offer towards a system of nature are not made up of materialism, but are the offspring of that grand (but sometimes mistaken) idealism which pervades the philosophy of their country.’—(Dr Clark.)

We conclude, then, that our author’s work is not merely shallow and superficial, but utterly false throughout to all the principles of sound philosophy. Of all the books we ever read, it puts before us the largest congeries of positive mistatements, and positively false conclusions. But it is pleasantly written, it is systematic, and it has been prepared for the press with no common care ; so that its errors are not the mere errors of inadvertency ; and its language (with one or two gross exceptions which we have pointed out) is so reverent, and so like the solemnity of truth ; that we are compelled (almost against our senses) to believe that the author is actually labouring under some strange delusion, whereby he cheats himself, while he is doing his best to cheat others ; by turning upside down every rule of sound Induction, and by affirming, again and again, and in every solemn form of language, that which is at direct variance with the plainest acknowledged facts of nature.

For our own parts we trust, in all good hope, that human knowledge will go on in the right road of sober Inductive truth ; and if that be its direction, we can look for no consequences but such as will tend to the good of the human race. But woe to the world if our knowledge is to be made up of idle speculations, like those we have been reviewing—‘ as endless as a spider’s thread, and of no substance or profit.’ Instead of this, we must seek knowledge at the fountain head—in the order of nature—and in an humble contemplation of her works ; so may we rise, step by step, to a more lofty knowledge ; which, if we be right minded, ‘ will not be a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon—or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention—or a shop for profit or sale—but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man’s estate.’*

* Lord Bacon.—Connected with this part of the article, we earnestly recommend to our readers, a small volume by Dr Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, entitled *Indications of the Creator*, very recently published. Though, with the exception of the preface, it consists of Extracts from works published some time before the appearance of the ‘*Vestiges of Creation*,’ it meets the author’s argument at many of its most important points.

ART. II.—*The Child of the Islands.* A Poem. By the Hon. Mrs NORTON. 8vo., London: 1845.

THIS is poetry, true poetry, and of the sort we unfeignedly approve—the genuine product of a cultivated mind, a rich fancy, and a warm, well-regulated heart. 'The aim is noble, the tone elevated, the train of thought refined and chastened though singularly fearless, the choice of images and illustrations judicious, and the language often beautiful and always clear;—a very rare merit among the new school of poets, male and female, who, if they can equal some of the (unfortunately) popular models in nothing else, seem resolved at all events to be a match for the best of them in mysticism. We find in almost every page of the elegant volume before us some bold burst, graceful allusion, or delicate touch—some trait of external nature, or glimpse into the recesses of the heart—that irresistibly indicates the creating or transfiguring power of genius, and leaves little or nothing to question or discuss for the moment, but the individual tendency and application of that power.

The feelings ever uppermost in the mind of the writer are—indignation against the petty conventional observances and factitious notions, which check or warp the impulses, and paralyze the exertions, of the higher classes; and sympathy—glowing, acting, breathing sympathy—with the poor and the oppressed. Her indignation sometimes verges on bitterness; her sympathy sometimes hurries her into forgetfulness of that compensating law of Providence which parcels out happiness with little reference to wealth; but we forget the occasional error, or even injustice, in our admiration of her spirit, generosity, and devotedness; and we are the more anxious to do homage to her just claims and real merits as the denouncer of selfishness and the champion of the poor; because we know that the opinions she now advocates with such earnestness, were hers at a period when the advocacy of some of them was a service of danger and self-sacrifice for a woman mingling in the gay circles of society, and when there were no voices (certainly none to which the public would listen) to catch up and repeat her cry of '*ad secours.*' In her '*Curious Customs of the County of Middlesex,*' printed ten years ago, we find the same complaints of the deteriorating effects of fashion and frivolity in inducing confirmed habits of egotism: her earliest poem, '*Rosalie,*' is full to overflowing of a sweetly and passionately expressed compassion for the suffering classes; while '*A Voice from the Factories,*' (1836,) and some well-known letters to the *Times* reprinted in the notes to this volume, alone suffice to show that she endeavoured to call attention to the

topics now universally discussed; long before the high-born and powerful had brought philanthropy into fashion, or the rival writers of fiction, whether verse or prose, had selected it as the staple of our light literature. Far be it from us to insinuate that these have copied aught from Mrs Norton, or from one another. Mr Thomas Sheridan (her father) used to say, that a thought sometimes went walking about the world, and lodged in several people's heads in such quick succession, that they were sure to quarrel in the end as to who gave it house-room first; the fact being, that the same trains of thought naturally arise in the minds of those who are watching the same state of things, or looking in the same direction about the same time. It is fortunate, therefore, that the originality of opinions, or the priority of views, is of far less importance than their soundness or their truth; and it is the high praise of this writer that (with the exception of two or three passages) she is never hurried into those errors of logic, if not of feeling, which are ordinarily committed by enthusiasts in this particular line. She does not tell the rich that they have only to strip themselves of their superfluities, and give money; she does not tell the poor that their sufferings are all owing to their taskmasters; she does not teach that marriage is a state to be encouraged or undertaken without regard to circumstances; nor that those who indulge their affections and have families, are uniformly entitled to call for aid on those who refrain, from prudential motives, from indulging the same affections and have no families. She has no pet scheme for reviving the Golden Age, or changing our present gloomy prospect for a gay one, as a scene from St Giles is turned into a fairy palace at a pantomime. She feels that all social improvement is progressive, and that no class can be materially amended or benefited from without. But this, she urges in effect, is no reason for leaving one individual man to perish; still less for leaving entire classes to suffer without condolence, conspire without warning, or grow angry and unjust without a cause.

The pervading feeling of the Poem may be traced in such stanzas as these, which follow a heart-rending and we fear not altogether fanciful picture of the worn-out labourer in search of work, lying down to die on the cropped harvest:—

‘ Oh! the green mounds, that have no head-stones o’er them,

To tell who lies beneath, in slumber cold;

“ Oh! the green mounds, that saw no Mutes deplore them,

The Pauper graves, for whom no church bells toll’d:

What, if our startled senses could behold,

✓ (As we to Sabbath-prayer walk calmly by,)

Their visionary epitaphs enroll’d;

Upstanding grimly ‘neath God’s equal sky,

Near the white-sculptured tombs where wealthier Christians lie!

' Then we should THINK : then we should cry, ALAS !
 Then many a pulse would flutter mournfully,
 And steps would pause, that now so reckless pass :
 For in this chequer'd world of ours, we see
 Much Carelessness, but little Cruelty ;
 And (though Heaven knows it is no boast to tell)
 There dwelleth in us a deep sympathy,
 Too often, like the stone-closed Arab well;
 Seal'd from their helpless thirst whose torments it should quell.*

Or in the allusion to the following mock-patriot :—

' Solemn the malediction set on him
 Who doth "pervert the judgment" of the poor,
 Mislead the blind and ignorant, and dim
 The meagre light which led them heretofore.
 Faces he knows not—weak ones who deplore
 The ruin wrought by him—in dreams shall rise ;
 Night's veil of darkness cannot cover o'er
 The wild reproaching of their blood-shot eyes,
 Nor its deep silence hush their hoarse lamenting cries !'

But every one may lend a helping hand ; eloquence, reason, self-devotion, enthusiasm, and high-mindedness, are not the exclusive patrimony of a class ; and the good fight must be fought with weapons which every honest-hearted, earnest, enlightened man may aspire to wield alongside the proudest and noblest :—

' Hath Science, in her march, avow'd no claims
 But theirs, first train'd in Academic letters ?
 Doth history give no roll of patriot-names,
 Peasants themselves, of peasant-sons begetters,
 Who taught that light to some, miscall'd their Betters ?
 Men, who with iron hands, and hearts as stout,
 Filed through the links of Folly's golden fetters ;
 And rough smith's work they made of it, no doubt,
 Small choice of tools, when souls from Prison would break out

' Yet doubly beautiful it is to see
 One, set in the temptation of High Class,
 Keep the inherent deep nobility
 Of a great nature, strong to over-pass
 The check of circumstance and choking mass
 Of vicious faults which youthful leisure woo ;
 Mirror each thought in Honour's stainless glass ;
 And, by all kindly deeds that Power can do,
 Prove that the brave good heart hath come of lineage true.

' Oh ! Graceful seems the bending of his brow ;
 Lovely the earnestness that fills his eyes ;
 Holy the fire that gave his heart its glow,
 (Spark of that same great Light which never dies,)
 With hope, not fear, they watch his gradual rise :—
 His youth's glad service in his age recall :—
 Cheer in the race—and glory in the prize,—
 For *his* sake loving Rank, and Pomp, and all,—
 Deeming such statue needs a lofty Pedestal ! '

This is holding the balance fairly, and making just allowances for the besetting sins or inherent weaknesses of both classes—for the roughness, rudeness, impatience of control and headlong destructive energy which usually characterise reformers taken from the people ; as well as for the indifference, irresoluteness, self-indulgent habits, and effeminacy, which too often fatally impair the best exertions of the patriot members of the aristocracy. Even Falkland, a man of pure life and untainted morals, had a dash of these, or wanted something to complete the *beau-ideal* of the patriot noble in troubled times ; for just before the battle of Newbury, where he fell, he is described by Hume as despairing of his country, and moving about with downcast countenance and neglected dress, murmuring *Peace*. It has been made a subject of speculation among the gay circles of the metropolis who Mrs Norton's modern Falkland is ; and several distinguished families are eagerly contending for the honour of having produced and trained him. We rejoice at the contest, if only on the principle suggested by King Henry's exclamation on hearing of Percy's death at Chevy Chase—

' I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred good as he.'

At the same time we feel bound to express our conviction, that no portrait or personal allusion was intended ; that the fair author had no direct intention of immortalizing either a member of Young England or a member of the Government ; and that the future annotators of her poem will do well to leave ' one, set in the temptation of High Class,' without a note. In fact, this diseased appetite for such discoveries,—for finding personalities in works of fiction where the writers are unconscious of them, is a melancholy token of the corruption of taste, and betrays the fatal prevalence of wrong principles of criticism ; for copying is the lowest branch of art, and the very utmost the true craftsman will permit himself, (or from the very nature of his craft could venture on,) would be to take the traits or features which best suit the purpose in view from all quarters, and then mould the materials thus collected into an harmoni-

ous whole. Madame Hahn-Hahn is quite right when, in repelling a similar suspicion regarding one of her own heroines, she says,—‘ But nature cannot be copied ; it must be conceived so ‘ as to make part of the ‘ mind, in order to be actually portrayed.’ The actual character suggests the first notice of the ideal one, and this is all ; meaning, of course, where the poetical faculty is actually at work.

The object, tendency, and execution of this Poem have been, and will continue so long as it continues to be discussed, the main points of criticism ; but as all our readers can hardly be assumed to have read it, we will add a word or two as to the plot, if plot it can be called where plot is (we will not say none, but) very little. The *Child of the Islands* is his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He was chosen, ‘ not as the theme of ‘ a Birthday Ode, or Address of Congratulation, but as the most ‘ complete existing type of a peculiar class—a class born into a ‘ world of very various destinies, with all the certainty human ‘ prospects can give, of enjoying the blessings of this life, without ‘ incurring any of its privations. I desired to contrast that ‘ brightness with the shadow that lies beyond and around.’ This is rather dangerous ground to tread on, and so the author appears to have felt ; for the royal infant is brought forward much more frequently to be warned, encouraged, exalted, and eulogized, (by anticipation,) than contrasted ; and by some ingenuity of handling, which we should be puzzled to explain, all invidiousness of contrast, though seemingly inevitable, is kept back.

Every body knows Paley’s famous metaphor of the pigeons, ‘ gathering all the corn they could pick up into a heap for one, ‘ and that the weakest, perhaps, and worst pigeon of the flock, ‘ sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was ‘ devouring, throwing about, and wasting it.’ George the Third never forgave this (as he thought) truculent slap at monarchy ; and when the writer was proposed for a Bishopric, he exclaimed—‘ What, Pigeon Paley a Bishop—no, no !’ We were in some fear, after reading Mrs Norton’s preface, that, with a heart full of loyalty, she was running some risk of stopping her own preferment at court, by turning an undue degree of attention on the startling contrast between the conditions of the peasant and the prince. But the shading is perfect ; she never fails to justify the ways of God to man ; and we undertake to say, that not only will no additional murmur be raised, but many a doubt will be set at rest, and many a rising feeling of dissatisfaction be conciliated. Can any one read such stanzas as the following, and not feel the emptiness of conventional distinctions,

and the insufficiency of rank and wealth to dispel sorrow—a common enough text, it must be owned; yet it is by the mode of dealing with common topics, that the finest qualities of head and heart may be manifested:—

‘God hath built up a bridge ’twixt man and man,
Which mortal strength can never overthrow;
Over the world it reaches its dark span—
The keystone of that mighty arch is Woe!
Joy’s rainbow glories visit earth, and go,
Melting away to Heaven’s far-distant land;
But grief’s foundations have been fixed below:
{PLEASURE divides us:—the Divine command
Hath made of SORROW’s links a firm connecting band.

‘In the clear morning, when I rose from sleep,
And left the threshold for the fresh’ning breeze,
There I beheld a grieving woman weep,
The shadow of a child was on her knees,
The worn heir of her many miseries;
“Save him I” was written in her suppliant glance:
But I was weaker than its fell disease,
And ere towards noon the dial could advance
Death indeed saved her babe from life’s most desperate chance.

‘The sunset of that day—in splendid halls—
Mourning a little child of Ducal race,
(How fair the picture memory recalls!)
I saw the sweetest and the palest face
That ever wore the stamp of Beauty’s grace,
Bow’d like a white rose beat by storms and rain,
And on her countenance my eyes could trace,
And on her soft cheek, mark’d with tearful stain,
That she had pray’d through many a midnight watch in vain.’

The last stanza forms an exception to what we have said before about copying. The original of ‘the sweetest and the palest face,’ may be seen in those same ducal halls, with the stamp of beauty fresh upon it, yet the picture is as poetical as a fancy piece. So, too, is one of a different order, the spirited sketch of the great warrior Duke:—

“In thy life’s prime,” ere yet the fading grey
Had blanch’d the tresses of thy gallant head:
Or from thy step Time’s gradual faint decay
Stole the proud bearing of a Soldier’s tread.’

The words, ‘in thy life’s prime,’ are explained by a note. At a dinner given by the East India Directors on Sir Henry Har-

dinge's departure for India, the Duke, on returning thanks, observed—' But we have not met here to-day to talk of bygone transactions, though I am very grateful for the mention of services I had the honour of rendering to the East India Company—when I was in India—in the prime of my life.' This casual expression elicited a burst of cheering.

One great charm of this Poem is the number of striking incidents, as well as fine observations, embodied in it; and they appear to fall naturally and easily into their proper places, though nothing can well be more desultory than the plan. The Seasons do certainly follow each other in their natural order, and the Opening comes first, because, by a recognised rule of composition, *il faut commencer par le commencement*; but this is the only kind of arrangement that is obvious to the cursory reader. Yet we seldom feel diverted from the main argument by the episodes, or confused by the variety of the (apparently) incidental matters; and the reason is, that the author never loses sight of her object, nor ever pauses or digresses except to forward it—that is, except with the wish and intention of forwarding it—for we cannot help thinking that a topic or two, such as the Scottish Church Controversy, might have been advantageously suppressed. What, however, the poem most wants is compression; and we could specify a few stanzas on which 'the labour of the file' might be advantageously employed.

It is only fair to say, that our extracts have been chosen with an almost exclusive reference to the opinions or cast of thought indicated by them; and that we should have turned to other passages,—as the sketches of the Gipsy Girl and the Opera-dancer, the lines on Flowers, (p. 170,) or the rapid succession of condensed illustrations at p. 178,—had our more peculiar object been to call attention to ease and grace of language, beauty of conception, or imagery.

The work is appropriately dedicated to Mr R. B. Sheridan, the new member for Shaftesbury, who has honourably distinguished himself by his exertions to ameliorate the condition of the poor, in his own immediate neighbourhood; and the frontispiece is adorned by a design of great merit, by Maclise.

ART. III.—*Dr Martin Luther's Briefe, Sendschreiben und Bedenken vollständig aus den verschiedenen Ausgaben seiner Werke und Briefe, aus andern Büchern und noch unbenutzten Handschriften gesammelt, Kritisch und Historisch bearbeitet.* VON DR WILHELM MARTIN LEBERECHEIT DE WETTE. 5 vols. 8vo. Berlin.

(*Dr Martin Luther's Entire Correspondence, carefully compiled from the various editions of his Works and Letters, from other Books, and from Manuscripts as yet private. Edited, with Critical and Historical Notes, by Dr WILHELM MARTIN LEBERECHEIT DE WETTE.*)

WE are not sure that the familiar letters of a great man, if they are sufficiently copious, written on a variety of themes, and really unpremeditated, do not furnish us with more accurate data for estimating his character, than either the most voluminous deliberate compositions, or the largest traditional collections of his conversation. The former will always conceal much which letters will disclose;—will give not only an imperfect, but perhaps false idea of many points of character; and will certainly suggest an exaggerated estimate of all the ordinary habits of thought and expression. The latter will often fall as much below the true mean of such a man's merits; and what is of more consequence, must depend—except in the rare case in which some faithful Boswell continually dogs the heels of genius—on the doubtful authority and leaky memory of those who report it. Letters, on the other hand, if they be copious, unpremeditated, and not intended for the eye of the world, will exhibit the character in all its moods and phases, and by its own utterances. While some of them will disclose to us the habitual states of thought and feeling, and admit us even into the privacy of the heart, others, composed under the stimulus of great emergencies, and in those occasional auspicious expansions of the faculties, which neither come nor go at our bidding, will furnish no unworthy criterion of what such a mind, even in its most elevated moods, and by its most deliberate efforts, can accomplish.

If ever any man's character could be advantageously studied in his letters, it is surely that of Luther. They are addressed to all sorts of persons, are composed on an immense diversity of subjects, and, as to the mass of them, are more thoroughly unpremeditated, as well as more completely suggested *ex visceribus causæ*, as Cicero would say, than those of almost any other

man. They are also more copious; as copious as those even of his great contemporary Erasmus, to whom letter-writing was equally business and amusement. What appear voluminous collections in our degenerate days—those of Sévigné, Pope, Walpole, Cowper, even of Swift, dwindle in comparison. In De Wette's most authentic and admirable edition, they occupy five very thick and closely-printed volumes. The learned compiler, in a preface amusingly characteristic of the literary zeal and indefatigable research of Germany, tells us, that he has unearthed from obscure hiding-places and mouldering manuscripts more than a hundred unprinted letters, and enriched the present collection with their contents. By himself, or his literary agents, he has ransacked 'the treasures of the archives of Weimar, the libraries at Jena, Erfurt, Gotha, Wolfenbüttel, Frankfurt on the Maine, Heidelberg and Basle;' and has received 'precious contributions' from Breslau, Riga, Strasburg, Munich, Zurich, and other places. 'There are many, no doubt, which time has consigned to oblivion, and perhaps some few which still lie unknown in public or private repositories—undetected even by the acute literary scent of De Wette, and his emissaries. But there are enough in all conscience to satisfy any ordinary appetite, and to illustrate, if any thing can, the history and character of him who penned them.

Even in a purely literary point of view, these letters are not unworthy of comparison with any thing Luther has left behind him. They contain no larger portion of indifferent Latin, scarcely so much of his characteristic violence and rudeness; while they display in beautiful relief all the more tender and amiable traits of his character; and are fraught with brief but most striking specimens of that intense and burning eloquence for which he was so famed. Very many of them well deserve the admiration which Coleridge (who regretted that selections from them had not been given to the English public) has so strongly expressed. 'I can scarcely conceive,' he says, 'a more delightful volume than might be made from Luther's letters, especially those written from the Wartburg, if they were translated in the simple, sinewy, idiomatic, hearty *mother tongue* of the original. . . . A difficult task I admit.' He is speaking, of course, of Luther's German letters. Almost all, however, from the Wartburg are in Latin.

Of late years they have received considerable attention. M. Michelet, in his very pleasing volumes, in which he has made Luther draw his own portrait, by presenting a series of extracts from his writings, has derived no small portion of his materials from the

letters; while all recent historians of the Reformation, especially D'Aubigné and Waddington,* have dug deep, and with immense advantage, in the same mine. Not only do they form, as De Wette says, 'a diary, as it were, of Luther's life,' 'gleichsam ein Tagebuch seines Lebens,' but here better than in almost any history, because more minutely, may the whole early progress of the Reformation be traced.

As we conceive that Luther's character could be nowhere more advantageously studied than in this voluminous correspondence, we propose in the present Article to make it the basis of a few remarks on his most prominent intellectual and moral qualities.

No modern author, in our opinion, has done such signal injustice to Luther's intellect as Mr Hallam, whose excellent and well practised judgment seems to us, in this instance, to have entirely deserted him. 'Luther's amazing influence on the revolutions of his own age, and on the opinions of mankind, seems,' says he, 'to have produced, as is not unnatural, an exaggerated notion of his intellectual greatness.'† And he then proceeds to reduce it to assuredly very moderate dimensions—founding his judgment principally on Luther's writings.

Now, if Mr Hallam had been nothing more than a mere critic, we should not have wondered at such a decision. It would have been as natural in that case to misinterpret the genius of Luther as for Mallet to write the life of Bacon and

* We cannot mention the name of Dr Waddington, without thanking him for the gratification we have derived from the perusal of the three volumes of his History of the Reformation, and expressing our hopes that he will soon fulfil his promise of a fourth. Less brilliant than that of D'Aubigné, his work is at least its equal in research, certainly not inferior in the comprehensiveness of its views, or the solidity of its reflections; and in severe fidelity, is perhaps even superior. Not that, in this last respect, we have much to complain of in D'Aubigné; but as he has great skill in the selection and graphic disposition of his materials, so he sometimes sacrifices a little too much to gratify it—as, for example, in the dramatic form he has given to Luther's narrative of his interview with Miltitz—(Vol. II. p. 8-12.) There is also a too uniform brilliancy, and too little repose about the style.—But it were most ungrateful to deny the rare merits of the work. We only hope its unprecedented popularity may not deprive us of another volume from the pen of Dr Waddington. His History of the Reformation is in our judgment very superior to his previous work, which we had occasion to notice, in less favourable terms, in our account of it in this Journal.

† *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 513.

‘forget that he was a philosopher.’ But when we reflect that Mr Hallam is *not* a mere literary critic, and that whatsoever honours he may have achieved in that capacity, are yet inferior to those which he has attained as a philosophical historian, we confess our astonishment at the low estimate he seems to have formed of Luther’s intellect.

This seems to have arisen from contemplating Luther’s character too exclusively in the point of view suggested by the literary nature of the work on which the critic was at the time engaged. It is true that the Reformer’s mind did not belong exclusively, or even prevaillingly, to either of the two principal types with which we more usually associate genius, and which almost divide the page of literary history between them. The one is the prevaillingly philosophical temperament, with numberless specific differences; the other the prevaillingly poetical, with differences equally numerous: the passion of the one class of minds is speculative and scientific truth—that of the other, ideal beauty. Yet there is another and not less imposing form of human genius, though it does not figure much on the page of literary history, which has made men as illustrious as man was ever made, either by depth or subtlety of speculation,—by opulence or brilliancy of fancy. This class of minds unites some of the rarest endowments of the philosophical and poetical temperaments; and though the reason in such men is not such as would have made an Aristotle, nor the imagination such as would have made a Homer, these elements are mingled in such proportions and combinations as render the product—the *tertium quid*—not less wonderful than the greatest expansion of either element alone. To these are superadded some qualities which neither bard nor philosopher ever possessed, and the whole is subjected to the action of an energetic will and powerful passions. Such are the minds which are destined to change the face of the world, to originate or control great revolutions, to govern the actions of men by a sagacious calculation of motives, or to govern their very thoughts by the magical power of their eloquence. They are the stuff out of which great statesmen, great conquerors, great orators, are made;—by the last, however, not meaning the mere ‘mob orator,’ who attains and preserves a powerful influence by just following the multitude he appears to lead, and who, if popular, is popular in virtue of Swift’s receipt for becoming a wise man—that is, by agreeing with whatever any one may tell you; we mean the man who, if need be, can stem the torrent as well as drift upon it; who, upon occasion, can tell unpalatable truths and yet rivet attention. To be *such* an orator requires many

of the qualities of the philosophical statesman—the same deep knowledge of the mechanism of human nature in general, the same keen perception of the motives and feelings of the so-conditioned humanity with which it has to deal, the same ready appreciation of the topics and arguments likely to prevail, the same sagacity in calculating moral causes and effects; and we need not wonder, therefore, that the great statesman and the persuasive orator have so often been found united in the same individual.

Now, to achieve any of the great tasks to which this class of minds seem born; to manage vast and difficult affairs with address, and bring them to an unexpectedly prosperous issue; to know how to seize the critical moment of action with proper decision, or to exercise patience and self-control in waiting for it; to penetrate the springs of human conduct, whether in the genus or the individual; to sway the minds of whole communities, as whole forests bow at once before the voice of the tempest; to comprehend and calculate the interaction of numberless causes and effects; to originate and execute daring enterprises in the face of many obstacles, physical and moral, and not only in the midst of opposite wills and conflicting interests, but often by means of them—all this seems to us to imply as wonderful a combination of intellectual qualities as that which enables the mathematical Analyst to disentangle the intricacies of a transcendental equation, or the Metaphysician to speculate profoundly on the freedom of the human will, or the origin of evil. Nor do those who have been both authors and actors in the *real* drama of history, appear to us less worthy of our admiration than those who have but imagined what the former have achieved. There are, unquestionably, men who have been as famous for what they have done, as others have been or can be for what they have written.

It is precisely to such an order of genius—whatever his merits or defects as a *writer*—that the intellect of Luther is, in our judgment, to be referred; and, considered in this point of view, we doubt whether it is very possible to exaggerate its greatness. In a sagacious and comprehensive survey of the peculiarities of his position in all the rapid changes of his most eventful history; in penetrating the characters and detecting the motives of those with whom he had to deal; in fertility of expedients; in promptitude of judgment and of action; in nicely calculating the effect of bold measures, especially in great emergencies—as when he burnt the Papal Bull, and appeared at the Diet of Worms; in selecting the arguments likely to prevail with the mass of men, and in that contagious enthusiasm of character which imbues and

inspires them with a spirit like its own, and fills them with boundless confidence in its leadership ;—in all these respects, Luther does not appear to us far behind any of those who have played illustrious parts in this world's affairs, or obtained an empire over the minds of their species.

And surely this is sufficient for one man. No one ever thinks the intellect of Pericles or Alexander, Cromwell or Napoleon, inferior to the highest order, merely because neither of them has left ingenious treatises of philosophy, or beautiful strains of poetry, or exhibited any of the traces either of a calm or beautiful intellect. And in like manner it is enough for Luther to be known as the author of the Reformation.

Such are the original limitations of the human faculties, and so distinct the forms of intellectual excellence, that it is at best but one comparatively little sphere that even the greatest of men is qualified to fill. Take him out of that, and the giant becomes a dwarf—the genius a helpless changeling. Aristotle, though he wrote admirably on rhetoric, would have made, we fear, but an indifferent Demosthenes ; and Demosthenes would probably have been but an obscure expounder of the principles of his own art. After making all allowances for the influence of education, and conceding that it is difficult to calculate the condition of any mind under a different training, we are compelled to admit that there are cases, and those usually of minds pre-eminently great in a single department, where the native bias is so strong, that it is beyond the art of all the school-mastering in the world to alter it.

Earnestly contending that Luther's intellect is to be principally regarded in the light we have indicated, we yet must profess our belief, that even in a purely literary point of view Mr Hallam has done him less than justice. When we consider the popular design of his writings, and that they fulfilled it, many of their apparent defects will disappear ; and when we consider their voluminousness—the rapidity with which they were thrown off—and the overwhelming engagements under the pressure of which they were produced, many defects may well be pardoned. A word or two on each of these topics.

As to their character, they were chiefly designed *ad populum*—addressed to human nature so-and-so conditioned ; and whether we look at what history has told us of the state of that public mind to which they appealed, or to their notorious effects, we think it must be admitted that they were admirably calculated to accomplish their purpose. We have already said that we must look in the mind of Luther for the species of greatness which may fairly be expected there ; and not for one to which an intel-

lect so constituted could make no pretensions. No man will challenge for him the praise of metaphysical subtlety, or calmness of judgment in dealing with evidence. To neither the one nor the other surely can *he* lay claim, who flatters himself that he has found an escape from the absurdities of transubstantiation in the equal absurdities of consubstantiation; or who thinks himself warranted in setting aside the evidence for the authenticity of the Epistle of James, because he supposes he has found a sentence in it which contradicts his interpretation of an Epistle of Paul—the authenticity of which has no higher evidence. The class of intellects to which we have ventured to refer that of Luther, are robust and sagacious rather than subtle or profound; little fitted for the investigation of abstract truth, and impatient of whatever is not practical; better adapted for a skilful advocacy of principles than for calm investigation of them, and little solicitous, in their exhibition, of philosophic precision or theoretic completeness. Seizing with instinctive sagacity those points which are best calculated to influence the common mind, they are not very ambitious (even if they could attain it) of the praise of a severely logical method. But they well know how to do that for which in his turn the mere philosopher would find himself strangely incapacitated. They estimate precisely the measure of knowledge or of ignorance, the prejudices and the passions of those with whom they have to deal, and pitch the whole tone of argument in unison with it. They judge of arguments, not so much by their abstract value, or even by the degree of force they may have on their own minds, as by the relation in which they are likely to be viewed by others: if necessary, they prefer even a comparatively feeble argument, if it can be made readily intelligible, and be forcibly exhibited, to a stronger one, if that stronger one be so refined as to escape the appreciation of the common mind.

And such topics they treat with a vivacity and vehemence of which a philosopher would be as incapable as he would be disgusted with the method. He is but too apt, when he assumes the uncongenial office of a popular instructor, to generalize particular statements into their most abstract expression; he resembles the mathematician, who is not satisfied till he has clothed the determinate quantities of arithmetic in the universal symbols of algebra; he must assign each argument its place, not according to its relative weight, but according to his own notions of its abstract conclusiveness; he must adopt the only method which philosophical precision demands, and to violate it would be more than his fastidious taste can prevail upon itself to concede to that vulgar thing—the *practical*.

It is not necessary to institute any comparison as to the comparative value or dignity of the functions of those whose calm intellect best qualifies them to investigate truth, and of those whose prerogative it is to make it triumph, not only over the understandings of men, but over their imaginations and affections; to give it a vivid presence in the heart. It suffices that neither class can be fully equipped for their high tasks without a mental organization exquisitely adapted to its object, and well worthy of the highest admiration. They are the complements of each other, and neither can be perfect alone. 'The wise in heart,' says Solomon, 'shall be called prudent, but the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning.' Truth at the bottom of her well is of about as much use as water there, and is of very little use without some appliances to bring it to the lips of the thirsty.

We must bear such considerations in mind if we would do such a man as Luther justice in the perusal of his controversial writings. We must recollect that they were most of them composed *pro re nata*,—for the purpose of impressing the popular mind in given circumstances, in an age of great ignorance, barbarism, and coarseness. We are at best not altogether qualified to judge how far they were wisely adapted to their end; but we are convinced that the more carefully the whole relations of Luther and his age are studied, the more will they be found to justify his general sagacity, and the less reason will they leave us to wonder at their astonishing success.

Even his positive faults—as, for example, his violence of invective and his excessive diffuseness—which we do not deny flowed in a great measure, the one from the vehemence of his nature, and the other from the haste with which he wrote—were often deliberately committed by him as most likely to answer his purpose. We should hesitate to state this, were it not for Luther's repeated and explicit declarations on this very point, in his Letters. We should hesitate, because we are jealous of that biographical prejudice which will still find out that the object of its blind eulogy had some deep design even in the veriest blunders; and that foibles and failings not only 'leaned to virtue's side,' but were themselves virtues.

In both the above points, Luther unquestionably has sins enough to answer for, and is, we freely acknowledge, as often tedious and inelegant as offensively coarse. Still, though it may be thought that we are defending his sagacity at the expense of things quite as valuable—his taste and good feeling—nothing is clearer, from his own admissions, than that he often committed these faults of set purpose, and with his eyes wide open. Thus for the diffuseness of certain compositions, he apologises in his

Letters (No. 32 and No. 134,) because they were designed for the 'rudest ears and understandings.' To the common mind of his day, truths which are to us truisms—which will hardly bear the briefest expression—which, in fact, are so familiar that they are forgotten—were startling novelties. The populace required, in his judgment, 'line upon line, and precept upon precept;' not only 'here a little and there a little,' but here, and there, and every where a great deal. The same apology is required for the diffuseness of other theologians of that day, of far severer intellect and much more elegance—Calvin and Melancthon, for example. As to his arrogant tone and rude invective, though both were natural expressions of the enthusiasm and vehemence of his character, they were also systematically adopted, and were both no doubt upon the whole most subservient to his purpose. Timidity and irresolution would have been his ruin. On the other hand, his self-reliance and fearlessness—the grandeur and dilation of his carriage—his very contempt of his adversaries—all tended to give courage and confidence to those who possessed them not, and to inspire his party with his own spirit. His voice never failed to act like a trumpet-call upon the hearts of his followers—to reassure them when depressed, and to reanimate them when defeated. No other tone, no other language could have had the same effect. Considering his position, there is a sort of sublimity in his audacity. 'I know and am certain,' says he to Spalatin, (1521,) 'that Jesus Christ our Lord lives and reigns, and, buoyant in this knowledge and confidence, I will not fear a hundred thousand Popes.' 'My doctrines will stand,' says he the following year in his reply to King Henry, 'and the Pope will fall in spite of all the powers of air, earth, hell. They have provoked me to war; they shall have it. They scorned the peace I offered them—peace they shall have no longer. God shall look to it; which of the two shall first retire from the struggle—the Pope or Luther?' Five hundred such expressions might be cited. On the whole, we are disposed to acquiesce in the judgment of Dr Waddington, as expressed on another occasion. 'I have no question,' says he, 'that the cause of Luther was, upon the whole, advanced and recommended even by the temerity of his unsparing invective; and that, had he given less offence to his enemies, he would have found less zeal, less courage, and far less devotion in his friends.' *

It is not uninteresting to hear Luther in some of his Letters defending *on plan* the vehemence of his invective. 'I am de-

'terminated,' he says in his reply to King Henry, 'to assume, day by day, a loftier and loftier tone against these senseless little tyrants, and to meet their madness with a madness like their own.' 'I suppress many things,' he writes to Spalatin as early as 1519, 'for the sake of the Elector and the University, which I would otherwise pour out against Rome—that destroyer alike of Scripture and the Church. It cannot be that the truth respecting either can be treated without giving offence to that wild beast. Do not hope that I shall keep quiet and safe, unless you wish to see me abandon theology altogether. Let your friends think me mad if they will.'* 'What is it to me,' he says to Spalatin in his account of the Leipsic disputation—'what is it to me if I speak rashly and offensively, if I but speak truth, and that catholic truth? . . . Why, it was always so; truth has ever been rash, bitter, seditious, offensive. . . . What is it to me that the Thomists are offended with truth? It is sufficient for me that it is neither heretical nor erroneous.'† 'I know,' he says to Spalatin in 1522, 'that whatever I might write against the King of England would offend many, but I chose to do it—*sed ita placuit mihi*—and many causes rendered it necessary.'‡ And to another friend (unknown) in August of the same year, he says, 'My gracious prince and many other friends have often admonished me on this subject: but my answer is that I will not comply, nor ought I. My cause is not a cause of middle measures, (*ein mittel-handel*), in which one may concede or give way, even as I, like a fool, have hitherto done.' § Few readers of Luther, however, will think there was much reason for this self-accusation.

It will not be supposed for a moment that we are the apologists of his too habitual virulence and ferocity of invective. Not even the spirit of the age can form an apology for them; though in all fairness it ought to be remembered, that so completely were these offensive qualities of controversy characteristic of it, that then, and long after, they were exhibited by men who had neither Luther's vehement passions, nor his provocations to plead in extenuation; often so unconsciously, indeed, that the refined and equable Thomas More imitates and transcends the Reformer's coarseness even while he reproves it.

But whatever the defects and inequalities of Luther's writings, there is one quality not unsparingly displayed, which ought to have protected him from so mean an estimate as Mr Hallam

* De Wette, vol. i. p. 260.

† *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 244.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 300, 301.

§ *Ibid.* p. 244.

seems to have formed—we mean his *eloquence*—for which he was famed by all his contemporaries—which he was not grudgingly admitted to possess even by his enemies—and which still lives in numberless passages of his writings to justify their eulogiums. Yet Mr Hallam says, that in his judgment, Luther's Latin works, at least, 'are not marked by any striking ability, and still less by any impressive eloquence!' Surely he must have been thinking only of the moderate Latinity when he used the last expression; for unquestionably the *soul* of eloquence is often there, however rugged the form. Far more justly speaks Frederic Schlegel. 'Luther,' says he, 'displays a most original eloquence, surpassed by few names that occur in the whole history of literature. He had, indeed, all those properties which render a man fit to be a revolutionary orator.' If this be so, the intellect of Luther must be regarded as one of the rarest phenomena which appear in the world of mind. Such, at least, has been hitherto the uniform judgment of criticism. To possess a genius for consummate eloquence is always considered to imply intellectual excellence of the highest order; and if we judge either by the rarity with which it is bestowed, or consider how various, how exquisitely balanced and adjusted are the powers which must equip the truly great—the first-rate—orator, we shall see no reason to quarrel with this judgment. So peculiar are the required modifications and combinations of intellect, imagination, and passion, that it may be pretty safely averred we shall as soon see the reproduction of an Aristotle as a Demosthenes.

All the prime elements of this species of mental power, Luther seems to have possessed in perfection. We have admitted that he had not a mind well fitted for the investigation of abstract truth; but he had what was to him of more importance, great practical sagacity, and vast promptitude and vigour of argument. His imagination, though as little solicitous about the abstractly beautiful, as his reason about the abstractly speculative, was fertile of those brief, homely, energetic images which are most effective in real eloquence; and in intensity and vehemence of passion, even Demosthenes was not his superior. His native language he wrote with the utmost force; and when he pleased, none could express himself with a more pregnant brevity. To the continuous excellence, the consummate taste, the exquisite finish, the minute graces of him who 'fulminated over Greece,' Luther, it is true, had no pretensions—as indeed might be expected, considering the circumstances and the age in which his intellect was developed; but in every part of his controversial works, most frequently in his briefer writings, as in his 'Appeal to a Future Council,' his 'Babylonish Captivity,' and his 'Appeal to the Ger-

'man Nobility,' and not least in his Letters, occur frequent bursts of the most vivid and impassioned eloquence. He abounds in passages, which, even at this distance of time, make our hearts throb within us as we read them. Such is the expression with which he defied the sentence of excommunication. 'As they have excommunicated me in defence of their sacrilegious heresy, so do I excommunicate them on behalf of the holy truth of God; and let Christ, our judge, decide whether of the two excommunications has the greater weight with him.' Such is that memorable sentence with which he dropped the Papal Bull into the flames, and which, even from his lips, would, a few years before, have thrilled the assembled multitudes with horror. 'As thou hast troubled and put to shame the Holy One of the Lord, so be thou troubled and consumed in the eternal fires of hell.' Such, above all, is that noble declaration with which he concluded his defence at Worms. 'Since your majesty requires of me a simple and direct answer, I will give one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to popes or councils, since it is clear as noonday that they have often erred, and even opposed one another. If, then, I am not confuted by Scripture or by cogent reasons . . . I neither can nor will retract any thing; for it cannot be right for a Christian to do any thing against his conscience. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me.' This eloquence, indeed, is transient; it flashes out, like the lightning, for an instant, and again withdraws into the cloud. But it is the lightning that blasts and scathes wherever it strikes.

The influence which Luther's eloquence exerted over his contemporaries is testified, not only by the deference with which he was listened to by those who were predisposed to applaud—a very inadequate criterion of merit—but by the profound attention which he was able to command, even from those who were hostile or alienated. This was seen, not only on great occasions, as at Worms—not only in the enthusiasm with which he had imbued a whole nation—but by the success with which he performed the equally difficult task of restraining the fanatical excesses of some of his own followers. When, under the leadership of the acute but impetuous Carlstadt, some of them had been induced, during his residence at the Wartburg, to outrun Luther's zeal, and to do what he admitted might be right to be done, but in a wrong spirit—with violence and uncharitableness—all eyes were directed to Luther as the only man who could appease the tumult. Braving all personal danger, and in defiance of the wishes of the Elector himself, he descended from his retreat, and all was quiet again. For many successive days he

preached against the innovators, though without mentioning Carlstadt's name, and his progress was one continued triumph. It is true, that, in his subsequent visit to Orlamund, he had not the same success; but, in addition to his being in the wrong on the Sacramentarian question, Carlstadt was at that spot regarded as another Luther.

Of the briefer compositions of Luther, few are more eloquent than the Letter he wrote to Frederic, when the Legate Cajetan wrote to urge that Prince to abandon the hated monk to the tender mercies of Rome. In this remarkable composition, which was thrown off on the same day in which he received the legate's Letter, he assures Frederic that he would prefer exile, to protection at the peril of his Prince's safety. The nobility of mind, the magnanimity it displays, are well worthy of Luther; but without denying them, we cannot but think that the whole Letter, as well as that to Spalatin on the same occasion, is constructed with consummate skill; and that, while resolving on that course which his own bold and lofty spirit prompted, he has introduced all those topics which were likely either to move the sympathy or alarm the pride of the Prince. 'If we praise his magnanimity,' says Dr Waddington, 'we must at the same time admire his forethought and discretion.' The very pathos is irresistible. 'I am waiting your strictures,' says he to Spalatin, though the letter was, of course, intended for his master's eye, 'on the answer that I have sent to the legate's letter, unless you think it unworthy of any reply. But I am looking daily for the anathemas from Rome, and setting all things in order; so that, when they arrive, I may go forth prepared and girded like Abraham, ignorant whither I shall go—nay, rather well assured whither—for God is every where.'*

One brief passage in this Letter, not given by Waddington, and sadly mutilated by D'Aubigné, seems to us most happily conceived and expressed. Cajetan had urged the Elector to give up the monk, but contents himself with simply averring his 'certain knowledge' of his guilt. Luther thus replies:—'But this I cannot endure, that my accuser should endeavour to make my most sagacious and prudent sovereign play the part of another Pilate. When the Jews brought Christ before that ruler, and were asked, "What accusation they preferred, and what evil the man had done?" They said, "If he had not been a malefactor, we would not have delivered him to thee." So this most reverend legate, when he has presented brother Martin, with many injurious

* D^e Wette, vol. i. p. 188.

'speeches, and the prince may possibly ask, "What has the little brother done?" will reply, "Trust me, illustrious prince, I speak the truth from certain knowledge, and not from opinion." I will answer for the prince—"Let *me* know this certain knowledge; let it be committed to writing; formed into letters; and when this is done, I will send brother Martin to Rome, or rather I will seize and slay him myself; then I will consult my honour, and leave not a stain upon my fair fame. But as long as that 'certain knowledge' shuns the light, and appears only in assertions . . . I cannot trust myself in the dark." . . . Thus would I answer him, illustrious prince. But your far-famed sagacity needs neither instructor nor prompter.*

Of Cajetan, during the negotiations with him, he writes to Carlstadt—"The legate will not permit me to make either a public or private defence. His wish, so he says, is to act the part of a father rather than of a judge; and yet he will listen to nothing from me but the words, "I recant and acknowledge my error"—and these words will I never utter. . . He styles me, "*sein lieben Sohn*" . . . I know how little that means. Still, I doubt not I should be most acceptable and beloved if I would but say the single word *Revoco*. But I will not become a heretic by renouncing the faith which has made me a Christian. Sooner would I be banished—burnt—excommunicated.† In the same lofty spirit of faith he eloquently exclaims, in a passage not cited by Waddington or D'Aubigné, 'Let who will be angry, —of an impious silence will not I be found guilty, who am conscious that I am "a debtor to the truth," howsoever unworthy. Never without blood, never without danger, has it been possible to assert the cause of Christ; but as he died for us, so, in his turn, he demands that, by confession of his name, we should die for him. "The servant is not greater than his Lord." "If they have persecuted me," he himself tells us, "they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also."‡

Passages such as these are constantly occurring in Luther's letters; and if they contain not the elements of eloquence, we profess that we are yet to seek the meaning of the term.

And even if Luther's writings were less fraught with the traces of a vigorous intellect than they are, there are two achievements of his, the like of which were never performed except where there was great genius. First, such was his mastery over his native

* De Wette, vol. i. pp. 183-4.

† *Id.* p. 161.

‡ *Id.* p. 334.

language, that, under his plastic hand and all-subduing energy, it ceased to be a rugged and barbarous dialect, almost unfit for the purposes of literature; for which, indeed, he might be said to have created it. Secondly, he achieved, almost single handed, the translation of the whole Scriptures; and (whatever the faults which necessarily arose from the defective scholarship of the age) with such idiomatic strength and racy energy, that his version has ever been the object of universal veneration, and is unapproachable by any which has since appeared. The enthusiasm with which such a man as Frederic Schlegel speaks of it, shows that, in the eye of those who are most capable of judging, it is thought to have immense merit. *

In estimating the genius of Luther, as reflected in his writings, it is impossible to leave wholly out of consideration their quantity, the rapidity with which they were composed, and the harassing duties amidst which they were produced. He died at the no very advanced age of sixty-two, and yet his collected works amount to seven folio volumes. His correspondence alone fills, as we see, five bulky octavos.

When we reflect that these works were not the productions of retired leisure, but composed amidst all the oppressive duties and incessant interruptions of a life like his, we pause aghast at the energy of character which they display; and wonder that that busy brain and ever-active hand could sustain their office so long. Of the distracting variety and complication of his engagements, he gives us, in more than one of his Letters, an amusing account. Their very contents, indeed, bear witness to them.—The centre and mainspring of the whole great movement—the principal counsellor in great emergencies—the referee in disputes and differences amongst his own party—solicited for advice alike by Princes, and Scholars, and Pastors, on all sorts of matters, public and private—having the care of ‘all the churches,’ and beset at the same time by a whole host of inveterate and formidable adversaries—the wonder is, not that he discharged many of his duties imperfectly, but that he could find time to discharge them at all. Not only are there numberless Letters on all the ordinary themes of condolence and congratulation, but of recommendation on behalf of poor scholars and pastors—of advice to distant ministers and churches in matters of ecclesiastical order and discipline—but letters sometimes affording whimsical proofs of the trivialty of the occasions on which his aid was sought, and the patience with which it was given: now he replies to a country parson who wanted to know how to manage the exordium and peroration of his sermons; now to a worthy prior to tell him the best mode of keeping his conventual accounts—that he may know

precisely how much 'beer' and 'wine'—'*cerevisia et vinum*'—was consumed in the *hospitium* and 'refectory' respectively;* now to make arrangements for the wedding festival of a friend; now to plead the cause of a maiden of Torgau, whose betrothed (no less than the Elector's own barber) had given her the slip.†

The very style of the Letters bears evidence to the pressure of duty under which they were written. Most of the shorter ones are expressed with a brevity, a business-like air, which reminds us of nothing so much as the style of a merchant's counting-house.

Of the variety of his engagements, even before the conflict of his life commenced, (1516,) he says to his friend John Lange—'I could find employment almost for two amanuenses; I do scarcely any thing all day but write letters, so that I know not whether I may not be writing what I have already written:—you will see. I am conventual preacher, chaplain, pastor, and parish minister, director of studies, vicar of the priory, that is, prior eleven times over, inspector of the fisheries at Litzkau, counsel to the inns of Herzeberg in Torgau, lecturer on Paul, and expounder of the Psalms.' At a later period he found there might be engagements yet heavier than these. In excuse of an absurd blunder in translating a Hebrew word, he writes (1521)—'I was distracted and occupied, as often happens, with various thoughts. I am one of the busiest of men: I preach twice a-day; I am compiling the psalter, labouring at the pos-tils, replying to my adversaries, assailing the bull both in Latin and German, and defending myself, to say nothing of writing letters,' &c.‡ 'I would have written to both our friends,' he says to James Strauss, (1524,) 'but it is incredible with what business I am overwhelmed, so that I can scarcely get through my letters alone. The whole world begins to press me down, so that I could even long to die or be translated.' '*Opto vel mori vel tolli.*' §

These last two passages, not cited by D'Anbigné or Waddington, perhaps better illustrate the pressure of his duties than the first, which they both have given.

When, in addition to all this, we take into account the promptitude of his pen, and that his antagonists seldom had to wait long for an answer, we cannot be surprised that much which he wrote should have inadequately represented his mental powers.

Nor is mere bulk to be left out of consideration in estimat-

* De Wette, vol. i. p. 23.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 554.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 317.

§ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 505.

ing the vigour of his intellect; for, though it is itself no criterion of genius—many of the most voluminous writers having been amongst the worst and dullest—yet if we find large fragments of such writings richly veined with gold, however impure the ore in which it is discovered, we may reasonably infer that if their authors had written less and with more elaboration, they would have left behind them far more splendid monuments of their genius; and thus, in the estimate of its true dimensions, the *quantity* of what they have written becomes an essential element. This consideration ought, in all fairness, to be applied not only to Luther but to all his great contemporaries, and to all the theologians of any eminence in the succeeding age. They wrote with far too great rapidity and frequency to do themselves full justice. The gold of genius is in their works, but spread out thin; its essence is there, but undistilled; in the shape of a huge pile of leaves, not in a little phial of liquid of intense odour.

None can be more deeply convinced that the hasty and voluminous writings of Luther afforded but an inadequate index of his powers than was Luther himself. This is evident from his own estimate of his writings, formed at the close of life, and expressed in the general preface to his collected works. He there laments the haste with which they had often been composed, and the want of accuracy and method which distinguishes them. He even speaks of them in terms of unjust depreciation, and declares, no doubt in sincerity, but in strange ignorance of himself, his willingness that they should be consigned to oblivion, and other and better works which had subsequently appeared, substituted in their place. The following are sentences from this memorable preface. ‘Multum diuque restiti illis qui meos libros, *seu verius confusiones mearum lucubrationum* voluerunt editas, tum quod nolui antiquorum labores meis novitatibus obrui, et lectorem a legendis illis impediri, tum quod nunc, Dei gratia, extent methodici libri quam plurimi. . . . His rationibus adductus, cupiebam *omnes libros meos* perpetuâ oblivione sepultos, ut melioribus esset locus.’

But whatever the merits of Luther's writings, we have already admitted that it is not in them that we look for the chief evidences of the power and compass of his intellect. His pretensions to be considered one of the great minds of his species, are more truly, as well as more wisely, rested on his actions—on the skill and conduct which he displayed through all the long conflict with his gigantic adversary, and the ineffaceable traces which he left of himself on the mind of his age, and on that of all succeeding time. The more his position at various periods is studied, and the deeper the insight into the history of his times, the more obvious, we are per-

suaded, will appear his practical sagacity, the soundness as well as promptitude of his judgment, the wisdom as well as boldness of his measures. It will be seen, too, that in not a few instances his very boldness was itself wisdom.

From his first encounter with Tetzels, and the appearance of the celebrated Theses, to the Diet of Worms, and his abduction to the Wartburg, his history is perhaps as eventful as that of any man can well be; and it is impossible, we think, not to see that he conducted his arduous enterprise with infinite address, as well as energy. Again and again did his formidable enemy, unfamiliar with defeat—before whom every antagonist had for ages been crushed—exhaust her power, her menaces, her flatteries, her arts, in vain. For the first time, her famed diplomacy, her proverbial craft, were at fault; Nuncios and Legates returned bootless to their Papal master. Cajetan, and Miltitz, and Eck, and Aleander were all foiled at their own weapons. But he displayed his singular sagacity not more strongly by his address in these negotiations, and in the fertile expedients by which he frustrated or parried the efforts of his enemies, than in his quick perception of the turning-points of the great controversy, and the judicious positions in which he intrenched himself accordingly.

Let us be permitted to remind the reader of a few instances. Against the usurping and all-presuming spirit of Rome, he opposed the counter principle of the absolute supremacy of Scripture, and to every clamorous demand for retraction, replied to Legates, Nuncios, Diets alike, 'Let my errors be first proved *by that authority*.' Nothing is more frequently iterated by him than this maxim, which he often lays down with a brief energy which reminds us of the celebrated sentence of Chillingworth.

Aware that this principle involved another equally opposed to the jealous policy of Rome, he foresaw the immense importance to his cause of placing the Bible in every body's hands; and providing the means, as well as foreseeing the results, he toiled day and night till he had unlocked for the people the treasures of Scripture in his own rich and idiomatic version. If he did not always *consistently* pursue this principle to its extreme limits, and practically assert the right of private judgment, yet he admitted it in theory. Such expressions as the following will prove this:—'The right of enquiring and judging concerning matters of faith belongs to all Christians, and to each; and so absolutely, that cursed be he who would abridge this right by a single hair's-breadth.'*

* Cont. Reg. Angliæ, L. Op. vol. ii. p. 592.

In opposition to that system of spiritual barter which formed the essence of Romanism, and by which it had so deeply degraded the gospel, he arrayed, sometimes too paradoxically it is true, the forgotten doctrine of justification by faith. .

Perceiving that the dominion of Rome was founded in ignorance, and that his constant appeal must be to the intelligence of the people, he laboured incessantly to promote the interests of learning and the diffusion of knowledge; and did much by his enlightened advocacy to give the Reformation one of its most glorious characteristics—its close alliance with scholarship and science.* Deeply disgusted with that scholastic philosophy, which, without being perhaps fully versed in it, he knew to be a main pillar of the Romish system, he not only laboured to supplant it by a scriptural theology, but was scarcely less anxious than Erasmus himself that polite letters should be substituted in its stead. An equally decisive example of his sagacity is to be seen in the uniform repudiation of physical force as fatal to his cause; the more remarkable, when we reflect on the impetuosity of his own character, and the notions of that age—an age when violence was so familiar, and almost the sole, as it was the most welcome, instrument of all revolutions. He consistently asserted the moral power of truth throughout his whole career, even when the menaces of his enemies seemed to justify an opposite course, and when the indiscreet zeal of some of his friends, more especially Philip Landgrave of Hesse,† Sickingen, and Von Hutten, were impatient to try sharper weapons than those of argument. In January 1521, (not June, as stated by Dr Waddington,) he writes to Spalatin—‘ You see what Hutten wants. But I am averse to strive for the gospel by violence and bloodshed. By the Word of God was the world subdued, by that Word has the Church been preserved, and by that Word shall it also be repaired.’‡ ‘ I hear,’ he writes to Melancthon from the Wartburg, ‘ that an attack has been made at Erfurdt on the houses of the priests. I wonder that the senate

* This is fully proved by citations from Luther's writings given by D'Aubigné, vol. iii. pp. 236-243. Luther's truly enlarged views on this subject are also frequently disclosed in his correspondence.

† If Luther had as strongly resisted every other erring impulse of this impetuous Prince, he would have escaped the heaviest imputation on his character. But, alas! the document in which for *state reasons* Luther, and Melancthon, and Bucer, and others, sanctioned Philip in *bigamy*—dispensing in *his* case with what they *admitted* to be a general law of Christian morals—remains, and can be read only with grief and shame.

‡ De Wette, vol. i. 543. .

'has permitted or connived at it, and that Prior Lange has been silent. For though it is well that these impious adversaries should be restrained, yet the mode of doing it must bring reproach and a just defeat upon the gospel.*' 'We have a right to speak,' he firmly admonished the rash innovators, who had begun to demolish images and windows, 'but none whatever to compel. Let us preach; the rest belongs to God. If I appeal to force; what shall I gain? Grimace, forced uniformity, and hypocrisy.' But there will be no hearty sincerity, no faith, no love. Where these are wanting, all are wanting; and I would not give a straw for such a victory.'

We all know that it was not for want of courage Luther adopted this pacific course. The fearlessness with which he faced the plague in 1516, saying, 'the world will not perish because brother Martin falls,' followed him through life. It is a noble trait of his character, that on the above occasion he dispersed the students, though he persisted in not quitting his post himself; and on a subsequent occasion, he was anxious that his friend Melancthon should not imitate his own heroism. 'Obsecro,' he writes to Spalatin, (1521,) 'ne Philippus maneat, si pestis irruat.'

Nor was his sagacity less shown in much of the by-play of the great drama. On his letter to Frederic, and the skill with which he pleaded his cause, even while he seemed to abandon it, we have already touched. Let us take another instance. The centre of a stupendous revolution, surrounded with enthusiastic spirits, an enthusiast himself, it is astonishing how far he kept himself and his followers from practical fanaticism.† When

* De Wette, vol. ii. pp. 7, 8.

† We, of course, do not mean to assert that Luther was always thus personally superior to spiritual illusion. His reputed encounters with the Devil at the Wartburgh are quite sufficient to prove this. But the example of Cromwell and many others, may teach us that religious enthusiasm, or even fanaticism, is not inconsistent with the deepest practical sagacity and the wisest conduct of affairs. We are also disposed to think, that very many of the expressions on which this species of illusion has been charged on Luther, are but strong tropical modes of representing those internal conflicts of which every Christian is sensible, but which few have waged with so intense an agony as himself. The incidents at the Wartburgh cannot be thus accounted for. But none will be surprised at these, who will peruse the accounts he himself gives of his health in the letters written from that place. Deep solitude, unwonted diet, prolonged sleeplessness, intense anxiety, had evidently produced the most extensive derangement of all the digestive processes. 'The distressing *tinnitus capitis*' of which he complains, as

Mark Stubner and his associates appeared at Wittenberg with their confident claims to revelation, during Luther's residence at the Wartburg, even Melancthon wavered. Luther remained firm: he adhered to his great principle of the supremacy of the Scriptures, disclaimed all new revelations, and declared that any messenger from God must prove his commission by the only credentials—the power of working miracles. He, at the same time, adhered to another principle, and declared that these fanatics ought not to be subjected to persecution.—In the deplorable war of the peasants, we have similar proofs of his penetration. He pleaded for a timely redress of many of their wrongs, and foretold the consequences of neglecting them. But when the people commenced their horrid excesses, he advocated with superfluous, and even rabid violence, the adoption of the severest measures of chastisement. Some of his expressions, indeed, are perfectly shocking; and we can only account for their vehemence by supposing, that foreseeing what was actually the case, that the popular excesses would be malignantly attributed to the Reformation itself, he was determined to anticipate slander, and provide, as he has done by even an ostentatious opposition, for the defence of himself and his adherents.

The same singular sagacity is seen in the temperate manner in which he attempted to realize the results of the Reformation, and to reconstruct the edifice he had demolished. He was no violent iconoclast—no rash innovator like Carlstadt. But we need say nothing on this head; the subject has been beautifully noticed by D'Aubigné in the commencement of his third volume; where he shows, that the impression that Luther was a rash, headlong revolutionist, is altogether erroneous.

But we further mean to assert, that in the most audacious actions of his life, that very audacity, in the majority of instances, was itself wisdom. Take, for example, his Letter from the Wartburg to Albert Archbishop of Mayence, commanding, rather than beseeching him, not to revive the infamous Indul-

well as of other exquisitely painful symptoms to which we cannot more particularly advert, show the condition he was in. No physician reading certain sentences, (vol. ii. pp. 2, 6, 17, 22,) would wonder at any fancies in which Luther's hypochondriacal imagination might indulge; or that, in his case, those fancies took the direction of his habitual thoughts. The same hypochondriacal symptoms often appeared subsequently; and they are, as might be expected, generally associated with religious depression.

On the subject of Luther's spiritual encounters, (as well as on some other interesting points of his history) we beg to refer the reader to some remarks in an article in this Journal, Vol. lxix. p. 273.

gences. We do not defend the taste or decency of the style ; but the result proves that Luther knew his man. It was followed by a reply as deferential as if the monk had been the archbishop, and the archbishop the monk. It was on this occasion that he used some most remarkable expressions to Spalatin, who had enjoined silence, and who had enforced his injunctions by those of Frederic :—‘ I have seldom read more unwelcome letters than your ‘ last,’ he writes ; ‘ so that I not only delayed to reply, but had ‘ determined not to reply at all. I will not bear what you have ‘ said, that the Prince will not suffer the Archbishop to be writ- ‘ ten to, nor that I should disturb the public peace. I will ‘ rather lose you—the Prince—and every creature on earth. If ‘ I have resisted the Archbishop’s creator, the Pope—shall I suc- ‘ cumb to the Pope’s creature ? Non sic, Spalatine ; ‘ non sic, Princeps. I am resolved not to listen to ‘ you ; fixum est, te non auditum iri.’*

In like manner, his Appeal to a Future Council, prepared while awaiting the fulmination of the Bull, but surreptitiously published before it came, (as Luther expressly affirms,) brought thousands to his standard ; and still more may be said for those bold and unsparing invectives against the abuses of Rome, in the ‘ Baby- ‘ lonish Captivity,’ and in the ‘ Address to the German Nobility.’ It may be similarly asserted, that no measure whatever could have been so critically well-timed as that most decisive one of committing the decretals and entire pontifical code to the flames, and crowning the hecatomb with the formidable bull itself. It is not only one of the most striking events of history, and exhibits the chief actor in an attitude truly sublime, but was a most felicitous and politic expedient. It is curious, however, to hear Luther admitting, in his correspondence, that even *his* heart sometimes misgave him before the performance of that most significant act. ‘ I burnt the Papal books and the bull,’ he writes to Staupitz a month after, ‘ with trembling and prayer ; but I am now better ‘ pleased with that act than with any other of my whole life.’ †

The same wisdom marked the courageous obstinacy with which, in spite of entreaties, intimidations, and sickness, he persisted in presenting himself at the Diet of Worms. He alone, of all his party, seemed duly to appreciate the importance, the necessity, of that act to the safety of his great enterprise. At that critical moment, advance as well as retreat was full of danger ; but the path of true policy, as well as of true magnanimity, was advance. His obstinacy at this crisis has some-

* De Wette, vol. ii. p. 94.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 543.

thing absolutely sublime about it. While his enemies, more perspicacious than his friends, distrusted, and at last dreaded his appearance, employed all sorts of machinations to deter him, and plainly hinted that the road to Worms was the road to destruction, while his friends, with a terrible remembrance of the fate of Huss before their eyes, to whom even the Imperial safe-conduct had been no protection, painted, in appalling colours, the certain martyrdom to which he was exposing himself, Luther remained inflexible. The repeated and varied forms in which he energetically expressed his purpose, showed the importance he attached to the act, and the obstinacy with which he had resolved upon it. Two are well known:—‘Should they light a fire which should blaze as high as heaven, and reach from Wittemberg to Worms, at Worms I will still appear.’ ‘Though there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the houses, in would I go—*noch wollt ich hinein.*’ But his Letters, written on his progress thither, abound in expressions of the same inflexibility. ‘We come, my Spalatin,’ he writes from Frankfort. . . . ‘We will enter Worms in spite of all the gates of hell, and all the powers of the air.’* ‘Will you go on?’ said the Imperial herald to him at Weimar, where they were placarding the Imperial edict against him. ‘I will,’ replied Luther; ‘though I should be put under interdict in every town—‘I will go on.’

And his appearance and language at Worms, did more to promote the cause of the Reformation than any other act, whether of preceding or succeeding years. He himself, as he repeatedly intimates in his correspondence, had serious apprehensions that his career would terminate at Worms, and evidently left it with much of the feeling with which a man might find that he had safely got out of a lion's den. There is an obvious tone of hilarity in the letters dated immediately after his departure from the Diet, which contrasts oddly enough with regrets that he must escape, in temporary concealment, the honours of martyrdom. Witness the following to Luke Cranach, the painter, in which he ludicrously characterises the proceedings of the Diet with all the point, brevity, and sarcastic energy, which he could so well assume:—‘I thought that his Imperial Majesty would have summoned some doctor, or some fifty, and eloquently confuted the monk. But nothing more is done than just this, “Are these books thine?” “Yes.” “Will you retract

* De Wette, vol. i. p. 587.

‘them or not?’ “No.” “Then get about your business.” *So heb dich.*’

During the sittings of the celebrated Diet of Augsburg, (held nearly ten years after that of Worms,) Luther, it is well known, was persuaded to remain at Coburg, whence he watched with intense and, as his Letters at this period so often testify, impatient interest, the proceedings of his less prompt and perspicacious colleagues. On this occasion he showed his thorough knowledge of the treacherous and crafty policy, the spirit of subtle intrigue, which had so often characterised Rome—those ‘Italian arts,’ *Italitates* as he designates them when speaking so many years before of the feigned cordialities of the Nuncio Miltitz—‘arts’ which he dreaded for Melancthon more than violence, and of which the Papal diplomacy was never more prodigal than on this occasion. While the timid Melancthon was ‘cutting and contriving’ to perform impossibilities, to find a common measure of incommensurables—‘sewing new cloth upon old garments, and putting new wine into old bottles,’ striving to diminish to an invisible line the interval between some of the doctrines of his adversaries and his own, adopting all sorts of little artifices and convenient ambiguities of expression, to show the harmony of doctrines which must be eternally discordant—Luther boldly remonstrates against a policy so ruinous; assures him that, whatever the apparent pliability of Rome, nothing but absolute submission would satisfy her imperious spirit; and that the true policy of the Reformers was what it had been—that of uncompromising firmness. In the most energetic language he denounces the vanity of all projects of verbal compromise; refuses all participation in any acts which should have that object; and threatens to shiver in atoms any league by which Rome and Luther should be bound together. ‘I have received your apology,’ he writes to Melancthon, ‘and wonder what you mean when you ask, What and how much should be conceded to the Pope? For myself, more than enough has already been conceded in that Apology, and if they refuse that, I see not what more I can possibly grant them.’* And shortly after, ‘For myself, I will not yield a hair’s-breadth, or suffer any thing to be restored. I will rather endure every extremity. Let the Emperor do as he will.’† And two days after, to Spalatin, ‘Hope not for agreement. If the Emperor will publish an edict, let him. *He published one at Worms!*’‡ ‘Should it come to pass,’ he writes to the same friend a month after,

* De Wette, vol. iv. p. 52.

† *Ibid.* p. 88.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 92.

‘that you concede any thing plainly against the gospel, and ‘enclose that eagle in a vile sack, Luther, (never doubt it,)— ‘Luther will come, and, in a magnificent fashion, set the noble ‘bird free.’ ‡ M. D'Aubigné's work has not yet reached this period; but there are no Letters of Luther more interesting than the series which relate to the proceedings of this memorable Diet.

With such talents for the conduct of affairs, we need not wonder that the prudent Frederic so often sought his counsels; that Melancthon should have so eulogised his sagacity in his funeral panegyric; or that Cajetan should have wished to decline further encounters with him. ‘I will have nothing more ‘to do with this beast, for he has deep-set eyes, and wonderful ‘speculations in his head.’

We have repeatedly stated, that the intellect of Luther did not particularly fit him for the investigation of abstract or speculative truth; but in all matters of a practical nature—in all that concerned the management of affairs or the conduct of life, his judgment was both penetrating and profound. Hence, while nothing can be more flimsy than his metaphysics, nothing can be more generally sound than his practical judgments. Incapable of stating truth with philosophical precision, or laying it down with all its requisite limitations, he was a great master of that rough moral computation, which contents itself for practical purposes with approximate accuracy. This was especially the case in relation to that class of truths, in which a magnanimous mind, and lofty moral instincts, anticipate the lagging deductions of reason; and which are better understood and enforced by the heart than by the head. His writings abound in weighty and solid maxims, in which both the data and the demonstration are alike suppressed.

To great sagacity, Luther also added, in a pre-eminent degree, that passionate earnestness of character which leads men not only to hold truth tenaciously, but to take every means in their power to diffuse, propagate, and realize it; to make it victorious. In Luther, no doubt, the principal spring of this impulse was depth of religious conviction; but the tendency itself is as much an element of character in some men, as the love of contemplation is in others. It is a form of ambition—a noble one, it is true—the ambition of intellectual dominion; and has actuated many a philosopher who flattered himself that he was single-eyed in his pursuit of wisdom. This warlike and polemic

spirit is, no doubt, often most inconsistent with a calm and cautious survey of all the relations and details of great questions. But it is well for the world that there are some who, with speculative powers at least robust enough to enable them to seize large fragments of truth, are immediately impelled to communicate it. Partial truth diffused, is better than perfect truth suppressed—better than stark ignorance and error—better than that condition of things in which Luther found the world.

And if the vehemence, natural to such minds, sometimes precipitates the conclusions of reason, or substitutes prejudices for them, it is to be remembered that it will be long before the same earnestness and zeal, in contending for truth, will be manifested by those intellects which abstractedly are best qualified to investigate it. It would, doubtless, be very beautiful to see the tranquillity of the philosopher conjoined with the fire of the advocate—first, intellect without passion, and then intellect with it. But it is a condition denied to us. If there be great energy of character, the processes of reason will often be precipitated or disturbed; if the coolness and equanimity of temperament which these require, the same qualities will unhappily continue to operate when their work is completed. The philosopher will still be apt to vindicate his character, and look most provokingly philosophic as to whether his views are effectually urged on mankind or not. At all events, if he become a zealous writer on their behalf, it requires something more to encounter suffering for them; and while almost every religion has had those who have dared all and endured all in its defence, the annals of science scarcely present us with the name of a single authentic martyr. Philosophers have been illustrious benefactors of mankind; but it requires more energy of passion, and a sterner nature than generally falls to their lot, to ruffle it with the world—to encounter obloquy, persecution, and death in defence of truth. Even Galileo was but too ready to recant when menaced with martyrdom, and to set the sun, which he had so impiously stopped, on his great diurnal journey again. It is true that he is said to have relapsed into heresy the moment after he had recanted, and drolly whispered, ‘But the earth does move though.’ Yet while the profession of error was uttered aloud, the confession of truth was made *sotto voce*. As Pascal says of the reservations of the Jesuits, *C'est dire la vérité tout bas, et un mensonge tout haut*.

Nor can it be said that the class of philosophers have in general been disposed to risk more, where truth has been practical and better calculated to influence the affections. The ancient phi-

losophers are a notorious example of the contrary. They saw and scorned the puerilities of the ancient systems of superstition, but without vigorously attempting to destroy them, or to substitute better notions in their place. It was sufficient for them to make the convenient distinction between the *exoteric* and the *esoteric*. They could join in the popular rites with gravity of face and laughter in their hearts, and worship their gods and sneer at them at the same time.

The vehemence of Luther's passions, and the energy of his will, formed most remarkable features of his character—as much so assuredly as any quality of his intellect—and enabled him, in conjunction with that lofty confidence, that heroic faith—which seemed to take for literal truth the declaration, ‘what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them’—to effect greater things than were probably ever effected by the same qualities before. Not only the pliant Melancthon yielded to the superior decision and energy of his nature, as much, at least, as to his judgment, but Princes and Nobles often yielded to it; and as to the common people, his confident bearing and resolute will achieved more than half his victory over them. In many instances, he seems to have made his way solely by the influence of an all-conquering enthusiasm and an inflexible purpose. His faith realized its own visions, and almost literally proved itself to be capable ‘of re-moving mountains.’

On comparatively trivial occasions, and when in the wrong, (not seldom the case,) this intensity of passion, and inflexibility of purpose, must have made him no very pleasant coadjutor. Even the amiable Melancthon murmured after his death at the severity of that yoke, which, while Luther lived, he bore with much-enduring meekness. We wish, for Melancthon's own manhood, he had either murmured earlier, or not murmured at all. But in a great crisis, and where the Reformer was in the right, the qualities of mind we are now considering, exhibit him in aspects full of grandeur. His enthusiasm is heroic, his energy of will sublime. It is curious to contrast his almost childish obstinacy, and rabid virulence in relation to Zwingli and the Sacramentarians, with the dignity of his deportment, under the influence of similar inflexibility of character, before and at the diet of Worms. It was with him as with many powerful minds—great occasions calmed him; the energy was commensurate to the objects which called it forth; the weight upon the machine was proportional to its momentum; and slow and majestic movement took the place of a self-destroying and turbulent force.

There was one peculiarity about Luther, of which we know

not whether it most illustrates the robustness of his intellect or the energy of his will, but it renders his character absolutely unique. We mean the rapidity and comparative ease with which he triumphed over the deepest prejudices of his age and education;—Roman Catholics would doubtless say over his happiest *prepossessions*. But this matters not to our present observation, which respects the singular character of the transformation, not its nature;—though Protestants have pretty well made up their minds, that in all the great principles he so vigorously extricated and so boldly avowed, he showed as well the rectitude as the force of his understanding—as in his advocacy of the supremacy of the Scriptures, and in his condemnation (under the guidance of that principle) of indulgences, of the monastic institute, of the celibacy of the clergy, of the mass, of the usurpations of the Pope. The spectacle is a noble one. The maxims and the institutes which he denounced with so much energy and confidence, had been consecrated by universal veneration, and were covered by the ‘awful hoar of ages.’ The prejudices which he vanquished had been instilled into his childhood, and they were retained till he reached manhood; they were the prejudices of all his contemporaries; they held dominion not only over the most timid, but over the most powerful intellects; they had bound even ‘kings in chains, and nobles in fetters of iron;’ and almost every attempt, certainly all recent attempts to demolish them, had been crushed by a despotism which united the utmost degree of craft with the most ruthless employment of violence, and was the most compact and formidable the world ever saw. That he should have been able to denude himself of such prejudices—boldly to avow this great mental revolution—and give utterance to a series of novel and startling dogmas in opposition to them, is an example of independence and fearlessness of mind, which the world had never before witnessed.

Our wonder is still further increased, when we reflect that Luther himself was originally as passionate a devotee of the system he renounced, as he afterwards became of that for which he renounced it. Nor could he have been otherwise. The very depth and sincerity of his character forbade that he should hold any thing lightly; and whether he was right, or wrong, he was always in earnest. While he was a Papist, he was a blind one; like Paul, ‘an Hebrew of the Hebrews; and, as touching the law, a Pharisee.’ He was none of those half-infidel ecclesiastics who abounded at Rome, and were the natural offspring of the age; men who saw through the superstition which they yet sanctioned, and conducted, with edifying solemnity of visage, the venerable rites at which they were all the while internally chuckling. He

himself tells us, (1539)—‘ I may and will affirm with truth, that ‘ at the present time, there is no Papist so conscientiously and ‘ earnestly a Papist as I once was !’ He repeats this in various forms in his Letters.

The account of his youthful visit to Rome, as given by himself, confirms this statement. The profound veneration with which he approached the holy city ; the passionate devotion with which he visited sacred places, and engaged in public rites ; the shock and revulsion of feeling with which he discovered that others were not so much in earnest as himself—all show how sincerely he was then attached to the ancient system, and by what severe struggles his spirit must have shaken off its thralldom. The spectacle of this mental revolution is rendered still more imposing by the comparative rapidity with which it was effected. In 1516 Luther was still a zealous Papist ; in October 1517, he published his Theses against Indulgences, and in less than four years from that date, he had committed himself to a contest with Rome on all the great principles of the Reformation. How rapidly those principles disclosed themselves, as the controversy proceeded, is sufficiently clear from constant evidences in his correspondence. In a Letter dated Dec. 2, 1518, when expecting banishment by Frederic, he says to Spalatin—‘ If I remain here, I ‘ shall be without freedom of speech and writing ; if I go, I will ‘ discharge my conscience, and pour out my life for Christ.’ A week after he says—‘ I shall yet one day be a little freer against ‘ these Roman hydras.’ Three months later, he writes to Lange—‘ Our friend Eck is meditating new contests against me, and ‘ will compel me to do what I have often thought of ; that is, by ‘ the blessing of Christ, to inveigh more seriously against these ‘ monsters. For, hitherto, I have but been playing and trifling ‘ in this matter.’ He repeats nearly the same words a fortnight after, to Scheurl—‘ I have often said, that hitherto I have been ‘ trifling ; but now more serious assaults are to be directed against ‘ the Roman pontiff and the arrogance of his ministers.’ In March 1519, he made this memorable confession—‘ I am reading ‘ the pontifical decretals,’ (for the Leipsic disputation,) ‘ and I ‘ know not whether the Pope is Antichrist himself, or only his ‘ apostle.’ In February 1520, he writes—‘ I have scarcely a remaining doubt that the Pope is verily Antichrist . . . so well ‘ does he agree with him in his life, his acts, his words, and his ‘ decrees.’ On the 10th of July, soon after the appearance of the bull of condemnation, he says to Spalatin—‘ For me the die is ‘ cast—*facta est alea*—the Papal wrath and Papal favour are alike ‘ despised by me ; I will never be reconciled to them, nor ‘ communicate with them more. Let them burn my writings.

‘ I, unless I am unable to get a little fire, (doubtless alluding to the interdict,) will condemn and publicly burn the whole pontifical code.’

Perhaps, next to his journey to Worms, the two most daring acts of his life were the burning the Papal bull, and his marriage. Of the former, and of the tremendous defiance it implied, we have already spoken. But the latter step required almost equal courage. His prejudices in relation to his monastic vows, as is seen by his correspondence, troubled him as much as any he had to vanquish. Nor had he vanquished them fully till his return from the Wartburgh. When he resolved to marry, (a resolution taken suddenly enough,) one of his prime motives, if we may believe himself, was to give the utmost practical efficiency to his convictions, and encourage his followers in a conflict with a most powerful, because most distressing class of associations. *Supposing* this his motive, it was certainly not only one of the boldest, but one of the most politic expedients he could have adopted. He assures us, after giving other reasons for the step, that one was, ‘ ut confirmem *facto* quæ docui, tam multos invenio pusillanimes in tantâ luce evangelii.’ *

That this was his principal motive, we may well doubt; with passions so strong as his, it was not likely to be more than co-ordinate with others. But that it was a very real motive, we may safely conclude: he was now past the heyday of passion—was forty-two years old—had lived in the most blameless celibacy, and had at first predestined his Catharine for another. Never did the cloister close upon one who was better qualified to appreciate and reciprocate the felicities of domestic life. As a husband and a father, his character is full of tenderness and gentleness; nor is there any part of his correspondence more interesting than his Letters to his ‘ Kate,’ and their ‘ little Johnny;’ or those in which he alludes to his fireside.

The clamours of his adversaries showed how bold was the step on which he had ventured. ‘ Nothing less than Antichrist,’ they said, ‘ could be the fruit of the union of a monk and a nun.’ The taunt well justified the caustic sarcasm of Erasmus—‘ That there must already have been *many* Antichrists if *that* was the sole condition of their appearance.’

Rapid as was Luther’s conquest over his own prejudices, the revolution was still in perfect analogy with similar revolutions in other minds. It was only more extensive and less gradual. Gradual such a change must ever be. from the limited capacities

* De Wette, vol. iii. p. 113.

of our nature, and its law of gradual development. It would be not less absurd to suppose, that when he first protested against Indulgences he foresaw the results of that contest, than it would be to suppose that Cromwell anticipated his Protectorate at the time of the battle of Newbury; or that Napoleon had already predestined himself to more than half the thrones of Europe when he entered on his Italian campaigns. As with them, so with Luther in his more hallowed enterprise—the horizon continually widened as he climbed the hill. Nor was it, as the confessions of Luther abundantly prove, without severe struggles, and momentary vacillations of purpose, that he pursued his arduous way. This is especially seen in that wavering Letter to the Pope, written at the suggestion of Miltitz, in which, in language which more than approached servility and adulation, he deprecated the anger of Leo, and declared that nothing was further from his purpose than to question the authority, or separate from the communion of Rome. We do not mean to affirm that Luther intended to deceive his enemies; such a course was foreign from his whole nature, and opposed to his ordinary conduct. Yet it is certain that before this period he had intimated his increasing doubts whether the Pope was not Antichrist, and his convictions that the war with Rome was but just commenced. We cannot defend the *servility* of the Letter at all; and can only defend its *honesty*, on the supposition that it was written in one of those moments of vacillation to which we have adverted;—with the wish, inspired by his recent conferences with the Nuncio, that the controversy might be amicably set at rest, and with his mind almost exclusively bent on whatever promised such an issue.* Marvellously rapid as was the revolution in his mind compared with what might be expected, it was by repeated exorcisms, and terrible convulsions of spirit, that the legion of demons was expelled. The current did not flow all one way; it was the flux and reflux of a strong tide.

The very honesty of purpose and love of truth by which he was unquestionably actuated, prevented at all events any artificial obstacles to his progress. He did not attempt, as so many do, to reconcile inconsistencies and harmonize counter-declarations. He frankly acknowledged the fallibility of his nature—his early errors and imperfect views. To every taunt of having receded from any position, he boldly said, in effect—‘I thought so once; I was wrong. I think so no more. I appeal from

* Dr Waddington has given an exceedingly fair and impartial statement on this subject. • •

'Luther in ignorance, to Luther well-informed.' This was the case in relation to the memorable Letter to which we have just referred—'I am truly grieved,' says he, 'that I *did* make such serious submissions; but, in truth, I then held respecting Popes and Councils just what is vulgarly taught us. . . But as I grew in knowledge, I grew in courage; and in truth they were at infinite pains to undeceive me, by an egregious display of their ignorance and flagitiousness.'

One of the most striking facts which appear in the correspondence of Luther, is the indication it affords of very early discontent with the prevailing system of theology, and the actual condition of the church. It is evident that he was predestined to be a great reformer; that the germ of the Reformation existed in his bosom long before the dispute with Tetzel; and that, if the dispute respecting Indulgences had not led to its development, something else would. Even before Tetzel's 'drum' was heard in the neighbourhood of Wittenberg, he speaks with absolute loathing of the scholastic subtleties; expresses his conviction of the necessity of returning to a Scriptural theology; loudly contends for that doctrine of justification by faith which he afterwards made the lever of the Reformation; and expresses an abhorrence of Aristotle, which might more justly have been transferred to those dreaming commentators who had absurdly exalted a heathen philosopher into an oracle of the Christian church. Most of these passages will be found in the two Histories, so often referred to.

It has often been matter of surprise that the great contest of the Reformation should have turned upon so comparatively trivial a controversy as that which respected the Indulgences—a point which was soon after absolutely forgotten. But it is not the first time that a skirmish of outposts has led to a general engagement. It may be added, that insignificant as that one point may at first sight appear, it was most natural that the contest should begin there. And though the tide of battle rolled away from it, partly because even the hardihood of Rome could scarcely dare to defend such a post, and partly because the Reformers ceased to think of it in those more comprehensive corruptions which formed the object of their general assault, (in which, indeed, this particular abuse, with many others like it, originated,) it was not only the most natural point at which the conflict should begin, but it was most improbable that it should *not* begin there. Habituated as men's minds were to the corruptions of the church, steeped in superstition from their very childhood, it could only be by some revolting paradox that they could possibly be roused to think, examine, and remon-

strate. The whole enormous expansion of the Papal power had been but one long experiment on the patience and credulity of mankind. Each successive imposition was, it is true, worse than that which had preceded it; but when once it had fastened itself upon men's minds, and they had grown familiar with it, there was no further chance of awakening them from their apathy. Something further was needed, and a still more prodigious corruption must minister the hope of reformation. Now Indulgences, as proclaimed in the gross system of Tetzel, and of other spiritual quacks like him, was at once the ultimate and consistent limit of that huckstering in 'merits,' to which almost all the other corruptions of the church had been more plausibly subservient; and formed just that startling exaggeration of familiar abuses which was necessary to awaken men's minds to reconsideration. The notion of selling pardons for sins, wholesale and retail—of collecting into one great treasury the superfluous merits of the saints, and of doling them out by the pennyweight at prices fixed in the compound ratio of the necessities and means of the purchaser,—was a notion which, however monstrous, however calculated to awaken the drowsy consciences of mankind, was in harmony with the specious nonsense of works of supererogation, and the doctrine of penance. It was simply the substitution of the more valuable medium of solid coin for mechanical rites of devotion, tiresome pilgrimages, and acts of austerity; of golden chalices or silver candlesticks for scourges and horse-hair shirts; and, provided it implied the same amount of self-denial, what did it matter? The former plan was undeniably more profitable to Holy Church, and as to the penitent, few in our day but will admit that either plan was likely to be equally efficacious. The substitution of the merits of great saints for the transgressions of great sinners, or the remission of the pains of purgatory, might, for aught we can see, be as reasonably effected by pounds, shillings, and pence, as by walking twenty miles with pebbles in one's shoes.

The system of Indulgences, therefore—in the grosser form in which such men as Tetzel proclaimed it—was but the dark aphelion of the eccentric orbit in which the Church of Christ had wandered; and from that point it naturally began to retrace its path to 'the fountain itself of heavenly radiance.'

It may be said, perhaps, that the system of Indulgences had been proclaimed under one modification or another for more than a century and a half before Tetzel appeared, without producing any remarkable reaction. We answer, first, that they had seldom or never been proclaimed in so disgusting and offensive a form, or with such consummate impudence, as by Tetzel; and secondly,

that the reception given even to the more cautious and limited exhibitions of the system, proves the truth of what we have been asserting; for it was always on this, as the most obvious and most revolting corruption, that the earlier reformers and satirists of the church most bitterly fastened. The moral instincts of such men, indeed, were not so vitiated as to render them insensible to the vices and the profligacies of the ecclesiastical system generally; but the idea of bartering the justice and mercy of God himself for gold, naturally seemed the quintessence of every other corruption. What, indeed, could rouse mankind, if the spectacle of the ghostly pedlar openly trafficking in his parchment wares of pardon for the past, and indulgence for the future—haggling over the price of an insult to God, or a wrong to man—letting out crime to hire, and selling the glories of heaven as a cheap pennyworth—did not fill them with abhorrence and indignation? The contempt with which Chaucer's Pilgrims listen to the impudent offer of the pardoner, well shows the feelings which such outrages on all common sense, and every moral instinct, could not fail to excite.

So gross was this abuse that even the most bigoted Papists—Eck, for example—were compelled to denounce it; nor were there any more caustic satirists of it than some of themselves. Witness the witty comedy of Thomas Heywood, who, though a Catholic, hated the mendicant friars as heartily as any of his Protestant contemporaries. But no satire, however extravagant, could be a caricature of the follies and knavery of this class of men. One of the wittiest sarcasms of the play is but a translation of Tetzels impudent assertion that 'no sooner did the money chink in the box, than the souls for which it was offered flew up into heaven.'

'With small cost and without any pain;
These pardons bring them to heaven plain;
Give me but a penny or two-pence.
And, as soon as the soul departeth hence,
In half-an-hour, or three-quarters *at most*,
The soul is in heaven with the Holy Ghost.'

And, we doubt not, that that most humorous chapter in the ancient and popular satire of Howleglass, in which that worthy enacts the part of a Franciscan friar, is little more than a literal version of the tricks of that class, of whom, knave as he was, he was but an insufficient representative.*

* The same story is also found, with certain variations, in *Friar Gerund* and other fictions of the like class., c

But though it was natural that the struggle of the Reformation should commence with Indulgences, it was impossible that it should end there. Luther soon quitted the narrow ground and the mean antagonist of his first conflicts; and asserted against that whole system of spiritual barter and merit-mongering, of which Tetzel's doctrine was but an extreme type, his counter principle of the perfect gratuitousness of salvation—of 'justification by faith alone.' On his mode of exhibiting this great doctrine, we shall now offer a very few remarks.

With that pregnant brevity with which he knew so well how to express himself, he showed his sense of the importance of this doctrine, and its commanding position in the evangelical system, by describing it as *Articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*. He might more truly have called it so, had he always duly guarded the statement of it; and while repudiating the doctrine, under whatsoever modification, that the tribunal of heaven can be challenged, or its rewards achieved in virtue of deeds, of which every good man is himself the *first* to acknowledge the manifold imperfections—much less by fantastical devices of human invention, destitute of all moral qualities—he had uniformly connected his doctrine in *expression*, as he did in *fact*, with its just practical consequences. This, however, he did not do; and we are constrained to lament, with Mr Hallam, the very frequent recurrence of exaggerated expressions, to which the critic gives the name of *Antinomian paradoxes*. We do not think, however, that even here Mr Hallam has quite done the Reformer justice. He candidly admits indeed that Luther 'could not mean to give 'any encouragement to a licentious disregard of moral virtue;' 'though,' he adds, 'in the technical language of his theology, he 'might deny its proper obligation.'* More truly, in our judgment, has Jortin, whose doctrinal moderation is well known, represented the matter in his Life of Erasmus. 'Luther's favourite doctrine was justification by faith alone; but we must do him the justice to observe that he perpetually inculcated the necessity of good works. According to him, a man is justified only 'by faith; but he cannot be justified without works; and where 'those works are not to be found, there is assuredly no true faith.' And Melancthon, in a passage cited by Mr Hallam himself, declares, 'De his omnibus,' (after enumerating with other doctrines the necessity of good works,) 'scio re ipsa Lutherum 'sentire eadem, sed inviditi quædam ejus περισπωμενα dicta, cum 'non videant quo pertineant, nimium amant.' Dr Waddington

* *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.* Vol. i. p. 416.

truly remarks that not even the strongest passages in Luther's treatise, *De Libertate Christiana*, proves that the author would deny the necessity of good works *except* as a means of justification—as a ground, in fact, of saying to the Divine Being, 'You *must* reward me—for I am entitled to it.' In proof of this, Dr Waddington cites the passage 'Non liberi pro fidem Christi ab operibus, sed *ab opinionibus operum*, i. e., a stulta præsumptione justificationis per opera quæsitæ. Fides enim conscientias nostras redimit, rectificat, et servat, qua cognoscimus justitiam esse non in operibus, *licet opera abesse neque possint neque debeant.*'

Every thing obviously depends on the *sense* in which Luther 'would deny the necessity of good works.' It is by no means true, we apprehend, that he would have denied, that while no man can challenge 'the free gift' of salvation (Scripture itself calls it) as the 'wages' of good works, good works form the only real evidence and the necessary result of the possession of that 'faith which justifies.' With relation to the influence of the system he advocated, and the system he opposed, on practical morality, he would have said that the principal difference was not that the former dispensed with it, but that it appealed mainly to totally different principles of our nature for its production; to the cheerful impulses of gratitude and hope, rather than to the 'spirit of bondage' and the depressing influence of fear. And both philosophy and fact may convince us that they are certainly not the least powerful impulses of the two.

But whatever Luther's early paradoxes on this subject—of which we are by no means the apologists, and regret that there should have been so much cause for censure—his later writings afford ample proof that he had corrected them. When Agricola had adopted and justified them in their unlimited form, and pushed them to their theoretic results, with a recklessness which perhaps first roused Luther to take alarm at their danger, the Reformer instantly assailed, refuted, and condemned him, and succeeded in compelling the rash theologian to retract. Several deeply interesting documents on this subject occur in the Correspondence,* which fully show that the faith which Luther made the basis of his theology was that of which the only appropriate evidence is goodness, and which necessarily creates it.

Mr Hallam admits that passages inconsistent with the extreme views he attributes to the Reformer may be adduced from his writings; but affirms, 'that in treating of an author so full of unlimited propositions, no positive proof as to his tenets

'can be refuted by the production of inconsistent passages.' But the question is, whether these inconsistent passages ought not to modify those which establish the supposed 'positive proof?' If we are to pause at the unqualified reception of the one class of propositions, we may well pause also before the like reception of the other. If two statements, in a writer 'much given to unlimited propositions,' appear inconsistent, we should endeavour to make the one limit the other; and even if they are absolutely irreconcilable, we are hardly justified in taking either as the exclusive exponent of the writer's views, without the adjustment arising from a collation of passages. There are propositions of Scripture itself which may be, and which *have been*, as much wrested to the support of 'Antinomian paradoxes,' as almost any declarations of Luther could be.

Such a candid construction of Luther's real views, seems to us the more necessary, precisely because, as Mr Hallam justly says, he is so 'full of unlimited propositions.' It is ever the characteristic of oratorical genius to express the truths it feels with an energy which borders on paradox. Anxious to penetrate and exclusively occupy the minds of others with their own views and sentiments, such as possess it are not solicitous to state propositions with the due limitations. It may be further remarked, that Luther's abhorrence of prevailing errors naturally increased this tendency; action and reaction, as usual, were equal; the liberated pendulum passed, as was to be expected, to the centre of its arc of oscillation. This we believe to be one principal reason of the many really objectionable statements of Luther on this subject. Our veneration for the great Reformer, and the influence which even the errors of such a writer as Mr Hallam is apt to exercise, must be our apology for the freedom of the preceding strictures. The work containing the observations upon which we have felt ourselves constrained thus to remark, is one for which all intelligent enquirers must always be largely its author's debtors, both for instruction and rational delight.

On the whole, few names have such claims on the gratitude of mankind as that of Luther. Even Rome owes him thanks; for whatever ameliorations have taken place in her system, have been owing far more to him than to herself. If there are any two facts which history establishes, it is the desperate condition of the Church at the time Luther appeared, and the vanity of all hopes of a self-sought and voluntary reformation. On the former we need not dwell—for none now deny it; it appears not only on every page of contemporary history, but in all the forms—especially the more popular—of mediæval literature. Never was a

remark more just than that of Mr Hallam, that the greater part of the literature of the middle ages may be considered as artillery levelled against the clergy.

Of the second great fact—the hopelessness of any effective internal reform—history leaves us in as little doubt. The heart itself was the chief seat of disease; reformation must have commenced where corruption was most inveterate: nor, until certain great principles should be reclaimed, and the Bible and its truths restored—a result necessarily fatal to a system which was founded on their perversion, and which was safe only in their suppression—could any reformation be either radical or permanent. It would be as nugatory as that which was sometimes directed against subordinate parts of the system—Monachism for instance. Again and again did reformation strive to purify that institute, and as often, after running through the same cycle of precisely similar changes, did it fall into the same corruptions. Each new Order commenced with the profession, often with the reality, of voluntary poverty and superior austerity, and ended, as supposed sanctity brought wealth and power, in all the concatenated vices of the system. The reason is obvious; its principles were vicious, and hence the rapidity and uniformity of the decline—one of the most remarkable and instructive phenomena of ecclesiastical history. ‘That which is crooked cannot be made straight;’ and if man will attempt even a style of supposed virtue for which God never constituted him, he will meet with the same recompense as attends every other violation of the divine laws. 5

For similar reasons, nothing but the recovery of principles fatal to the Papal System could be expected to effect the Reformation; and these the champions of that system could not be expected to busy themselves about. An usurper will hardly abdicate his own throne—however wrongfully gained. Any reform which had merely touched externals, and left the essence of the system what it was, would have been useless; the Church would soon have fallen back, like the purified forms of monasticism, into its ancient corruptions. Nor was it amongst the least proofs of the sagacity of Luther, that he so early perceived, and so systematically contended, that a reformation of doctrine—the restoration of evangelic truth—was essential to every other reform.—But in fact, even the most moderate reforms, owing to the corruption of Rome itself, and its interest in their maintenance, were all but hopeless. Often did the Papal Court admit its own delinquencies, and as often evade their correction. The Papal concessions on this point, were a perpetual source of triumph to Luther and the Reformers. Even when a

Pope really sought some amendments, he found it impossible to resist the influences around him. Adrian, the successor of the refined and luxurious Leo, gave infinite disgust by the severity of his manners, and his sincere desire to see some sort of reformation; and his long catalogue of abuses which he wished to be corrected, delivered in at the diet of Nuremberg, (and inconsistently accompanied with loud calls for the violent suppression of the Reformation,) was never forgiven by his own adherents. 'The Church,' said he, 'stands in need of a reformation, but we must take one step at a time.' Luther sarcastically remarked—'The Pope advises that a few centuries should be permitted to intervene between the first and second step.'

Hence we may see the comparative futility of the small time-serving expedients of Erasmus. His satire, bitter as it was, was not directed against the heart of the system—he waged war only with the Friars. Not that we undervalue his labour: as a pioneer he was invaluable. Nor, if we except Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingli, do we know any man who really effected so much for the cause of the Reformation. The labours of Luther and himself terminated in one result; the streams, however different, flowed at last in one channel—

'Ubi Rhodanus ingens *amne præcipido* fluit
Ararque *dubitans* quo suos fluctus agat.'

Such are our deliberate views of the character, labours, and triumphs of Luther. We have been the more copious in our account of them, that we may do what in us lies, to honour his memory, at a period when there is a large party of degenerate Protestants, who, not content with denying the unspeakable benefits which he conferred upon mankind, have not hesitated to speak of him with contempt and contumely, and in some cases to question the honesty of his motives and the sincerity of his religion! *

* 'Some of the Oxford men,' says Dr Arnold, 'now commonly revile Luther as a bold bad man; how surely they would have reviled Paul.'—*Life and Correspondence.* Vol. ii. p. 250.

ART. IV.—*The Bokhara Victims.* By CAPTAIN GROVER, Un-attached, F.R.S. 8vo. London: 1845.

THERE is not, we presume, an intelligent person in this country who has not felt a deep interest in the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. These two distinguished officers, while employed on friendly missions in central Asia, were seized, imprisoned, and treated with the greatest barbarity by the sovereign of Bokhara. Various and conflicting rumours kept up for some time a feeling of painful suspense, till at length all hope seemed to be extinguished by what appeared to be authentic intelligence, that they had both been slaughtered by order of the ruler, to advance whose interests had been one of their primary objects in proceeding to his court.

Most of our readers are no doubt also aware that Captain Grover—altogether disbelieving the evidence which had satisfied the British envoy in Persia, and her Majesty's ministers in England, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly had been put to death in Bokhara—maintained that they were probably still alive. Having been permitted to examine all the documents in the Foreign Office which could aid him in arriving at a right conclusion on the question, and finding his previous opinion rather strengthened than weakened by this examination, he set to work with great activity and energy to devise and provide the means of rescuing them from bondage. He made his opinions known through the press, appealed to the public for assistance, and called a meeting in London to concert measures and to raise a subscription.

In the mean time, Dr Wolff, the well-known Missionary, who concurred with Captain Grover in believing that the two captive officers were still alive, gallantly volunteered his services to go to Bokhara to ascertain the truth; and, if the intelligence of their murder was unfounded, to effect, if possible, the release of the prisoners. Captain Grover's original intention had been to undertake this mission himself; but Lord Aberdeen having declined to provide him with the credentials from the Queen to the King of Bokhara which he considered necessary to his success and his personal safety, he abandoned the enterprise to Dr Wolff, who had visited Bokhara some years before, as a Missionary.

The Reverend Doctor, to his infinite credit, has accomplished this arduous undertaking; and, having escaped the perils of the journey and the fate of those whom he sought to rescue, has

returned to England. He has ascertained, as fully as such a fact can well be ascertained, that the original intelligence of the murder of these two meritorious officers is substantially correct; and we perceive that he is about to publish by subscription an account of his journey, in which we conclude the ample evidence he has collected will be fully detailed. It may be enough here to state, that the fact of the murder was admitted by the Ameer of Bokhara himself, who even attempted to justify the proceeding on considerations of state policy.

But Captain Grover had been labouring zealously at home while the Doctor was encountering dangers abroad; and the Captain is not a man to hide his light under a bushel. Had he awaited the return of his friend, there might have been some clashing of interest, if not of facts and opinions, between the rival publications. He therefore puts forth, with prudent promptitude, before the arrival of the Reverend Doctor, an account of the proceedings of his own department, which we may call the home, Dr Wolff's being the foreign. With great forbearance, and a strict observance of this division of duties, he gives us little accurate or authentic information that had not before been made public respecting the two unfortunate men, whose history was so full of melancholy interest. This, we presume, he leaves to Dr Wolff. Neither does he enlighten our ignorance on the social condition of the people of Bokhara, or on any thing else connected with the country or its sovereign; though every one must desire to know something more of the people amongst whom such scenes are enacted, and of the man who maintains his authority over them in spite of, or by means of such atrocities. This no doubt he reserved for the separate work he is said to be preparing on the politics of Central Asia.

In one important particular, it is true, Captain Grover oversteps the limits of the home department. He engaged in negotiations with Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and we fear the result of this experiment will hardly encourage his lordship to relax the formalities of official intercourse. There was no doubt some irregularity in such a proceeding, but it is not without precedent or apology. As the Duke of Wellington was the whole cabinet when Sir Robert Peel was at Naples, so was Captain Grover when Dr Wolff was at Bokhara.

Out of these discussions with the Foreign Office arose, as we venture to presume, this publication. Captain Grover had appealed to the public in favour of the captives at Bokhara. This is an appeal against the British government. Too aspiring to

fly his falcon at small game, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Mr Addington, and Mr Hammond, each in his turn becomes the quarry of this Nimrod of diplomacy.

He sneers at Colonel Sheil, our envoy in Persia, pities Mr Bloomfield, our minister at St Petersburg, and ridicules the geographical ignorance of Downing Street. He accuses Lord Aberdeen of insincerity—Lord Palmerston of ignorance—Lord John Russell of we know not exactly what, but something that offered too fair a mark to be resisted. Sir Robert Peel he accuses of blustering and blundering—Mr Addington of having attempted first to frighten and then to cajole him. He accuses the Foreign Office generally of prolixity, obscurity, and inaccuracy in its official communications. He charges her Majesty's ministers, both of the late and of the present government, but more especially the latter, with having tarnished the honour of the nation, and the lustre of the British crown, by shamefully abandoning to their fate, either from gross neglect and indifference, or by designedly sacrificing them to some tortuous policy which he cannot explain, two faithful and devoted servants of the Crown, engaged in the discharge of the public duties entrusted to them. He strenuously defends the King of Bokhara from the attacks of the English press, and justifies that Prince for the slaughter of his guests. And all this he dedicates to THE QUEEN !

Captain Grover appears to be one of those men whose natural impulse it is to do good; but who, when they single out for themselves some desirable object to accomplish, devote to it all the energy of minds more ardent than strong, with a zeal that blinds them. By dint of contemplating, almost exclusively, their favourite project, they lose sight of every thing else; and at length persuade themselves that all other considerations of national policy should be made subservient to its success. When they have arrived at this flattering conviction, they are ready to impute incapacity or dishonesty to all who regard their views as visionary, their schemes as impracticable. In their eyes, zeal tempered with judgment is coldness and indifference; the utmost activity of regulated business, supineness and sloth. When we meet with a man in this particular state of mind, if we are satisfied that his views are altogether disinterested, we respect his motives and his earnestness; while we regret the perversion of his judgment. But if his proceedings are conducted with ostentation; if a 'frequent flourish of trumpets' directs public attention to his own sayings and his own doings; if he takes pains to glorify his own labours—people will suspect that the

small ambition to achieve notoriety has, either consciously or unconsciously, become the primary motive for all this display of philanthropy; and that the avowed object has been degraded into little more than a pretext.

And yet, although the book before us contains much that will tend to raise or to strengthen such suspicions against its author, we are not inclined to countenance them. We readily believe that his affection for his amiable and chivalrous friend, Colonel Stoddart, was warm, notwithstanding the little vanity of the anecdotes in which he represents himself as the Colonel's protector and counsellor. We have no doubt that he conscientiously disbelieved all the accounts of the murder at Bokhara. We are quite satisfied that his zeal for the delivery of the officers whom he supposed to be living in captivity was unfeigned and earnest; and that he was ready to make still larger pecuniary sacrifices than he made, though even these were considerable, to accomplish this object. He may have allowed his vanity to be too much tickled, and his self-importance may have been too obviously gratified by finding himself playing a prominent part before the public. But we are not inclined to censure with great severity a weakness from which minds even of a high order are not always exempted. Although we cannot concur with Captain Grover in what appears to be his estimate of himself, or admire the taste exhibited in much of his correspondence, in some parts of his conduct, and in almost every part of his narrative; although we are prepared to show that many of his statements are inaccurate, his reasoning often defective, his conclusions fallacious, his projects mischievous, his imputations against the British government unfounded, and that the general tendency of his work is injurious to the character of the nation whose honour we believe he is sincerely desirous to maintain; we still freely acquit him—a Soldier and a Gentleman—of the baseness of pretending a zeal for the rescue of the captives by which he was not actuated, or of encouraging hopes for their safety which he did not entertain.

Having acquitted ourselves of this duty—for in the midst of prevailing doubts and suspicions we felt it to be a duty to do justice to his motives and his affections—we shall feel less fear of doing him injustice in dealing with the volume he has published.

It will be in the recollection of such of our readers as may have paid any attention to the progress of political events in Asia, that in the year 1837 the proceedings of the Russian agents in that quarter of the world attracted the attention of the British government. The Shah of Persia, instigated it was supposed by the Russian minister at his court, laid siege to Herat. A

Russian emissary penetrated to Kandahar and Cabool, and was there instrumental in frustrating the negotiations in which the late Sir Alexander Burnes was engaged with the rulers of these principalities. A treaty was concluded between the sovereign of Persia and the chief of Kandahar, by which that city and Herat were to become dependencies of Persia. These the Shah bound himself to defend against England upon certain conditions. The performance of these engagements was guaranteed by the Russian minister; and that functionary publicly announced that his government was preparing an expedition to conquer Khiva and Bokhara. The Governor-General of India was in like manner assembling an army for the purpose of replacing Shah Shoojah on the throne of Affghanistan.*

The Uzbeg states of Khiva, Bokhara, and Kokand, which lie between the frontiers of Affghanistan and Russia to the east of the Caspian, thus became for the first time objects of attention and of interest to the politicians of Europe. Their condition, their resources, the feelings and views of their rulers or their people, were almost, or altogether unknown. It was notorious, however, that they were frequently engaged in predatory incursions on their neighbours; that the captives taken in these expeditions were carried into bondage; that an extensive traffic in slaves, chiefly Persian and Russian, was carried on both at Khiva and Bokhara; and that these places afforded ready and authorized slave-markets to the migratory tribes by whom they were chiefly supplied. The security of these states from foreign aggression or conquest, would contribute to the safety and tranquillity of the sovereignty we were about to erect in Affghanistan; but so long as they retained in bondage the subjects of neighbouring governments, and took no steps to put down these predatory expeditions, they were continually exposed to the just resentment of the governments whose subjects they captured or retained. Thus the dictates of humanity and of a prudent policy, alike appeared to require that some steps should be taken to open a friendly communication with states, which, if not our own immediate neighbours, were yet the near neighbours of the kingdom we had undertaken to re-establish and to protect.

It was reasonable to hope, if the sovereign could be made to perceive the dangers to which he exposed himself, by sanctioning or conniving at the plundering and slave-dealing habits of his

* See the correspondence relating to Persia and Affghanistan, laid before Parliament in 1839.

subjects, that this consideration alone might be sufficient to induce him to discountenance them; and even to release such of the captives in his country as might be desirous to return to their homes. If this could be effected, much would be gained to humanity, and something contributed to the security of these States. On the other hand, no course we could adopt was more likely to lead to a friendly intercourse, and a just appreciation of the policy we desired to act upon in respect to themselves. By pointing out to them the dangers with which they were threatened, and the means of averting those dangers and providing for their safety, we should leave them no room to doubt that we desired their safety.

It was with these views, there can be no doubt, that Colonel Stoddart was sent to Bokhara; Captain Abbot and Sir R. Shakespeare to Khiva, and Captain Conolly to Kokand. The missions to Khiva and Kokand were received and dismissed with kindness, and were successful in effecting the objects for which they were sent. That to Bokhara terminated in the shocking catastrophe known to all the world. Yet Bokhara was of the three the most wealthy, the furthest advanced in civilization, and the only one which had been visited by English travellers in recent times. Mr Morecroft, Sir Alexander Burnes, and Dr Wolff had been there. Russian missions had from time to time been sent to the court of the Ameer. Merchants of all persuasions frequented its marts—Mahomedans of various sects, Christians, Jews, and Hindos. In 1838, when Colonel Stoddart set out for Bokhara, the enterprise would have been regarded by every one as far less hazardous than a similar mission to Khiva or to Kokand. But the cruelty and jealousy of its ruler, amounting perhaps to insanity, was then not generally known—that knowledge has been purchased at a fearful price.

But it is time we should make our readers acquainted with the volume before us. We shall begin at the beginning, and Captain Grover shall speak for himself:—

‘In the year 1833, Charles Stoddart, a lieutenant in the Staff Corps, was, by reduction, placed on half-pay, but with the rank of Captain. At that time, the post of secretary to the United Service Institution was vacant, and among one hundred and fifty candidates Captain Stoddart was chosen. Being on the council, I became acquainted with him, and was fortunately the means of removing from him an imputation which affected his honour; this, Captain Stoddart often referred to with grateful feelings.

‘In the year 1835, the government resolved to dispatch Mr Ellis on a mission to Persia, and it was proposed to Captain Stoddart to be attached to that mission as military secretary. He consulted me on the occasion, and, by my advice, he accepted the proposition.

‘ When Mr Ellis left Persia, Captain Stoddart was sent to Herat, to endeavour to induce the Persians to raise the siege of that place; and for his conduct on that occasion he obtained the brevet rank of major, and local rank of lieutenant-colonel. He, however, only received the intelligence of this promotion in June 1841, while a captive at Bokhara.

‘ Had Captain Stoddart consulted me about his mission to Bokhara, I should have dissuaded him from it. Stoddart was a mere soldier, a man of the greatest bravery and determination, with a delicate sense of a soldier’s honour; but he was a man of impulse, with no more power of self-control than an infant. To attack or defend a fortress, no better man than Captain Stoddart could have been found; but for a diplomatic mission, requiring coolness and self-command, a man less adapted to the purpose could not readily have been met with.

‘ Having succeeded in his mission to Herat, he returned to Tehran.

‘ In the year 1838, Sir John M’Neill, her Majesty’s ambassador at the court of Persia, gave Colonel Stoddart 1000 ducats, and dispatched him on a diplomatic mission to Bokhara. He was ordered to proceed first to Meymanah, and to endeavour to induce the chief of that place to abandon the system of pillage that was devastating the north-west frontier of Persia, and, above all things, he was instructed to endeavour to put a stop to the capture of slaves. At Bokhara he was directed to use his best efforts to obtain the liberty of any Russian prisoners he might find there, and he was to conclude a friendly treaty with the Ameer or king of that country. Such were Colonel Stoddart’s official instructions.

Now, Captain Grover cannot tolerate the slightest want of accuracy or perspicuity in others. Let us test his own. Mr Ellis left Tehran in April or May 1836. Colonel Stoddart accompanied the Shah to Herat in the autumn of 1837, but it was not for the purpose of inducing the Persians to raise the siege. He remained with the Shah’s army before Herat till June 1838, when he appears to have accompanied Sir John M’Neill on his return to Persia. He was again sent to Herat in July 1838, not to induce the Persians to raise the siege, but to demand it; and he did not thereafter return to Tehran, for he was then on his way to Bokhara. Neither did he, on the former occasion, return to Tehran, for he was sent back to Herat from Shahrood, a place which will be found in the map about ten days’ journey east from Tehran.* The manner in which Sir John M’Neill is represented to have sent Colonel Stoddart on his mission, is inaccurate, and calculated to convey an erroneous impression. Colonel Stoddart was provided with letters of credit, empowering

* See Correspondence relating to Persia and Afghanistan, laid before Parliament, 1839.

him to negotiate bills both on England and on India. His official instructions did not direct him to enter into any negotiations with the chief of Meymanah, nor into any engagements on the part of his government with the King of Bokhara. These may not be matters of much moment; and we have no desire to attach to them any consequence, except in as far as they may enable us to test the scrupulous exactness as to facts, which we are entitled to demand from so formidable a scrutineer in such matters as Captain Grover.

We are quite aware that, after Colonel Stoddart had been released from confinement at Bokhara, and received into favour by the King, he proposed, by command of that prince, a sort of treaty with the Queen; and we also know that Sir W. Macnaghten prepared a draft of a treaty to be concluded with the Ameer; but Captain Grover is speaking of Colonel Stoddart's official instructions, and so are we. We assert, then, that his account of them is inaccurate in all the particulars we have referred to. There is lying before us as we write, a copy of these official instructions written with Colonel Stoddart's own hand. We do not desire to press this matter too far against Captain Grover; but really it is impossible to rely with any confidence on the accuracy of a man who makes such unguarded assertions, and manages to crowd into a few sentences so many errors.

But we have more to say on this short extract. We think Captain Grover has done injustice to his friend's character. On referring to the correspondence relating to Persia and Afghanistan, laid before Parliament (1839,) to ascertain how Colonel Stoddart had been employed with the Persian mission, we find that he accompanied the Shah when he marched for Herat in July 1837; and continued to be the medium of communication between the Envoy and the Shah, till Sir John McNeill arrived in the camp before Herat in April 1838. After this long trial in times of no ordinary difficulty, and in circumstances of extreme delicacy, what is the Envoy's opinion of Colonel Stoddart? He employed him to return to the Shah's camp to demand that the siege should be raised without delay; empowered him, if the Shah should desire it, to act as mediator on the part of the British government for the conclusion of a treaty between the belligerents; and, in his despatch of the 6th October 1838, recommended him in the strongest terms to the favourable consideration of her Majesty's government. Surely such evidence as this, which was as accessible to Captain Grover as it is to us, ought to have made him hesitate to assert, that, 'for a diplomatic mission requiring coolness and self-command, a man

‘less adapted to the purpose could not readily have been met with.’

Again, we assure Captain Grover that we do not at all question the truth of his regard for his friend, or for his friend’s memory. It is not his sincerity—it is his judgment—his accuracy of research ; in short, his fitness to instruct the public and to direct their opinions, that we question. Be it remembered, this is the office he has assumed.

Before we pass from this subject, we desire to notice another circumstance mentioned by Captain Grover, which appears to us to cast a serious reflection on Colonel Stoddart ; or, if we must say so, on his memory. Captain Grover gives an account of Colonel Stoddart’s reception at Bokhara—of his presentation to the Huzrut—of his seizure and imprisonment. He does not state his authority for this narrative ; but as it describes Colonel Stoddart’s reflections and thoughts, as well as his actions, it must be presumed to have been derived, partly at least, from himself. We extract the following passage :—

‘The Ameer on his return from the Grand Mesjid, traversed the public square, and perceived Colonel Stoddart, who remained on horseback, and gave a military salute. The Ameer looked at him fixedly for some time, and then passed on without saying a word. On his return to the palace, he sent a maharam (chamberlain) to the Colonel, to ask why he had not dismounted. Colonel Stoddart answered, that it was not the custom in England, and that he could not do otherwise. The Ameer then sent to him to say, that he was perfectly satisfied with his conduct ; and invited him immediately to come to the palace. On his arrival, they conducted him to the corridor which leads to the court where the Ameer receives petitions, named *Arezahnah*. While he was waiting to be introduced, a maharam approached, and asked if he was desirous that he should take his *servile* supplications (*arzee bendaghanee*) to the Ameer. Colonel Stoddart, offended by that expression, replied, That he was no man’s slave, and that his *servile* supplications could be addressed to God alone ; and, that what he had to communicate to the Ameer, he would say to him when he was admitted to his presence, and not till then. Shortly afterwards, the master of the ceremonies came to present him. Now the Oozbeg etiquette requires, that a person on being presented should be supported by two attendants on entering the presence-chamber, who place their hands under his armpits. They were proceeding in the usual manner, when Colonel Stoddart, ignorant of the customs of the country, imagined that they were about to adopt the method formerly employed on similar occasions at Constantinople ; *i. e.*, to make him advance rapidly forward, and then suddenly to prostrate him at the sovereign’s feet. Not being disposed to submit to this humiliating ceremony, he shook off these attendants. The master of the ceremonies now approached ; and fearing that Colonel Stod-

dart's violence might indicate some hostile intention toward the Ameer, he thought it his duty to feel the Colonel's clothes, to discover if he had any concealed arms, but his zeal was rewarded by a blow, which laid him prostrate; and Colonel Stoddart entered alone into the royal presence-chamber.

Now, in this account, he is accused of having, in the presence of the sovereign, prostrated his master of the ceremonies with a blow. This must be a mistake. We can neither bring ourselves to believe that Stoddart would have perpetrated, nor that the King of Bokhara would, for a moment, have left unpunished, so flagrant an outrage to himself. That Stoddart may have resisted the usual mode of conducting persons, as if in custody, to the presence of the Ameer, is possible; but this story of the blow we hold to be incredible; and we are confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that the statement of an eyewitness of the scene makes no mention of a blow. Abdul Samat Khan, again, says that he drew his sword; but says nothing of a blow. To search a man for concealed arms who had a sword by his side, does not appear to be very intelligible.

There are other circumstances in this narrative which induce us to question its accuracy. The events are neither related in the same order as they are given in other accounts—which, in this respect, closely correspond with one another—neither do the dates assigned to different events accord with known facts. As an instance, we may mention the date of his being forced to save his life by repeating the Mahommedan profession of faith; which Captain Grover says occurred on the second day of his imprisonment. This is certainly an error. The executioner came to him for this purpose in the house of the Meer Shub, or master of the police, to which he was removed on being taken from close confinement in a dungeon; and not until after he had been some months in Bokhara. This fact can be established on the most unquestionable evidence.

Again he gives us to understand that the messenger who delivered the despatches to Colonel Stoddart on the 10th December, was immediately on his arrival put to death, because he could not repeat the Mahommedan profession of faith. But this is also an error; the messenger was at first well received and well treated; but when the officers were arrested he also was seized, and having been kept for some time in the black well, and beaten until he repeated the Mahommedan profession of faith, he was then taken out and executed, to prevent, as his companions in the dungeon supposed, his again reverting to Judaism.*

Captain Grover has also erroneously asserted that Lord Palmerston wrote an English letter to the Ameer, in answer to the

letter addressed by his Highness to the Queen. The Secretary of State wrote no letter to the Ameer. What he communicated to the Ameer was conveyed officially through Colonel Stoddart, whom his Highness had recognized and used as a medium of communication with the British Government. The letter to the Queen was answered in Persian by the Governor-General of India, to whom the negotiations proposed in that letter were of necessity transferred.

The whole narrative of Colonel Stoddart's sufferings given by Captain Grover, though it probably neither exaggerates their horrors nor their duration, has all the appearance of having been related from memory by a person who had heard the story, perhaps accurately told, but who had not witnessed the facts, and had no guide to correct the defects of his memory as to the sequence of events, or their dates.

After having endured brutal violence—the squalid misery of the dungeon—sickness—hunger—the continual prospect of a violent death—the scoff of the Mussulman—contempt and indignity—he was at length released from confinement, and received into favour. For a time he enjoyed the society of civilized men, and the hospitality, protection, and unceasing kindness, of M. Boutenieff* and the Russian mission. He was again permitted to communicate with his Government, and with Captain Conolly, then on a mission to Kokand; and, by command of the Ameer, invited that officer to visit Bokhara on his way from Kokand to Cabool. This invitation appears to have been repeated by the Ameer himself. The propriety of Captain Conolly's visiting Bokhara had been taken into consideration by Sir William Macnaghten. Conolly himself was desirous to do so; and Sir William instructed him to proceed to Bokhara, if he could obtain an assurance that he would be well received. That assurance having been obtained, he proceeded to Bokhara, and joined the Ameer on the road.

He was received with a show of friendship. A house was assigned for his residence. He became the guest of the Ameer, and, according to the custom of the country, a daily sum was therefore provided for his maintenance. On the 10th November, Colonel Stoddart took leave of the Russian mission, and went to reside with his countryman. Towards the close of that month

* For his conduct to Colonel Stoddart, and for the exertions he made to procure the release of the Colonel and Captain Conolly, when they were afterwards placed in confinement, every Englishman will feel truly grateful to M. Boutenieff.

intelligence of the insurrection at Cabool, of the slaughter of Sir Alexander Burnes and many of the English, and the destruction of the English influence in Affghanistan, was received at Bokhara. The intelligence gained consistency and strength, and seeing them cut off from all support, the Ameer had both the British officers placed in confinement on the 19th. Their servants and attendants were seized at the same time; the whole of their property was plundered, and an envoy from Shah Shoojah was also arrested. Akhondzadeh Saleh Mahommed, who had come from Cabool and Khiva, to join Captain Conolly at Bokhara, was seized and imprisoned, and his property plundered. The efforts of the Russian minister were ineffectual to procure their liberation; and M. Boutenieff finding that the Ameer had assumed a haughty and insolent tone towards himself, and that the safety of his party, too, might be compromised, found it necessary to leave Bokhara in the spring. The latest intelligence that had been received from these officers was a note from Colonel Stoddart, dated the 11th April 1842. All the information on the accuracy of which any reliance can be placed, represents them to have been put to death by order of the Ameer, and by his chief executioner, in little more than two months from that time.

The first authentic intelligence of this event was communicated to Colonel Sheil by the Akhondzadeh Saleh Mahommed, whose narrative is dated the 23d November 1842. The Akhondzadeh was at Bokhara at the time, having been released from prison only a few days before. He was a person in confidential employment with Captain Conolly. He had given proofs of courage and fidelity, while employed to convey money to Captain Abbot in Khiva,* such as are rarely to be found amongst the people of any nation. He had been imprisoned,

* Captain Abbot, in his adventurous journey from Khiva to Russia, was attacked, wounded, overpowered, and made prisoner, with all his attendants. His life was saved by some of the robbers, who conducted him to their tents; but the powerful chief who had instigated the attack was in the vicinity, and Captain Abbot had little hope of escape. He had little doubt that he should himself be put to death, and that then his servants and attendants would be sold as slaves. He was lying wounded in the Kuzzak tent, heartsick and hopeless, when it was announced to him that the Khan Huzrut, of Khiva, had sent a party to deliver him. Before the Kuzzak had time to explain himself, he was interrupted by a young man in Afghan attire, who, throwing aside the curtain of the door, rushed past him, and casting himself upon my neck, exclaimed in Persian with many tears, "Thank Heaven, I have found you at last! I have come to deliver you—I have a letter from

chained, plundered of all he possessed at Bokhara, because of his connexion with the English. His narrative was clear and consistent, and bore every internal evidence of truth, which those who are accustomed to weigh the value of testimony, especially of Asiatic testimony, look for in such a narrative. Colonel Sheil, who had personally communicated with him, was convinced of his veracity. He had no imaginable motive to deceive. He was communicating intelligence which he knew would cause pain, and which might make him less acceptable. He had claims upon the British Government for the sufferings he had undergone, and the property he had lost in its service. He must have felt that he would forfeit these claims if he should be

‘the Khan Huzrut for you. Lift up your head, sir; your sufferings are at an end.’

This was Saleh Mahommed, the Akhondzadeh, son of the principal Cazee of Herat, who had been sent from that city by Major Todd, with a sum of money, in gold, for Captain Abbot, whom he had hoped to find still in Khiva.

‘I had left Khiva (says Captain Abbot) ere he quitted Herat; so that, by the time he reached the former place, I ought, by calculation, to have been near St Petersburg.’ The Khan Huzrut had, on various pretexts, detained him twenty days more at Khiva, making forty since Captain Abbot’s departure thence. ‘Any other in the world but Saleh Mahommed, would have relinquished pursuit of me as hopeless. But he burned to distinguish himself in the eyes of the British, and declared that, should I have embarked, he would follow me to St Petersburg. He accordingly started in pursuit, urging his escort to their best speed in spite of their grumbling. At length, when within about one hundred miles of my present position, he learned that I had changed my course.’

‘At the next stage he heard that I was murdered. This, instead of deterring, only inflamed his zeal to advance.’ But his Turcoman escort refused to accompany him, having discovered that their own chief had instigated the attack. ‘He wandered from tent to tent, ignorant of all but a few words of the language. By means of these, his winning manners, and the promise of reward, he procured a Turcoman guide, and continued his course. Intelligence, however, could scarcely be procured in a country so thinly peopled, and from Kuzzaks, who had their own reasons for misleading. At length he learned that I was still alive, although wounded and a prisoner. This caused him to redouble his speed, so that his guide could not, or would not, keep up with him; and he was traversing alone a wide desolate steppe, without path, almost without inhabitant, and with no clue to guide him but the ever-shifting position of the sun.’ In this way he reached the shores of the Caspian, and saw the sea for the first time, but could discover no signs of habitation—not even a sail upon the water. After some time he perceived a camel in the distance, from which he inferred the vicinity of tents, and,

found to have made a false statement, and that he might be liable to detection at any moment, if those whose death he reported were yet alive." The perfect accuracy of the earlier part of his narrative was confirmed by the testimony of Mr Abbot, and by the last letter received from Captain Conolly, which detailed the circumstances preceding and attending his imprisonment. It is true he had not witnessed the execution, but he had seen the graves; and he had received an account of what had passed from the executioner, who even offered to give him the heads of the two officers. It is not easy to see how impartial men could well doubt that his testimony was true.

so guided, arrived at the encampment of Cherkush Bae, where Captain Abbot lay.

After their first greetings were over, and their first enquiries answered, they went some paces down the glen and sat upon a rock. There, touching his girdle significantly, he said, "I have a belt full of gold for you here, and the Shroffs at Khiva are prepared to cash your bills for as much more—shall I give you the money now?"

"No," I replied; "I am stripped every day to the skin, and the belt would certainly be seen; you must continue to wear it for a while."

* * * * *

'The appearance of Saleh Mahommed was like the fall of a live thunderbolt amongst my enemies. He was elegantly clad and handsomely mounted, and known to be the son of the principal judge of Herat; and he paid me more respect than I received from the meanest of my followers, who, to say the truth, had been a little spoiled in this respect by the equalizing effect of misfortune.'

He continued the same respectful conduct while he remained with Captain Abbot, arranged his removal, cheered his drooping spirits, and accompanied him to the vicinity of the Russian fort on the Caspian—there delivered over to him the gold he had brought for his use, and thence returned to Herat, to report the events of his journey to Major Todd.

'It is possible only to him' (says Captain Abbot) 'who has been rescued from a bondage so hopeless, by a sudden and unexpected interposition of Providence, to conjecture the state of our feelings at this moment.' That moment was when he found that Saleh Mahommed's arrangements for his release were successful.

A nobler or more heroic proof of fidelity and courage than Saleh Mahommed displayed on this occasion it would not be easy to cite. Yet this is the man whom Captain Grover in his narrative, on the authority of some loose expression in one of Dr Wolff's letters, denounces as a 'regular scoundrel.' It would be well if the world could boast of a few more such 'regular scoundrels.'

Captain Grover, however, rejected it altogether, so did Dr Wolff, and hence Dr Wolff's journey to Bokhara. The information collected by Dr Wolff on the spot, confirms in every essential particular the truth of the Akhondzadeh's statement. Persians, Uzbeks, Jews, and Turcomans, all confirm it. The Amcer of Bokhara himself confirms it. But the same reasons, whatever they may be, which induced Captain Grover to reject the Akhondzadeh's statement, induces him also to reject Dr Wolff's statement, supported by the testimony above mentioned. Those who did not examine for themselves the evidence of the Akhondzadeh, might very naturally have been led to suppose, that when Captain Grover publicly combated the probability that it was true, there must have been in it something so defective as not to entitle either individuals, or the government, to trust to its accuracy. But when he rejects equally the statement of his own *Envoy*, Dr Wolff, we have a measure of the extent to which he carries his scepticism on this point, that ought to prevent any one's being misled by it.

We have hitherto abstained from offering any observations upon Captain Grover's very serious charges against both the late government, and her Majesty's present ministers. We confess we approach the subject with reluctance—even with pain. But we have a duty to discharge, and we shall not shrink from it.

It may be that the proofs we have already adduced of Captain Grover's inaccuracy—which we might have multiplied many fold, if there had been any adequate object to serve—would have led most men to reject, without further enquiry, charges so improbable as those he has preferred. But putting aside every other consideration, we feel that the honour of the country is too much concerned to admit of our passing lightly over this matter. The melancholy story of these officers has excited much interest, we are told, in France, in Italy, in Germany, in Russia, in fact over all the civilized world; and Captain Grover tells us that he has heard the foulest imputations cast upon us by educated men in more than one of those countries. But instead of rejecting them with scorn—instead of repelling them with the indignation of a British officer, confident and yet jealous of the honour of his country—he gives them all the countenance he can, and tries to fix an indelible stain on the Government he serves.

This is a serious charge against a British officer, but it is one which, we think, the following extracts will amply substantiate:—

‘In the year 1840, being at Algiers, some French officers made some

remarks to me about the sacrifice of British diplomatic agents in Central Asia, to which I did not pay much attention.

‘One day an old French General asked me if any recent intelligence had been received from the Bokhara captives. I replied, “That I believe not; that I was most anxious about Colonel Stoddart, who was my friend; that the only consolation I had was the certain conviction that every means was being employed by the British government for the relief of those unfortunate men.” The General gave me a peculiar look, and said, “Did it never occur to you that these men were *intentionally sacrificed* by the British government?” I now laughed outright: “No, no, General; whatever sins of commission or omission the government of ‘*perfid*e Albion’ may have to answer for, the accusation of abandoning her public servants is one at which you must allow me to laugh.” The General, however, looked very serious, and replied in a tone so slow and solemn, that I no longer smiled: “Had these brave officers been Frenchmen, they would not have been allowed to linger in a dungeon at Bokhara. You seem to attach but little importance to what I say; but from what I have seen of your zeal and enthusiasm here in unmasking imposture, I am quite sure that if you are the friend of either of these wretched men, you will at least make some enquiries on the subject.”

‘The General was right. I began to revolve in my mind all that I knew concerning my poor friend’s mission; and when I returned to Nice, my anxiety increased from day to day, and my nights were frequently passed without sleep, knowing that whatever might be my friend’s sufferings, he would be consoled with the certainty that he had at least *one friend* who would never give him up, who would never mourn for him as dead until he had absolute positive proof.

‘I began to entertain a vague idea that it might be possible, as the French General insinuated, that Colonel Stoddart had been sacrificed to some, to me incomprehensible, diplomatic object. The more I revolved in my mind these conversations with different officers at places so widely separated as Florence and Algiers, my doubts and uneasiness increased.

‘Many persons at St Petersburg told me that Stoddart and Conolly had been intentionally abandoned by the British government; but that they were still alive.

‘Had Lord Aberdeen been desirous of obtaining any information concerning these wretched men, he would at any time have found a dozen volunteers, well qualified and willing for the task; it is therefore clear, that his Lordship did not wish to hear any thing further on the subject.

‘This abandonment of British officers will have a bad, a demoralizing, effect on the army and navy. That effect may not be apparent for some time; but, as sure as the moisture that is drawn from the earth by evaporation will descend, so surely will the wicked, unnatural conduct of the British government be visited upon the nation.

‘What a thorough contempt will the tribes and governments of Central Asia have for “*Dowlat*,” as they call the British government! The last attack upon Cabul raised us wonderfully in the estimation of these

people; but should the cruelties practised upon Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly pass unavenged, the word "Dowlat" will have a new signification—contempt and infamy.

'Why Lord Aberdeen abandoned Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly to their wretched fate, I cannot form a conjecture: the reader will have seen, that French officers in Africa and Tuscany told me that these men were politically doomed. Now, without venturing to assert that that was the case, I do not hesitate to say, that if the English government were really resolved upon the sacrifice of these brave envoys, they could not well have adopted more certain measures to procure their destruction.'

Thus, in the midst of declamations on the paramount importance of vindicating the honour of the nation at Bokhara, he does his best to brand it with infamy in Europe. In as far as depends upon him, he justifies every unprincipled talker from St Petersburg to Naples, who, in the bitterness of national envy, may have sought, or may seek, to win the applause of a low *café* or a *caserne*, by a descant on the imputed iniquities of the *perfidé Albion!* They may all quote the testimony of Captain Grover, an Englishman, and an officer in the British army, to justify any imputation of perfidy that may be cast upon his country. It is vain to say that he accuses not the nation but the Government. In all such questions the honour of the nation is bound up with the honour of the Government. They cannot be parted. For there must be something base in the character of a nation whose ministers—be they of what party they may—chosen by a virtuous sovereign from the men most distinguished in their particular party for talent and integrity, and supported by a majority of the nation's representatives, could, even in their secret souls, contemplate the perpetration of such an atrocity as is here imputed to the British Government.

It is not unimportant to observe, that Captain Grover, before he had made any enquiry, at a time when he could not know any thing of the measures the British Government might have taken to procure the release of the prisoners at Bokhara—when he knew nothing but the fact of their continued detention—adopted these degrading suspicions at the suggestion of some French officers with whom he accidentally came in contact. One of these gentlemen, a French General, finding that his suggestions were at first received with indifference, compliments the captain on his '*zeal and enthusiasm* in unmasking impostures,' and recommends him to enquire into the matter. This appeal was irresistible, and the poison began to take effect. The more he reflected on these conversations, the more did his doubts and uneasiness increase. His suspicions were therefore not the result of enquiry,

or of any information true or false. They existed prior to any enquiry, and then at least had no other foundation than the malignant surmises or insinuations of his French friends.

Captain Grover's mode of reasoning, or rather the process by which he arrives at his opinions, is quite incomprehensible. Resisting a mass of evidence which appears to leave no room for rational doubt; disregarding even the admission of the King of Bokhara himself—he refuses to believe that this man of blood has put Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly to death. But, on the insinuation of some French acquaintance—while he acknowledges that he cannot conjecture any possible motive for the act—he seems ready to believe that the British Government ‘intentionally sacrificed’ those officers.

But Captain Grover does not pretend to have found in the course of his enquiries evidence to substantiate this imputation. He does not even ‘venture to assert’ that it is well founded. *He only countenances and propagates the suspicion.* What he does assert, and what it is the chief object of his work to assert and maintain, is this—That Colonel Stoddart, having been sent on a diplomatic mission to Bokhara in 1838, and having there been seized and imprisoned a few days after his arrival, was culpably abandoned by her Majesty's ministers, both of the late and of the present Government; in as much as they failed to take such measures, or to use such diligence to procure his release, as in duty they were bound to employ—That Colonel Stoddart might easily have left Bokhara had he been furnished with permission from any competent British authority to leave it—That Captain Conolly, having been sent on a diplomatic mission to Kokand, was in like manner seized and imprisoned at Bokhara, together with Colonel Stoddart, in 1841, and that both were then in like manner abandoned.

We presume that Captain Grover will not object to the manner in which we have stated his charges against the Government in respect to the two officers who were prisoners at Bokhara. The following extracts, together with those we have already given, will show that we might, without unfairness, have stated the case less favourably to his argument. Our object is to ascertain whether or not the Government did its duty:—

‘My object in presuming to dedicate the following narrative to your Majesty, is the hope of directing your Majesty's attention to the cruel sufferings and alleged murder of two British officers, who were sent on an important diplomatic mission on your Majesty's service, and who appear to have been abandoned in an unaccountable manner by your Majesty's Government.

‘I consider it my duty to state to your Majesty, that the circum-

stances attending this extraordinary case are degrading to the British nation, and are of a nature to dim the lustre of your Majesty's crown.

'In the month of July 1843, I published an "Appeal to the British Nation" on behalf of my friend Lieutenant-Colonel Stoddart, and Captain Conolly, British officers, who were imprisoned by the Ameer of Bokhara while employed in the service of their country on a diplomatic mission. I then stated that these officers had been abandoned to their wretched fate by the British Government, "which had not even taken the trouble to ascertain the simple fact of their existence."

'Now, after a lapse of nearly two years, and having collected information from every accessible source, I openly and publicly repeat to the world that assertion; and I am quite sure, that any one who will take the trouble of perusing the following narrative, will be satisfied that no other inference can be drawn from the facts which I now consider it my duty to lay before the public.

'Colonel Stoddart was sent on a special mission of great importance by the British government. He had fully achieved the purpose for which he had been sent, after having been *three times* imprisoned, and subjected to such horrors that it is wonderful how even his iron constitution could have borne up against them. He might easily have left Bokhara; but he says, after having overcome all the obstacles which opposed him at the commencement, *he was anxiously waiting an order from the Government to "leave the field he had won!"* Did such an order reach him? I say, No! Was it ever written? No copy of any such letter was to be found among the mass of documents which were submitted to me by the Earl of Aberdeen's direction—no document that could lead me to believe that any—the slightest—effort had been made by the British government in behalf of this faithful envoy. And why should there be? Who was Colonel Stoddart? Was he allied to the aristocracy? Had he parliamentary or other influence? Had he relations who were likely to raise a clamour if their relative had been abandoned? None of these. Colonel Stoddart was a mere soldier of fortune—a brave, honourable, honest man—and, therefore, not worth thinking about. Had he been even a regular bred diplomatist, there might have been some reason for exertion; but to make any stir concerning a man about whom it was not likely any one would care, unless to enquire about his arrears of pay or salary, really the idea must have appeared quite absurd to the diplomatic gentlemen in their comfortably warmed and carpeted rooms in Downing Street; and, perhaps, they may smile now while they contemplate the horrible sufferings of their victims, which a little exertion on their part might have averted.

'I trust the reader will pause a moment, to compare the solicitude of the French government on behalf of La Pérouse and his comrades, with the cool indifference of my Lord Aberdeen and the British Government, as to the fate of their two envoys, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.

'At Berlin, the names of all the inmates of the hotels are affixed in the entrance-hall; and all the arrivals are announced daily in a journal; and when I made my appearance at the *table-d'hôte*, I was overwhelmed with questions as to the motives of the British Government in thus

abandoning their ambassadors. When I have reasoned with Russian officers against their opinion, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were intended to be sacrificed by the British Government, I have been met with the following questions, which I have been obliged to confess my inability to answer:—

“I. Why were not efforts made to recover those officers when we were in possession of Cabul?

“II. When Sir Richmond Shakespeare was at Khiva, was he instructed to attempt their release, or to gain information concerning them? and, if not, why not?

“III. Why were they not claimed as *envoys* instead of ‘*innocent travellers*,’ which was to declare them spies?

“IV. Why did the British Government send these officers, and then disavow and abandon them?

“V. Why did not the Queen of England answer the Ameer’s letter, instead of directing the Secretary of State so to do, as every one with the slightest acquaintance of Oriental affairs must be well aware, that no attention whatever is given to the signature of any Vizier or Minister; and that such an answer would be received as an unpardonable insult?”

Now, Captain Grover is greatly mistaken if he supposes that he is the only person who has enquired into these matters. There were other individuals who had as warm a regard for Colonel Stoddart, and took as keen and as anxious an interest in his safety as Captain Grover; and who commenced their enquiries long before he moved in the matter, and continued them up to the last moment when any doubt could reasonably be entertained. These enquiries were not the less diligent or searching because they were made without noise—without any attempt to attract public attention, or to win popular applause. They were enlivened by no altercation with the Foreign Office. No public meeting was called to listen to their revelations. They produced no book. They were pursued silently and sorrowfully, yet not without hope—sometimes faint and dim, sometimes stronger and brighter, till at length it was extinguished. The individuals who instituted these enquiries had no personal ambition to gratify, no preconceived opinions to maintain. And this must also be acknowledged, they had no suspicions of any foul design on the part of the Government to quicken their apprehension, or to prejudice their judgment. They sought anxiously to know, and they carefully and maturely examined what had been done, what was doing, and, so far as they were permitted, to be informed what was contemplated towards effecting the release of those noble-minded men, those faithful and unfortunate servants of their sovereign and their country. Their affections made them urgent and zealous; their anxiety made them watchful. With these feel-

ings they could not be easily satisfied. They required much from the Government, but they did not demand impossibilities.

And now that they have ceased to hope or to fear, now that all is over, they are bound to say that the anxiety and the exertions of Lord Palmerston and Sir John Hobhouse, during the time they were in office, to procure the release of Colonel Stoddart, were such as to do credit to their feelings and to their understandings; that their successors have done their best, by following the course pointed out to them, to obtain the liberation of that officer and Captain Conolly; and that no efforts of Captain Grover were required to direct the attention of a gracious Sovereign to those devoted servants. She had never ceased to take a lively interest in their fate. Her sympathy had not been withheld from the dearest friends they have left to mourn for them.

We might have been entitled to leave the matter here. Against the statement of Captain Grover, supported by no evidence that we can detect, and resting solely on the absence of information and on confident assertion, we might have been entitled to place the preceding statement just as it stands;—against the ignorance of Captain Grover, that the last and the present Government had done any thing, to place the knowledge of other parties that they had done much. But we are not content to leave the question in this position. If the only object we proposed to ourselves had been to vindicate the characters of our statesmen before the nation to which they are responsible, then indeed we might have thought it enough simply to state what we know to be the truth. The characters of public men are public property; and when the men are worthy, the public will guard so valuable a part of its possessions against the vulgar appetite for detraction. Unless we deceive ourselves, our position demands that we should contemplate larger purposes, and vindicate the honour of the nation to those who are not of the nation. That we should make it impossible for any man, who may chance to read these observations, to repeat honestly abroad what Captain Grover may assert harmlessly at home.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, for us to say, that what has been done at the public expense, by the agents of the Government abroad, we shall consider as acts of the Government; but we shall attribute to the Government nothing done otherwise than by official agents, or the expenses of which are not charged to the public.

We shall first dispose of Captain Grover's assertion, that

Colonel Stoddart might easily have left Bokhara, if he had been furnished with permission to do so from any competent British authority. If this is not what Captain Grover means, there is no meaning in the passage.

Now, by Colonel Stoddart's official instructions, the duration of his stay at Bokhara is left entirely to himself; and he is informed that he ought to be guided, in some measure, by the feelings which may be evinced towards him by the Bokhara government. Even the routes by which he may return are pointed out to him. By Herat or Meshed to Persia—either direct or by the way of Khiva to Russia—or by Balkh to India. His instructions were, therefore, final. They left him at liberty to leave Bokhara as soon as he might think it advisable, and they were not superseded. In a letter of the 10th July 1841, he says—‘I do not mean to stop for Conolly, if I can be off before.’ On the following day he writes—‘I am happy to be able to report my departure so near.’ He then expected to leave Bokhara in a few days. Whatever, therefore, may have been the meaning attached by Colonel Stoddart to the passage quoted by Captain Grover, that gentleman's inference is plainly incorrect. Colonel Stoddart knew that, as far as his own Government was concerned, he had authority to leave Bokhara whenever he might think it advisable, and might find it possible. And we have seen that he was prepared to act on this knowledge.

Let any of our readers now look back to Captain Grover's angry tirade, suggested by an assumption founded only on his own want of information. Let them observe his indignant allusion to the aristocracy, and, above all, his unhappy and ungenerous picture of what he supposes may perhaps be the feelings of diplomatic gentlemen in Downing Street. We believe Captain Grover to be a rash and injudicious man. But we also believe that he is susceptible of generous emotions and impulses; and we hope he will not again read what he has thus written without regret.

Colonel Stoddart was seized and imprisoned at Bokhara on or about the 31st December 1838. Some time elapsed before information of this event reached any of the British representatives or agents. The first who received authentic intelligence was Lieut. Pottinger, political agent at Herat, who lost no time in making it known to the government of India, and the authorities at Cabool. Meanwhile, he addressed a letter to the Ameer on the subject. Finding that this communication had produced no effect, he again wrote to the Ameer. From Cabool a joint letter was addressed, in Persian and English, to the King of Bokhara by Sir John Keane, then commanding the army, and Sir William

Macnaghten, envoy, pointing out the friendly objects with which Colonel Stoddart had been sent to his court, and calling upon him to release that officer, and send him to Cabool. In August 1839, Major Todd, envoy at Herat, sent Moollah Seyud Mahommed, commonly called Khan Moollah Khan, or chief priest of Herat, on a mission to Bokhara, to procure the release of Colonel Stoddart. This priest was furnished with letters to the Ameer from Kamran Shah of Herat, from his Vizier Yar Mahommed Khan, and from the British envoy. The Moollah was rudely received by the Khan, reproached with favouring infidels, and dismissed without ceremony, in the month of November if we rightly recollect, having failed to accomplish his object.

Captain Abbot, who was about this time sent on a mission to Khiva, was instructed to concert with the Khan of that principality, such measures as he could devise for procuring the release of Colonel Stoddart.

In consequence of Captain Abbot's representations, the Khan Huzrut, as he is called, sent, as his envoy to Bokhara, a priest of great reputation, who was furnished with a letter from his sovereign to the Ameer, demanding the release of Colonel Stoddart. This mission was speedily followed by another, charged with the same duty. They returned with the intelligence that Colonel Stoddart was treated with great distinction at Bokhara, but that the Ameer would not agree to let him depart.

In June 1840, Lieutenant, now Sir Richmond Shakespeare, who succeeded Captain Abbot at Khiva, reported that he had been in communication with the Khan Huzrut on the means of effecting Colonel Stoddart's release. That the Khan was much scandalized by the conduct of the Ameer, which, he said, reflected disgrace upon all Islam.

Sir R. Shakespeare, therefore, applied to the envoy at Herat for letters from Kamran Shah and Yar Mahommed Khan, to be sent, along with a communication from the Khan Huzrut, by Cazeé Moollah Mahommed Hoossein to Bokhara, to demand the release of Colonel Stoddart.

Sir R. Shakespeare hoped that this evidence of concert between the two governments of Herat and Khiva might have some effect upon the Ameer. Lord Auckland, then Governor-General of India, communicated to the authorities at home the measures in which the officers of his government in Afghanistan were engaged to procure the release of Colonel Stoddart; and Sir William Macnaghten, then envoy at Cabool, intimated that he was not without hopes of effecting that object, through the agents of Shah Soojah, about to be sent to Bokhara.

Lord Palmerston, not contented to rely solely on the efforts

which, through the Governor-General of India and the British representatives and agents in Asia, had been made in concert with the governments of Hérat, Khiva, and Cabool, to effect Colonel Stoddart's liberation, addressed letters to her Majesty's Ambassadors at Constantinople and St Petersburg, requesting the influential aid of both these courts to effect the same object. The Sultan addressed a letter to the King of Bokhara, urging him to allow Colonel Stoddart to depart, and pointing out the impropriety of detaining a person sent on a friendly mission to his court. The court of St Petersburg, in like manner, readily employed its good offices for so desirable an object; and in September 1839, a Russian agent, sent to Bokhara for that purpose, demanded that Colonel Stoddart should be released. A similar demand was addressed to the Bokhara ambassadors at St Petersburg, by Count Nesselrode. Two sahibzadehs, men of great reputed sanctity, dispatched on a mission from Cabool to Bokhara for the same purpose, were seized and imprisoned by Dost Mahommed Khan.

When Captain Conolly was sent in the autumn of 1840, on a mission to Kokand, he was instructed, as the agents to Khiva had previously been, to concert measures with the sovereign of that principality for the liberation of Colonel Stoddart. Sir R. Shakespeare continued at Khiva to organize a combined remonstrance to the Ameer on the part of Cabool, Hérat, Khiva, and Kokand, from which he entertained sanguine hopes of success. Another agent had been sent from Cabool—Mahommed Hoosein Kashy—who returned with letters from Colonel Stoddart dated in October 1840, announcing his release from confinement, and intimating the Ameer's desire to conclude a treaty of friendship with England.

On receiving this intelligence, Sir William Macnaghten addressed a letter in Persian to the King of Bokhara, inclosing a draft of a treaty, also in Persian, sealed by himself and Shah Soojah's vizier, for the Ameer's approbation and acceptance. These he transmitted through Colonel Stoddart. The receipt of this communication, and the satisfaction it gave to the Ameer, were referred to in one of Colonel Stoddart's letters. While these proceedings were in progress in the East, the Government at home had been informed of Colonel Stoddart's noble but unfortunate reply to the Ameer, when it was proposed to release him on the demand of Russia; and fearing that, on the recurrence of any similar opportunity of getting away from Bokhara, he might persevere from the same high motives in refusing to profit by it, the British ambassador at St Petersburg communicated to him the wish of her Majesty's government,

that he should not hesitate to take advantage of any such occasion that might again present itself to procure his liberation. The Marquis of Clanricarde, at the same time, informed him that he would be well received at the Russian frontier stations, and authorized him to draw upon the Embassy for money to pay his expenses. This letter was delivered to Colonel Stoddart by M. Boutenieff, and its receipt acknowledged.

In January 1841, Colonel Stoddart in a private letter announced that he had been released from all restraint, and that he was in high favour with the Ameer; but entreated that no attempt might be made to send letters to him secretly, as it might cost his own life, and that of the messenger. In March of the same year, Colonel Stoddart sent one of his Persian servants, who had also been seized at Bokhara, and whose release he obtained, with letters for her Majesty's Government to Colonel Sheil, then at Trebizonde. In this packet was a letter from the Ameer of Bokhara to the Queen, proposing a treaty of alliance with England; and letters from Colonel Stoddart communicating in detail the demands of his Highness. The Ameer demanded that certain territories and places bordering on Afghanistan, to which there were other claimants, should be declared by her Majesty's Government to be part of the kingdom of Bokhara.

The Ameer's propositions, therefore, involved questions which her Majesty's Government could not have decided without a reference to the Government of India and to that of Shah Soojah, whose interests, rather than those of the British Government, were involved in these proposals and demands. It was only as the allies of Shah Soojah that the British authorities could take any part in the discussion of the questions raised by the Ameer. The only practicable course, therefore, was to transmit the Ameer's communications to the Governor-General of India, and transfer to his lordship's government the negotiation which had thus been opened by the sovereign of Bokhara. The determination of her Majesty's Government to adopt this course, was communicated by Lord Palmerston in a letter to Colonel Stoddart, delivered to him at Bokhara on the 10th of December.

The Governor-General having received the communications from Bokhara, which had been transmitted from England, addressed to the Ameer a letter in Persian, acquainting him that Colonel Stoddart's letters had been received by her Majesty's Government. That his Highness's letter to the Queen, expressing a desire to enter into a friendly alliance with the British Government, had been duly presented to her Majesty, who entertained the most amicable sentiments towards his Highness, and an

earnest desire to cultivate his friendship. His lordship intimated that he was authorized to conclude a treaty with Bokhara, and that some presents for the Ameer were to be sent from England. A draft of the proposed treaty, which Colonel Stoddart was to be empowered to conclude, accompanied this letter.

In the beginning of October 1841, letters from Colonel Stoddart, written in the middle of August, were received at Kandahar. In these he stated that he was on the point of leaving the Ameer's court, with full powers to form any treaty that might be desired by the British Government; and that the Russian slaves had been declared free to leave Bokhara, on being ransomed by themselves or their friends.

In his previous letters, both to England and to India, he had expressed entire confidence in the friendly sentiments of the Ameer towards England and towards himself. He was trusted and acknowledged in his official character by the Prince, who had denounced him as an enemy and a spy. He believed the favourable change which had been produced in his feelings to be the result of better information, of a more just and rational perception of the views of the British Government, and of his own interests; and he therefore had no doubt that it would be permanent. He had now no apprehensions for his own liberty or safety, and there appeared to be no reason why any such fears should be entertained. He was in free communication with the British Government and its agents; his messengers went to Trebezonde, to Cabool, to Herat, to Khiva, and to Kokand. He considered his liberty perfect, and his influence all that could be desired. He was cheered by the conviction that he had accomplished the public objects of his journey to Bokhara; and that he was now about to leave with honour the city where he had suffered so many indignities.

But from day to day his departure was postponed. The Ameer appears to have thought that the presence of Colonel Stoddart might be advantageous to him in his negotiations with the Russian envoy, who was then approaching Bokhara. On Tuesday the 17th of August the Russian mission arrived, and on or before the 21st demanded, in the name of the Emperor, that Colonel Stoddart should be sent to Russia. The Ameer intimated to him this demand, and asked whether he desired that it should be acceded to. With characteristic spirit he replied, if there was any order from his own Government that he should proceed to Russia, or if the Ameer had any business to entrust to him in that direction, he was ready to go; but that otherwise he was not willing to go. The Ameer sent again to say, that not having received any answer to the Letters

he had addressed to the British Government, and the Russians having sent to say they would render him services, he was at a loss what excuse to give for not sending him to Russia. Colonel Stoddart, perceiving that the Ameer's object was to excite his pride and jealousy, with great prudence replied, that the Ameer was the best judge what course should be pursued, and what answer should be given; that if his Highness should determine to send him by Russia he was perfectly ready to go. The Ameer, finding that he had not yet succeeded in committing Colonel Stoddart to any declaration that indicated hostility to Russia, or the Russian mission, sent again to say, that if favourable answers should arrive to the letters he had sent to the British Government, it was his intention to send Colonel Stoddart, with a man of rank and suitable honours, to Cabool; but that, if such letters did not arrive before the departure of the Russian mission, he must take his chance of being surrendered to Russia. On this Colonel Stoddart remarks, that the Ameer was trying the old 'trick of playing one off against the other.'

On the 7th September, Colonel Stoddart received the Marquis of Clanricarde's letter, communicating to him the desire of his Government, that he should no longer hesitate to profit by any opportunity the Russian agents might afford him for effecting his liberation. On the 18th, the Ameer marched with an armed force towards Samarcand; and recommended to Colonel Stoddart, as his usual residence would be lonely in the absence of the troops, to remove either to the house of the minister or that of M. Boutenieff. Colonel Stoddart preferred the latter, went thither on the 19th, and experienced great kindness from the Russian envoy.

On the return of the Ameer from Samarcand, he was accompanied by Captain Conolly, who was at first received with distinction, and whom Colonel Stoddart joined at the house of the Naib on the 10th November; having then no suspicion of any unfriendly feeling towards either Captain Conolly or himself on the part of the Ameer.

On the 19th, they removed to a good house in the town, which the Ameer had assigned for their residence. At their first audience, the Ameer intimated an intention to send Colonel Stoddart away, and to retain Captain Conolly as British agent at Bokhara—seeming only to hesitate a little on account of the non-arrival of a reply to his Letter to the Queen. But at this time they received a friendly intimation that they were both distrusted.

On the 2d of November, the insurrection had broken out at Cabool; and, before the end of that month, reports were current

at Bokhara that Shah Soojah had been deposed—that Akber Khan had gone to Cabool—that Sir Alexander Burnes, and most of the English, had been killed. The Ameer questioned the British officers about these rumours, and they, having no information, could only express doubts of their truth. A messenger who had been dispatched to them from Cabool, had left his packets at Muzar, having heard that they and the Naib had been seized by the Ameer. On the 2d of December they were again called to the presence of the Ameer, who spoke to them harshly and contemptuously—accusing the British missions to Khiva and Kokand of having excited those states to enmity against him. They endeavoured to soothe him. He said he wanted one of two things—positive friendship, or positive enmity—and asked, if the British Government intended the first, why no answer had come to his letters? They repeated their former answers about the distance between Bokhara and England, and the probability that the answer would be sent round through the Governor-General of India. They reminded him, that in answer to his Highness's communications to Cabool, Sir William Macnaghten had sent a treaty of friendship, signed by the vizier of Shah Soojah and by himself; that the Governor-General had written the most amicable professions to his Majesty, and had authorized Colonel Stoddart to sign a treaty of friendship on the part of the British Government. He could not deny the truth of these statements, but haughtily asked, if they would have him treat with a minister,—spoke of exterminating the Affghans if the English did not support them, and continued to contradict almost every thing they said, recurring with frequent complaints to the objects of the British policy in those countries. For some days afterwards, they received assurances from M. Boutenieff and their other friends, that the Ameer's object in treating them with so much harshness, had been only to sift them, and that he had been satisfied with the result of his examination. This information appeared to be confirmed by a friendly message from the Ameer through a confidential servant, to ask what conclusion they and Allabdad Khan had come to 'on the matter of going.'—They replied, that they left this question entirely to his Majesty's decision.

On the 10th of December, Lord Palmerston's despatch to Colonel Stoddart arrived. Its contents were communicated to the Ameer, with an assurance that it furnished as strong proof as could be given of the friendship of the British Government, and a hope was expressed that it would be accepted as such. On the 19th, the Ameer summoned Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly to court, and talked long and graciously with

them 'about the continued bad rumours from Cabool.'—Next day they were committed to prison.

The first rumour of this event reached Tehran in February, and was received in England in April. In the last days of May or first days of June, it was confirmed by official intelligence from St Petersburg. M. Boutenieff, the Russian minister then at Bokhara, had reported this event to his government in a despatch written in February. He complains that the Ameer had taken this arbitrary step in defiance of the remonstrances of the Russian mission, and in violation of his promise to permit Colonel Stoddart to proceed to Russia. The day after this official intelligence was received, Lord Aberdeen wrote to the British Ambassador at Constantinople, instructing him to lose no time in urging the Sultan, and any other persons who might have influence at Bokhara, to address letters to the Ameer, and to persons in his confidence, pressing upon him in the strongest manner the injustice of his conduct to the British agents, and the evil consequences which, sooner or later, may result to himself from his perseverance in his present system of oppression in regard to them. In the month of August, the Russian minister in London communicated by order of the Government to Lord Aberdeen, that in conformity with the wish expressed by the British Government, M. Boutenieff had demanded at Bokhara that Colonel Stoddart should be set at liberty—that this demand had at first been favourably received, but that, after the arrival of Captain Conolly, both had been put in prison. That the Russian minister would not fail to protest energetically against this proceeding, by which the Khan of Bokhara seemed desirous to defy England and Russia at the same time.

These friendly exertions of the Russian court induced Lord Aberdeen to convey to Count Nesselrodé the acknowledgments of the British Government, in terms which we know elicited expressions of great satisfaction from the Emperor. The British minister at the court of Russia was in constant communication with Count Nesselrodé on this subject; and in the month of August informed Lord Aberdeen, that the Russian Government had refused to receive the Envoy from Bokhara, who had arrived at Orenburg, and had intimated to him, that to release from captivity the Russian slaves at Bokhara, to set at liberty Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, was the condition *sine quâ non* of his being permitted to advance to St Petersburg.

So long as the Russian Mission remained at Bokhara, sanguine hopes were entertained that the influence of M. Boutenieff might be effectual in procuring the release of Colonel Stod-

dart and Captain Conolly. There was no doubt that it would be exerted to the utmost, or that it was far more powerful than any that a British agent could have exercised at Bokhara, even if it had been possible to send one thither. .

Affghanistan was now hostile. We had no mission at Herat, or Khiva, or Kokand. That at Cabool was itself in imminent danger. The communication between Persia and Bokhara, even by messengers, had been rendered altogether impracticable to us; for a time at least, by the public execution of a messenger of the mission, and of a Turcoman of Serakhs, who had attempted to communicate with Colonel Stoddart. No bribe would induce any man to be the bearer of Letters from the British Mission to Bokhara. The Russian Mission alone afforded a channel through which authentic information could be regularly received; and M. Boutenieff's stay at Bokhara would have been prolonged, had not the conduct of the Ameer made it necessary for him to hasten his departure. He set out towards the end of April; and before the Russian Mission had well arrived at Orenburg, the British officers had been executed at Bokhara.

The first authentic intelligence, then, of the imprisonment of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, was received in England on the 30th of May or 1st of June; and before the 1st of July these unfortunate officers were no more. No effort, therefore, which the British Government might have made to save them could by any possibility have averted their fate. About three months were required to send even a Letter to Bokhara. Not more than one month, as is now ascertained, elapsed between the receipt of the intelligence that they had been seized, and the date of their execution.

But, as authentic information of this crime was not conveyed to the British Government till after a considerable interval, the attempts to procure their liberation were still persevered in. The Governor-General of India, taking advantage of the re-occupation of Cabool by our troops, addressed a letter to the Ameer, announcing his Lordship's recent victories, and requesting that the two British officers should be sent into Persia. Whatever opinions may be entertained of the wisdom or prudence of the terms in which this communication was conceived, there can be no doubt of the intention with which it was written. But, three months before his Lordship had penned that epistle, the British officers had ceased to exist. A letter from the Queen to the Ameer was prepared and forwarded; but before its arrival at Tehran, Colonel Sheil had been made aware that it was already too late. He had received authentic intelligence of their execution at Bokhara.

These are the simple facts of the case. If Captain Grover was acquainted with them, what shall we say of him? Or what shall we say if, not knowing the facts, he ventures, in the confidence of his own ignorance, to impute dishonourable intentions or dishonourable neglect to the Government of his country?

We have, perhaps, wearied our readers with this detail; but if there be any one who, misled by Captain Grover, entertained a doubt on the subject—who feared that the British Government had failed, from any cause, to do its duty where the liberty and the life of a brave officer were at stake—he will thank us for having so wearied him.

This, we regret to say, is not all. In his anxiety to fix these imputations upon the British Government, Captain Grover has resorted to means which the utmost charity of construction will not permit us to attribute to ignorance. He must have perceived, that if June or July 1842 should be established as the date of the murder at Bokhara, his disbelief of the Akhondzadeh's statement would be proved to have been groundless—his own proposal to proceed to Bokhara needless—and Dr Wolff's mission an useless exposure of his life to imminent peril. He must have seen that the refusal of the Government to incur the responsibility of sending him, or any one else, officially to Bokhara, would thus be justified—that much of his own argument, many of his charges and complaints, would fall to the ground—that much of his indignation would become ludicrous—and that the most elaborate of his rhetorical declamations would at once be perceived to be an empty bubble. He had therefore strong reasons for desiring to believe that the officers had not been put to death till July 1843; and we never happen to have met with a man who has so great a facility in persuading himself of what he desires to believe, as Captain Grover.

On the 5th May 1844, Dr Wolff wrote at least three Letters, announcing that it had been communicated to him by command of the King of Bokhara, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly had been executed for certain imputed offences, at a date which is differently written in each of these three Letters. In that to Captain Grover, Dr Wolff gives a Mahommedan date only; viz. the month Sarratan, (Cancer,) in the year of the Hijera 1259, which would correspond with June or July 1843. In his Letter to Colonel Sheil, he gives only the Christian date of July 1842. In his Letter to Lord Aberdeen, he gives the date both according to the Mahommedan and the Christian eras, viz. the month Sarratan, 1259 of the Hijera, (July 1842.) All these Letters were seen by Captain Grover, and the discrepancy in the dates was pointed out to him.

Dr Wolff had thus given two irreconcilable dates, and it became necessary to choose between them. July 1842 corresponded closely, though not precisely, with the date assigned to this event by Saleh Mahommed the Akhondzadeh; whose account of the execution, given in November 1842, had, in all essential particulars, been confirmed by Dr Wolff. To assume, therefore, that the execution had taken place in 1843, was to attribute to the Akhondzadeh a prescience superhuman. It was to assume that he knew in November 1842 what was to occur in July 1843—the place, the manner, the order of the execution—all the essential particulars. On the other hand, the Mahommedan date 1259—corresponding with June or July 1843—which Dr Wolff had given in his Letter to Captain Grover, had been announced, it was said on the authority of the King of Bokhara himself, and *officially* communicated by Dr Wolff to the committee which employed him. Captain Grover appears to have considered this conclusive; and while he refuses to believe the King's intimation, or Dr Wolff's official assurances that the execution took place at all, with whimsical inconsistency he determines to maintain, at all hazards, the accuracy of the date his Highness assigns to this event.

An attempt is made to corroborate this view by the evidence of certain Bokharees at Constantinople, with whom a Mr Layard had communicated through one of the Persian Princes who visited England, and who were stated to have asserted that Stoddart was still alive in 1843; that he was at liberty, and in favour, and, having obtained permission to visit England, was about to set out. If this had been true, Dr Wolff could not have failed to hear of it on the spot, from the Jews, if from no one else. We attach no value to any information so obtained; for a native of Bokhara, finding himself in Europe, would, we conceive, almost *as a matter of course* deny the murder of an European by the government of Bokhara; because he would fear that he might be made personally responsible for the act of his government, as he would have been at Bokhara.

Under the influence of similar feelings, we find the Bokharee envoy at Tehran acknowledging to the Shah's prime minister and to the Russian mission the execution of the two British officers, and attempting to justify that act on the same grounds on which the King of Bokhara afterwards attempted to justify it; but peremptorily and distinctly denying that any such execution had taken place, the moment he is questioned on the subject by the British envoy or by Dr Wolff, who appeared to be connected with the British Government. But, in the mean

time, Dr Wolff had discovered that the Mahommedan date given in his Letters of the 5th May was erroneous; and on the 19th June, while still at Bokhara, and in great peril, he wrote to Lady Georgiana Wolff a Letter, which we know was communicated to Captain Grover, in which he states distinctly 'that Stoddart and Conolly had been killed in the month 'Sarratan, (July,) Hijera 1258, (not 1259.)'

After his return to Tehran, Dr Wolff more fully and circumstantially explained the error into which he had fallen respecting the Mahommedan date assigned to the execution, in his Letters of the 5th May. He explains that, in the first instance, the Naib had misled him by naming 1259, but that the Naib having at the same time stated that the execution had taken place twenty months before Dr Wolff's arrival in Bokhara, had in fact furnished the means of correcting the date, if Dr Wolff had known that the year in which he was writing was 1260 of the Hijera. That the next day, but not until after his Letters had been sent off, the Naib himself corrected the mistake—telling Dr Wolff that he ought to have said 1258, not 1259. Dr Wolff adds—'And that both Conolly and Stoddart were killed in 1258,' (that is, in 1842,) 'was confirmed by—1, Mehran Kaseem; 2, Mehran Shadee; 3, the Sheikawul; 4, Mehran Ashur; 5, Moolah Mahooem; 6, Mullum Beg; 7, Rabbi Pinehas, chief Rabbi of the Jews, besides twenty other Jews; and also by the people of Karakol and Charjoo, and several Turcomans at Merve.'

Now, in the work before us, Captain Grover has not mentioned the fact, that Dr Wolff had declared the Mahommedan date of 1259, or 1843, to be erroneous, and the true date to be 1258, or 1842. He even avoids stating the fact, that in his communications of the 5th May, Dr Wolff had assigned both dates for the murder. From the beginning to the end of his book, there is no intimation that Dr Wolff had ever assigned to this event any date but that of 1259, which he had distinctly recalled, and declared to be a mistake. An error in one of Dr Wolff's Letters—an error which Captain Grover well knew the Doctor had acknowledged and corrected—has thus been held up to the public as evidence to prove that the officers were not put to death before July 1843! We think it unnecessary, and it certainly would be an unpleasant task to comment upon these facts.

But this is not the only instance in which we have to accuse Captain Grover of keeping out of sight important facts; and thus leading his readers to believe what they could not have believed, if the whole facts had been fairly stated. He has dwelt long and often upon the Letter addressed by Lord

Ellenborough to the King of Bokhara, in which Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly are described as 'innocent travellers.' He has attributed to the unfavourable influence produced by that Letter the murder of the officers; and he quotes a conversation between Dr Wolff and Hagee Ibrahim at Meshed, to prove that this inference was just. Again, he says—'The strongest point in favour of a belief of the execution, I must candidly admit, is the arrival of Lord Ellenborough's never-to-be-forgotten and never-to-be-forgiven letter. That it did arrive at its destination there can be no doubt—Dr Wolff saw that letter at Bokhara.' Now, in the very same Journal in which Dr Wolff mentions having seen Lord Ellenborough's Letter at Bokhara, he also distinctly states that the Ameer or King had not seen it when he arrived at Bokhara. That it had been intercepted and returned to Balkh; and that it was in consequence of Dr Wolff's own representations that a messenger was sent to bring it from thence. That it was brought accordingly, and that thereafter the King of Bokhara saw it for the first time. This information Captain Grover has not thought fit to mention. There is not in his volume one single sentence that could lead us to suspect its existence! On these facts likewise we must decline to make any observation, and we pass to other matters.

Captain Grover accuses the Earl of Aberdeen and Mr Adington of having endeavoured to 'induce' and 'tempt' him to undertake the journey to Bokhara 'as a *private traveller*, which the Earl of Aberdeen must well know could only lead to my 'destruction,' (page 61;) and this accusation is repeated in various forms.

We were much puzzled, we confess, to discover what possible object either the Principal Secretary of State, or the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, could have had in seeking to send Captain Grover to inevitable destruction. That he may have been an intolerable *bore* is not improbable; and that none of the ordinary punishments for that description of enormity are at all adequate to put down the offence we were ready to admit; but still there seemed to be an unaccountable grandeur of conception in the idea of consigning a Downing Street *bore* to the black well at Bokhara, that made us hesitate to attribute it to the Foreign Office. Even the prospect of saving the country seven shillings a-day, which Captain Grover himself pointed out, seemed to be an inadequate reason for consigning him to the tender mercies of the King of Bokhara. But, on turning back to page 50, we found the following passage, which to our eyes certainly does not look very like a desire to 'induce' or 'tempt' Captain Grover

to proceed to Bokhara—‘On being introduced to Mr Addington, he entered into a long statement of the dangers of the journey I was about to undertake, evidently endeavouring to frighten me.’ Finding that Captain Grover still held to his purpose, Mr Addington suggested that he should see the documents in the Foreign Office relating to Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, and that he might take a few days for reflection; adding that, should he then still be disposed to go, he should be happy to see him again.

Captain Grover having examined the papers put before him, adheres to his intention. Mr. Hammond suggested that he should take a day or two to deliberate; but he replied, ‘that his mind was made up, that there was no occasion for deliberation, no time to be lost, and that he should like to see Mr Addington immediately.’

‘I was again,’ says Captain Grover, ‘ushered into the presence of the Under-Secretary of State, who seemed much surprised that my determination was unshaken. He said, the danger attending such an expedition was so great, that he did not think Lord Aberdeen would feel himself justified in giving me the sanction I required; that there would be no objection whatever to my proceeding to Bokhara in search of my friend as a *private traveller*; and that Lord Aberdeen would willingly afford me every assistance at his command should I be disposed to undertake such a journey.’

A singular mode this of ‘tempting’ a man to set out on a journey! To try to frighten him by pointing out its dangers; to tell him they are so great that Lord Aberdeen declines to take any share in the responsibility of exposing to them any officer under his orders; and to conclude by telling him, that if, after all these warnings and dissuasions, he should persist in going as a private traveller, the Government would still give him every facility in its power. But the construction of our author’s mind is such, that it is impossible to guess what conclusion he may deduce from any given premises. Or, perhaps, Captain Grover having, as he tells us, ‘studied diplomacy as a science at a German university,’ may have there learned to interpret by contraries the language of those who profess it.

We have said that we believed Captain Grover to be a man whose natural impulse it is to do good; and that, while we thought him rash and injudicious, we believed him to be capable of generous impulses and emotions. But we are half inclined to retract that admission. We find him advancing against so many individuals, charges and insinuations at once injurious and un-

founded, that after making every allowance for imperfect information, eccentricity of mind, and other sources of error, we are unable to acquit him of ungenerous feelings.

We have already noticed the passage in which he supposes that ‘diplomatic gentlemen, in their comfortably warmed and ‘carpeted rooms in Downing Street,’ may perhaps ‘smile now ‘while they contemplate the horrible sufferings of their victims, ‘which a little exertion on their part might have averted.’ Then we find him suggesting, insinuating—almost venturing to assert—that the three thousand rupees paid by Colonel Sheil to Saleh Mahommed the Akhondzadeh, in compensation for the losses he had incurred, and the miserable sufferings he had endured in the black well of Bokhara, in consequence of his being in the service of the British Government, were given to him because the intelligence he conveyed of the murder of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly was agreeable information. Could any man of a generous mind have conceived, still less deliberately written, and printed, and published, such things?

Our author calls loudly for vengeance on the King of Bokhara, and declares, as we have seen, that in no other way can the British national honour be maintained, or the name of its Government preserved from ‘contempt and infamy.’ We quote again his own words—‘Should the cruelties practised upon Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly pass unavenged, the word ‘*Dowlut*’ (the British Government) ‘will have a new signification—contempt and infamy.’ We hope, we trust, that if the time should come when Great Britain may have it in her power to make the present Sovereign of that country account for the atrocities of which he has been guilty, the opportunity will not be lost. We believe there is but one man in the nation who does not feel that the punishment of the King of Bokhara for his cruelties to these British officers, would be an act of most equitable retribution. But we cannot see how Captain Grover can make any such demand without a gross violation of justice, and a total disregard of the first principles of international law.

Let us see what he says of the King of Bokhara’s conduct in this matter:—

‘Before bringing this narrative to a conclusion, a sense of justice compels me to say a few words in defence of an absent individual, who will probably never have an opportunity of defending himself—that individual is the King of Bokhara. The English newspapers have heaped their whole stock of opprobrious epithets on the head of that monarch. It is natural enough that every Englishman’s blood should boil with indignation, when he thinks of the ignominious treatment to which such a

man as Colonel Stoddart has been subjected since the year 1838, by the orders of Nasr Ullah, King of Bokhara. It is, indeed, natural that the whole British nation should be indignant; but, in my humble opinion, this virtuous indignation is misdirected—that it is not the King of Bokhara that is to be blamed for these cruelties, but the BRITISH GOVERNMENT!

NOW, if this is Captain Grover's conviction, can any thing be more abominable, more immoral as an international act, than to call upon the British nation to take vengeance on the King of Bokhara for a proceeding in which he is thus declared to be blameless? But Captain Grover goes further. He offers to give the aid of his personal services to depose this blameless Ruler, and to carry all the horrors and atrocities of an Asiatic war among the people of Bokhara, on the *pretext* that their Sovereign has injured and insulted the British nation; while in truth he believes that it is not their Sovereign, but his own Government, that is to blame. If, on the other hand, he has here said what is contrary to his conviction, we must doubt the sincerity of all the statements in which he denounces the conduct of the British Government. If he has here asserted what he does not himself believe, for the purpose of fixing dishonour upon his own Government, then the whole book may probably be of the same character.

On which horn of the dilemma does he prefer being trans-fixed? We offer him the alternative. If he says he is sincere in acquitting the King of Bokhara, then he convicts himself of gross injustice, and disregard of international honour, in demanding that he should be attacked and punished for that of which he acquits him. If he denies that he is guilty of gross injustice, and disregard of international honour, in proposing to attack Bokhara, then he admits that her King is to blame, and that, in stating the contrary, he has asserted what he does not truly believe.

This is the man who puts himself forward to teach the nation how to assert and maintain its honour. Truly, Captain Grover has studied the *jus gentium* at a German university to some purpose. We should like to know what seminary had the honour of perfecting his diplomatic education, of which he boasts so confidently.

Our author's military scheme for punishing this *blameless* King of Bokhara, and thus restoring the national honour to its former lustre, is almost as curious as his ideas of international justice. We give it in his own words:—

‘Assuming, therefore, that it is expedient to maintain the national

honour, I will endeavour to show how, in my humble opinion, this may be achieved.

‘ I put the employment of a British force out of the question.

‘ Your Lordship is aware that both Khiva and Kokand are at war with Bokhara.

‘ I had the honour of submitting to your Lordship a letter from the Aussoof-ood-Dowlah, uncle to the King of Persia, governor of Khorasaur, from which it appears that he had assembled, between Merve and Meshed, the most powerful tribes of Saraks, Mahal, Merve, &c., and that he was ready to march to Bokhara to punish the Ameer, with the permission of the Shah, if he had the authority of Great Britain.

‘ The King of Bokhara being such a horrible tyrant, and considered by his subjects as a madman, they might possibly reflect upon the fate of Cabool, and save us the trouble of deposing him.

‘ Now, the plan I propose is this: England should proclaim to all nations her intention of punishing the Ameer of Bokhara for the murder or imprisonment of her ambassador, and to set at liberty all English, Russian, and Persian slaves, the number of which is enormous.

‘ To carry this resolution into effect, your Lordship will only have to say the word to put a Persian army in motion. This army should be accompanied by a British officer as her Majesty’s Commissioner; and he ought to have one or two squadrons of British dragoons, or Company’s cavalry, and a few light guns as an escort, which would give an English character to the expedition. In case of success, of which I can entertain no doubt, England would retrieve her honour; should the expedition fail, of course the blame would lie with the Persians.

‘ The expedition should be directed against the Ameer alone, our policy requiring that Bokhara should be strengthened rather than weakened.

‘ I trust your Lordship will not consider me presumptuous in offering these remarks. At all events, I feel that I am merely doing my duty. And, in conclusion, I beg leave, through your Lordship, to make a tender of my dutiful services to her Majesty, to be employed in any way in this glorious enterprise, although I am quite sure your Lordship will find many officers quite as willing and better qualified than I am.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship’s obedient humble servant,

‘ JOHN GROVER, Captain Unattached.

‘ THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

‘ P.S.—I would send the escort dismounted from Bombay to Bushire, and purchase the horses in Persia.’

Without discussing the question, how far it may be consistent, with a high feeling of national dignity, to seek the vindication of our national honour by the prowess of another people, we confess that we are unable to perceive how the English character, which Captain Grover thinks his own presence and that of his escort would give to this expedition in the event of its success, would immediately cease in the event of its failure—an event

which we regard as far less improbable than Captain Grover seems to imagine. But if that character did not cease in the case of failure, then the honour of the nation would be obviously committed to the prosecution of a war in Central Asia, with a country to which British troops had no means of access. The original proclamation of England's intention to punish the Ameer of Bokhara, would in fact, previous to the march of the expedition, pledge the country to the prosecution of the war, if the first expedition should be unsuccessful.

How is such a war to be carried on? Captain Grover puts the employment of a British force out of the question. That it must be put out of the question is obvious; for there is no route open to it by which it could arrive at any part of the kingdom of Bokhara. If a Persian force should be marched against Bokhara, is it not almost certain that the other Uzbek states of Khiva and Kokand would aid in repelling an invasion, the success of which would immediately threaten their own independence, and almost certainly lead to the invasion of Khiva? Having engaged Persia in a war with the Uzbek states for our purposes, how could we prevent her from prosecuting it for her own? Are we to engage as allies in a war in Central Asia, in which we can take no part, the results of which, even if successful, we cannot possibly foresee, and over the operations of which we can exercise no efficient control?

Captain Grover says, 'the expedition should be directed against the Ameer alone, our policy requiring that Bokhara should be strengthened rather than weakened;' and this he proposes to accomplish by letting a Persian army loose upon the country, without any means of controlling its proceedings, or any security that it would limit its operations to the accomplishment of his objects!

He seems to expect that the people of Bokhara, on the approach of a Persian force, may rise in rebellion against their sovereign, and depose him. Does he not know that the slaves he proposes to liberate constitute the most fertile source of the wealth of the country; and that the whole Uzbek population would therefore, in all probability, unite as one man to defend their most valuable property; and that Khiva would, from the same cause, have a common interest with Bokhara in resisting an army invading the country for such a purpose. Does he not know the bitter feelings of religious animosity that exist between the Soony populations of all those countries and the Sheah population of Persia? That the war would, therefore, assume the character of a religious war, in which we should be taking part

with the Sheahs of Persia against the great body of Mahommedans all over Asia?

These are, perhaps, considerations too trifling to disturb the speculations of a man like Captain Grover. • It would be easy to point out many other, and even more serious practical objections to his scheme; but, if we mistake not, Captain Grover is not of a frame of mind that leads him, or perhaps enables him, to take a practical view of any question.

We have already occupied more than our allotted space, and cannot now enter upon an examination of the Captain's correspondence with the Foreign Office about the bill drawn upon him by Dr Wolū; in which there appears to us to be nothing so prominent as his desire to be made a martyr to the extent of L.400—and, like other angry martyrs, to let the world know it. We may except, perhaps, the extreme bad taste of some of his Letters.

We cannot help thinking, however, that Lord Aberdeen has brought upon himself much of this annoyance. It is most desirable, no doubt, that the high officers of state should be courteous in their demeanour—slow to take offence, and ready to make every reasonable allowance for personal mortification, or the influence of irritating causes on the minds of those with whom they may have to deal. But when Captain Grover, in his Letter of the 25th February 1845, had said, 'if your Lordship had done your duty, those brave and faithful envoys would not have been allowed to linger during those years in captivity'—his Lordship, in seeking an interview with Captain Grover, for the purpose, as it seems, of explaining his conduct, surely carried his good-nature to a point which put in peril the dignity of his official station; and could not fail, as he might have foreseen, to produce amongst men of the class he was trying to conciliate, a misapprehension of the motives by which he was actuated in seeking that interview.

ART. V.—*Recit de la Cérémonie de l'Inauguration de la Fontaine Molière.* 15 Janvier 1844. 8vo. Paris: 1844.

IN the month of February 1839, the *Journal des Débats* announced the intended construction of a Fountain at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu and the Rue Traversière. An Actor of the *Théâtre Français*, Monsieur Régnier, upon this occasion addressed a letter to the Prefect of the Seine, pointing out to him that the proposed edifice would occupy the space immediately opposite to the house in which Molière died; and that nothing would be easier than to combine the projected Fountain with a Monument to the great dramatic poet. The proposition of Monsieur Régnier was taken into consideration; a short time after it was decided that it should be adopted, and a subscription was accordingly opened for the purpose. Thus, Molière owes this tardy tribute to his genius, neither to the gratitude nor even to the vanity of the French nation at large, but to the casual suggestion of an unknown individual—a Comedian—not impossibly a descendant of one of those, to the furtherance of whose interests the author of *Tartuffe* so entirely devoted himself.*

On the 15th of January 1844, the inauguration of the monument took place. At twelve o'clock Monsieur de Rambuteau, the Prefect of the Seine; the municipal corps; several deputies; the different academies of the Institute; the associates of the *Théâtre Français*; the commission for the monument; a deputation from the committee of dramatic authors; a deputation from the society of dramatic artists; with all the other functionaries who had been invited, left the *Théâtre Français*, and proceeded to the spot appointed for the ceremony. A battalion of the second Legion of the National Guard, with its band playing, led the procession. Close to, and facing the monument, had been raised a circular platform, decorated with various banners and inscriptions. On this the Prefect of the Seine, the Presidents of the Academies, and of the Commission for the monument, and one of the associates of the *Théâtre Français*, took their places. Appropriate speeches were delivered upon the occasion by Monsieur de Rambuteau, by Monsieur Etienne in the name of the *Académie Française*, by Monsieur Samson in that of the *Comédie*

* In the beginning of his dramatic career, Molière, at Montpélier, refused the Prince de Conti's offer of making him his private secretary, on the ground that he could not abandon his troop of actors without exposing them to serious losses.

Française, and by Monsieur Arago in that of the Commission for the monument. The Prefect of the Seine afterwards deposited in the base of the monument a box, containing a medal struck in honour of Molière; an account of the ceremony; a copy of his works in one volume, and a memoir of his life. Monsieur de Rambuteau presented a crown of laurel, which was placed on the head of the statue. Each of the literary corps present on the occasion, hung upon the monument a votive wreath. The procession then returned to the *Théâtre Français* in the same order in which it had advanced, accompanied by the loud cheerings of the multitude.

As to the monument itself, it is of a noble simplicity—the work of an ingenious architect, Monsieur Visconti, to whom Paris already owed many elegant structures. It clearly, and at once, discloses its double purpose of monument and fountain; nor does the useful part detract from or seem unfitting to the ornamental.

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin was born in Paris, on the 15th of January 1622, in a house in the Rue St Honoré, at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Etuves. Both by father and mother he was descended from a race of upholsterers. His father, besides his trade, held the appointment of *valet-de-chambre-tapissier* to the King of France, and destined his son to the inheritance of his place. The boy, from an early age brought up in the shop as an apprentice, knew little more at fourteen than how to write, read, and cast accounts, with other merely elementary branches of his purposed profession. His grandfather, however, whose favourite haunt was the theatre, seems first to have applied the match to the ready combustibles of his imagination, by taking him frequently to witness the performances at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Each time he returned home after these excursions, the youth was sadder, more absent in manner, less inclined to work in the shop, and more averse from the prospects held out to him by a continuance in his father's trade. At last, unable to bear his position any longer, he applied to his father, and, supported by his fond grandfather, obtained permission to devote himself to studies more suited to his tastes. At school, at the College of Clermont, (now that of *Louis le Grand*,) superintended by the Jesuits, he in five years passed through all the regular studies, including rhetoric and philosophy; and moreover formed several connexions which, later in life, had a strong influence over his opinions and his fortunes. The Prince de Conti, brother of the great Condé, never (even after he turned Jansenist, and wrote against the drama) forgot that Molière had been his schoolfellow. Chapelle, his great friend, procured for

him lessons from his preceptor, the philosopher Gassendi; of which traces may be discovered in many pages of Molière, and particularly in the *Femmes Savantes*. His conferences with Gassendi inspired the desire to translate Lucretius. He did so, partly in verse, partly in prose; but this translation has shared the fate of many of his early productions, the manuscript having been lost. Cyrano de Bergerac, Bernier the traveller, and the poet Hesnault, the satirist of Colbert, were amongst his other school intimates.

On leaving college at nineteen, young Poquelin was forced by circumstances to take his father's place, in his office of *valet-de-chambre-tapissier* to the King; and, much against his wishes, he followed Louis XIII. to Narbonne in 1641. It would appear that from that time he ceased to exercise functions so ill suited to him; and went to Orleans, where he studied the law, and was admitted to the bar. But his old passion for the theatre soon again seized upon him; for, in 1645, we find him returned to Paris, and at last placed at the head of a troop of actors, whom he soon formed into a regular and permanent company. The two brothers Bèjart, their sister Madeleine, Duparc, nicknamed *Gros-René*, and Mademoiselle Duparc, were all members of this *corps*, which styled itself *L'Illustre Théâtre*.

From this moment Poquelin abandoned his paternal name, and, for some reason not fully known, took that of Molière. First he tried his fortune in the different quarters of Paris; then in provincial towns. It is said that at Bordeaux he tried a piece called *La Thébaïde*, which was of a serious nature, and failed. But of his farces and comedies we have names enough, and, alas! only names. The *Médecin Volant*, the *Jalousie du Barbouillé*, the *Docteurs Rivaux*, the *Maître d'Ecole*, the *Docteur Amoureux*, all prove that, during this period, his pen was not idle. The Prince de Conti was the first to patronise the new manager and his troop. He sent for him several times to give representations at his palace, and shortly after commanded his attendance in Languedoc. This is the same company which, at a later period, was authorized by Philip of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV., to take the title of *Troupe de Monsieur*. With this company Molière visited, during some years, various cities of France—Narbonne, Pézénas, Béziers; was honourably received at Bordeaux by the Duc d'Epéron, and every where by the Prince de Conti.* At length, in the year 1653, (being in his thirty-first year,) he produced at Lyons his comedy of the *Etourdi*, the earliest of his pieces which remain to us. From Lyons the company proceeded to Avignon; from thence to Narbonne; and afterwards, by desire of

M. de Conti, to Béziers, where the *Dépit Amoureux* made its first appearance; originally in five, but since reduced by the *Théâtre Français* to two acts. In 1658, Molière, beginning to get weary of his erratic life, determined to try his success a second time in Paris; and, after the Carnival of Grenoble, he hastened northwards, and established himself during the summer at Rouen. After one or two secret expeditions to the metropolis, he obtained from Philip of Orleans permission to offer him the services of his company; and, under the title of director of the *Troupe de Monsieur*, he was presented by this Prince to the King and the Queen-mother. The theatre was established in the *Salle des Gardes* of the old Louvre; and the piece chosen for the first performance of his company was Corneille's *Nicomède*. It would appear that the serious style of this work was not much calculated to show off the talents of the actors; for the King and the court were retiring from their places without any extraordinary marks of approbation, when Molière, advancing, begged permission to address their majesties; and, after thanking them modestly for the goodness they had shown in bearing with so defective a company, and enlarging on the timidity they had felt in appearing before such an assemblage of the great, humbly requested them to allow him to represent one of those little *divertissements* with which he was accustomed to entertain the Provinces. The King, happily for Molière, consented, and the *Docteur Amoureux* produced genuine merriment in the whole court. Louis XIV. authorized Molière to establish his company in Paris, and to perform, alternately with the Italian comedians, at the *Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon*.

The future author of the *Misanthrope* had not attained the age of thirty-seven, without feeling within his own breast some of those agitating emotions which he had so truly observed and delineated in others. When he first went to Lyons, he had been for some time attached to an actress of his company, Madeleine Béjart. This passion, however, soon gave way to the much stronger one he conceived for another member of his troop, Mademoiselle Duparc. Of this object of the poet's love, we know little more than that she was very handsome, of a haughty disposition, and heartless nature—full of contempt for all of her own profession, and possessed with the idea of the incontestable superiority of mere rank over every other advantage. That strange fatality which often makes us seek happiness where we have the least chance of finding it, drove Molière to offer the homage of his whole heart and intelligence to this proud beauty. She was, however, not to be won; and the more

he endeavoured to conquer her indifference—the more he laboured to convince her of his affection—the greater the coldness and disdain with which she repaid his efforts. She saw in him only an author without fame, a country comedian, destined all his life to fill a position but ill suited to a vain, aspiring woman, who dreamed of nothing but the fortune her charms might ensure her. At length, after employing every means his ingenuity could devise to move her—after extolling her fruitlessly in verse, and writing, expressly for her, parts the best calculated to display her talents to advantage—Molière, forced to admit the futility of his attempt, gave himself up to a profound sadness. Those who surrounded him, seeing him desist from the pursuit of Mademoiselle Duparc, supposed him drawn towards some new object of attraction. One eye was not to be deceived—one heart alone guessed all the poet's grief, and resolved to try whether the careful tenderness of friendship might not cure the wounds of love. Mademoiselle de Brie was a young and remarkably pretty person, full of intelligence and vivacity, who, when Molière first came to Lyons, formed part of another theatrical company already established in that town. With an instinctive rectitude of judgment which did her honour, Mademoiselle de Brie at once understood and felt the superiority of the newly-arrived actor and manager, and hastened to offer him her services, which he as readily accepted. The elevated sentiments of Molière, and his exceeding goodness of heart, speedily gained for him the entire esteem of the youthful *débutante*. She was devoted to her art, and possessed unlimited confidence in the genius of him who, it is more than probable, she already unconsciously loved. She is described as—‘tall, slender, and graceful; noble in her carriage, and natural in all her attitudes; with something particularly delicate in her face and features, which rendered her most fitting for the part of an *ingénue*. Her eyes possessed a peculiar charm, derived from their mingled expression of candour and tenderness. She was more intelligent than witty, and had not a shadow of coquetry.’ She saw at a glance, and without jealousy, the unfortunate attachment of the poet for Mademoiselle Duparc. She felt that his outward semblance of calmness was put on; and knowing that silence nourishes sorrow, she brought him by degrees to confide his grief to her. By dint of talking sentiment, both consoler and consoled began at last to feel that there was no longer any need on the one hand to preach forgetfulness, or on the other to express sympathy. One day Molière re-appeared before his fair friend with a brow almost as gloomy

as when she first undertook to cure him of his despair; and tremblingly he told her that all her care had been useless, for that the malady, instead of leaving him, had only changed its form; and that now he required a physician who should save him from the wounds she herself had dealt him. Mademoiselle de Brie, if we may trust the chronicle, is reported to have said—
 ‘Those wounds will not hurt you, for they have been more fatal to myself than to you.’

The avowal of their affection thus mutually made, it does not appear that any further remembrance of Mademoiselle Duparc ever disturbed the serenity of that peculiar intimacy which ensued between Molière and his new favourite. But Molière did not, by a marriage with Mademoiselle de Brie,* assure honour to her, happiness to himself, and to both an escape from the shame and misery which awaited them hereafter. For five years he seems to have thought of little else than his attachment; for in that space of time he wrote but two pieces, *L'Etourdi* and *Le Dèpit Amoureux*. During the three years that followed his establishment in Paris, he became more industrious. In 1659, he produced *Les Précieuses Ridicules*; in 1660, *Sganarelle*; and in 1661, *Don Garcie de Navarre*, *L'Ecole des Maris*, and *Les Fâcheux*. In proportion as the fame of Molière augmented, so grew the merits of Mademoiselle de Brie as a comedian. She became a decided favourite with the public, nor would they suffer her parts to be given to another.† Her scenic triumphs lasted long, but her happiness was soon destroyed; and there remained to her, whilst still proudly listening to the tumult of applause called forth by the genius of Molière, only the melancholy consciousness

* Actresses then retained the title of *Mademoiselle* as well after as before marriage.

† Mademoiselle de Brie, like Mademoiselle Mars, retained her youthful appearance at an advanced age; and her greatest pleasure after Molière's death, was to play those parts she had so often enacted in his presence. Before her retreat from the stage, however, she gave up the part of Agnès in the *Ecole des Femmes*, to an actress more likely by her age to personate the heroine of sixteen years. The pit became unruly, and demanded Mademoiselle de Brie so noisily, that the manager was forced to send for her, and she played the part in her own private costume. She was then sixty. The next day appeared, in the *Mercur*, the following verses, of whom the author is unknown:—

Il faut qu'elle ait été charmante
 Puis qu'aujourd'hui, malgré les ans,
 A peine des traits naissans
 Valent sa beauté mourante.*

of having once been the sole partner of his laurels and his heart. Her admiration for the poet, her delight in his success, her sad and constant affection for him, ended only with her life; but these were all that remained to her; and although apparently contented with the sincere attachment he never ceased to feel towards her, her peace of mind was irretrievably destroyed by another passion for Armande Béjart. She was a younger sister of Madeleine Béjart, whom we have already mentioned, and whose education Molière undertook to superintend. At sixteen, Armande, without being handsome, was exceedingly attractive; and the unwary poet was ensnared by a worthless coquette, before he was conscious of what was passing within him. The natural wit of Armande, and her remarkable talent for the stage, completed her victory over Molière, who speedily lost all command over himself, and loved his enslaver literally to madness. Mademoiselle de Bric, in an instant, saw the utter hopelessness of her situation, and met it with courageous resignation. A separation took place between them, without a tear on her part, without a blush on his; and on the 20th February 1662, Molière, at the age of forty-one, married Armande Béjart, rather more than twenty years younger than himself. The ill-starred poet has left us a portrait of his seducing, yet not beautiful wife, in the scene of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*; in which Cléante begs his valet Covielle to utter all the evil he can imagine of Lucile, in order 'to fortify his resolution against any residue of 'his love that might yet plead her cause.'—(Act III. Scene 9.) It thus concludes—

'Covielle.—Puis que cela va comme cela, je vois bien que vous avez envie de l'aimer toujours.

'Cléante.—Moi! j'aimerais mieux mourir, et je vais la haïr autant que je l'ai aimée.

'Covielle.—Le moyen, si vous la trouvez si parfaite?'

Poor Molière! that last word speaks volumes; it was in truth to that fast-clinging idea of his unworthy wife's *perfection* that he sacrificed all;—his dignity—even his honour. It was that which made him assign her youth as an excuse for her shameless conduct to his friend Chapelle, who reproached him with his submission to her culpable caprices. He had been married but a short time when he discovered that every evil had fallen to his lot, at the period when he most hoped to have secured to himself the enjoyment of every good. Calumny was already busy with his fame; and Montfleury, an actor of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, wrote an infamous pamphlet, in which, profiting by the circumstance of Molière's early *liaison* with Madeleine Béjart, and the difference of age existing between

herself and her sister Armande, (a difference of seventeen or eighteen years,) he scrupled not to accuse Molière of having married his own daughter. The pamphlet was shown to Louis XIV., who nobly testified his indignation at the libel, by holding at the baptismal font—in conjunction with his sister-in-law, Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans—the first-born of Molière and Armande Béjart,—certainly one of the least doubtful traits of Louis's magnanimity.

A few months after his marriage, at the close of the year 1662, Molière wrote *L'Ecole des Femmes*, and *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*. It requires no penetration to discover, that his own history had furnished him with the subject of the first piece; and that, without meaning to attribute to himself all the absurdities of Arnolphe, or to his wife the childish innocence of Agnès, he was already fully aware, that anxiously to watch over, and carefully to direct, the growing instincts of the being whose destiny is to be united with one's own, affords no complete guarantee of subsequent tranquillity. It is rather curious by the way, in reading this play, to observe such similarities expressed a hundred years later, by a genius so thoroughly opposite to the French Aristophanes as Jean Paul Richter. 'It is enough for her,' (says Arnolphe, when speaking of his wife,)

' De savoir prier Dieu, m'aimer, coudre, et filer ; '

and later, in the commandments concerning conjugal duties—

' Loin ces études d'aillades,

Ces eaux, ces blanes, ces pommes,

Et mille ingrédients qui font des teints fleuris,

A l'honneur tous les jours ce sont drogues mortelles.'

In the preface to *Quintus Fixlein*, we find this passage—
 ' No husband who does not wish to be abhorred and deceived, and who, in his wife, requires only a good machine for *cooking, washing, sewing, spinning, and taking care of him*, should object to the outward cultivation of the person in females; the *hair-pins, powder, and pomatum*, prevent them from thinking on 'more important subjects.' Now, when we reflect that Molière, by making Arnolphe forbid his wife the frivolities of the toilet, really caused him to be detested and deceived, and when we read, in another scene of the *Ecole des Femmes*, the noble defence of cultivated intellect in women—

' Mais comment voulez-vous qu'une bête

Puisse jamais *savoir* ce que c'est qu'être honnête !

* * * * *

' Une femme d'esprit *peut* trahir son devoir,

Mais il faut pour le moins qu'elle *ose le vouloir* ;

Et la stupide au sien peut manquer d'ordinaire,
Sans en avoir l'envie et sans penser le faire '—

we cannot avoid being struck by the sympathy which existed on the subject of female education, between the *habitué* of Louis XIVth's court, and the philanthropic sage of Baireuth.

But to return to the *Ecole des Femmes*, as being coeval with Molière's first awakening to a sense of his position: do we not feel that it is the poet himself, and not Arnolphe, who says—

'Après vingt ans, et plus, de méditation
 Pour me conduire, en tout avec précaution,
 De tant d'autres maris j'aurai quitté la trace
 Pour me trouver après dans la même disgrâce.'

The despair of Arnolphe, when, at the end of the piece, he perceives that he has lost Agnès, and that she loves Horace, seems to us as though it were the echo of more than one matrimonial quarrel which poor Molière must have gone through, before attaining to the absolute conviction of his wife's depravity. Those words—

. 'En venir à cette perfidie;
 Malgré tous mes bienfaits, former un tel dessein:
 Petit serpent que j'ai réchauffé dans mon sein!'

How often he must have used them to the ungrateful Armande!
 How often have said—

. . . 'Si jeune encor, vous jonez de ces tours!'

And when at last, kneeling at her feet, he exclaims—

'Jusqu' où la passion peut-elle faire aller!
 Enfin à mon amour rien ne peut s'égalér;
 Quelle preuve veux-tu que je t'en donne, ingrater?
 Me veux-tu voir pleurer? veux-tu que je me batte?
 Veux-tu que je me tue? Oui! dis, si tu le veux;
 Je suis tout prêt, cruelle, à te prouver ma flamme'

do we not fancy we hear the impassioned accents of the unhappy being, who some years later exclaimed to his friend Chapelle when speaking of his wife*—'Shall I tell you all I have suffered since our separation? My heart is torn by regrets. I seek every where excuses for Armande's faults; and I find a thousand. I

* Molière was then separated from Armande Béjart; who, after a quarrel with her too indulgent husband, had left his house. The conversation we allude to is to be found in a book published in 1688, called *La Fameuse Comédienne*, attributed to an actress of that day. The interview between Molière and Chapelle took place in the garden of Molière's house at Auteuil, whither Chapelle had gone to see and console his friend.

‘ consider her youth, and the temptations which surround her.
 ‘ I enter into her interests—I pity, and can no longer blame her.
 ‘ I absolve her, in short, and hate myself for having been able
 ‘ to leave her. I affirm it—there is but one kind of love—it is
 ‘ that which I have described to you. Oh ! my dear friend,
 ‘ every thing in this world is associated in my heart with Ar-
 ‘ mande. Nothing can console me for her absence ; and, if I
 ‘ were to behold her at this moment, my emotion, my delight,
 ‘ would deprive me of reflection. I should no longer have eyes
 ‘ for her defects ; but only for her charming and agreeable
 ‘ qualities.’

The limits of this Article would not allow of our going into minute details of Molière’s private sufferings, and of Mademoiselle Molière’s misconduct. We will therefore briefly relate a few leading events which took place from the time of his marriage to that of his death—particularly pointing out those which may enable us better to judge of his works. After having, in 1663, produced the *Impromptu de Versailles*, he, in the beginning of 1664, wrote *Le Mariage Forcé*, and *La Princesse d’Elide*. This latter piece it was which decided his fate. His wife, who therein sustained the principal female part, appears to have fascinated the whole Court ; and from this moment her intrigues were no longer problematical. The Abbé de Richelieu laid his fortune at her feet. The Comte de Guiche had ill-treated her ; and the famous Lauzun sought to make her forget it. Molière, the kindest of human beings, was dealt with as though he had been a foolish, tiresome old man, who, having married a young wife, was determined to plague her by every means in his power ; and, at the slightest remonstrance, he was upbraided as a tyrant. Armande systematically ranged herself on the side of all her husband’s enemies ; and took no trouble to disguise her hatred of all whom he considered as his friends.

Baron, the finest actor of the seventeenth century, whom Molière had brought up from a child, and who was supposed to be devoted to his benefactor, became the object of Armande’s unceasing insults ; so much so, that she at one time nearly drove him from the stage, and it required the authority of Louis XIV. to retain him. At length, a violent quarrel ensuing, they separated, about three years after their marriage. This separation appears to have lasted between six and seven years, during which time they constantly met in the theatre, and played together in the same pieces. In this interval, he wrote most of his best plays. In 1665, *Don Juan, ou le Festin de Pierre*, and *L’Amour Médecin* ; in 1666, *Le Misanthrope*, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, and *Mélicerte* ; in 1667, *Le Sicilien, ou*

l'Amour Peintre, and *Tartuffe*; in 1668, *Amphitryon*; in 1670, *Les Amans Magnifiques*, and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*; in 1671, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, and *Psyché*. Many of his pieces are founded on the misfortunes of husbands. The *Misanthrope* had reference to his own; and the original cast of it is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it shows us what must have been the perplexities of all the parties concerned, every night of its performance. The author himself played *Alceste*; *Armande*, *Célimène*; and Mademoiselle de Brie, *Eliante*. It is commonly stated and believed, that one evening Mademoiselle de Brie's acting in this character so captivated Molière, that all his former tenderness returned; and for some years after, he seems to have almost forgotten the loss of *Armande*. During this period his health gradually declined, and the extreme weakness of his chest forced him at all times to pay the strictest attention to his diet and mode of living. Mademoiselle de Brie watched over him incessantly, and perhaps his existence might have been prolonged, had it not been for an occurrence in which he himself participated. When he produced, in conjunction with Corneille, the ballet of *Psyché*, *Armande* represented the heroine, and Baron, Cupid. The handsome appearance of the latter seems suddenly to have turned Mademoiselle Molière's hatred of him to a feeling, not less violent, but more tender; and Baron appears to have totally forgotten the debt of gratitude he owed to his illustrious patron. This treachery wounded Molière to the quick; but a worse torment was yet in store for him. The charms of his worthless wife, while playing the part of *Psyché*, had awakened all his former adoration, mixed with feelings of the bitterest jealousy. It is reported that the devoted Mademoiselle de Brie, perceiving this, hastened to Mademoiselle Molière, and appealing to her in the name of her own interest, prevailed upon her to return to her husband's house. She did so, and for a short time, in the excess of his joy, Molière forgot every other grievance. But her subsequently cruel conduct soon chased every semblance of comfort from his wretched home, and his health sank more visibly each succeeding day. In 1672, he produced the *Femmes Savantes*; and the *Académie Française* immediately offered him a *Fauteuil* which happened to be vacant, on condition that he would give up the stage as an actor. He refused the proffered honour, much to the surprise of Boileau and of all his friends. 'The Academy is rich enough,' answered he; 'it has Corneille, Racine, yourself, (he spoke to Boileau,) and many other great writers. I am but a comedian, and I will not insult a profession I like, however humble it may be, by abandoning it after having followed

‘ it for twenty-five years ; my honour will not allow me to do so.’ — ‘ A pretty honour indeed ! ’ murmured Boileau as he left him ; ‘ that of painting one’s face to represent Sganarelle, and jumping into a sack to receive the blows of Scapin’s stick ! ’* There is even some reason to believe, that with many of his graver friends Molière’s refusal to leave the stage placed him in rather an unfavourable light.

Soon after the appearance of the *Femmes Savantes*, his health gave way altogether. He wrote but two other plays—*La Comtesse d’Escarbagnas* in July 1672, and the *Malade Imaginaire* in February 1673. On the 17th of that month, he had played the part of Argan in the fourth representation of the *Malade Imaginaire* ; and while pronouncing the *juro* in the *cérémonie* of the last scene, he burst a blood-vessel in the chest. He was carried to his house in the Rue de Richelieu, accompanied only by Baron ; and before his wife, whom he incessantly called for, could be found, he had expired.

It is well known that the curate of St Eustâche refused Christian burial to the body of the great dramatist. Mademoiselle Molière applied first to the Archbishop of Paris, Harlay de Champvalon, and then to the King, who received her with marked coldness. During the poet’s life, it was the interest of the King’s vanity to uphold him ; but directly he was dead, and could no longer amuse that incurable selfishness of which St Simon has left us such a frightful picture in his *Mémoires*, it asserted anew its mastery over the monarch. Nevertheless, this declared enemy to all scandal, this rigid supporter of the *outward* decencies of life, in whatever form they might present themselves, wrote to the Archbishop, and desired him to find some means of giving sepulture to the deceased comedian. It was decided that a *handful of earth* should be granted, but that the body should be carried immediately to the burying-ground, and *not* remain in the church. On the 21st of February, accordingly, the coffin was transported *at night*, by two ecclesiastics, to the cemetery of St Joseph in the Rue Montmartre, followed by more than two

* Boileau, although an enthusiastic admirer of Molière, did not enter into the somewhat boisterous gaiety of his farces ; and in his *Poétique*, he has reproached him for having

Ar

‘ Quitté pour le bouffon l’agréable et le fin,
Et sans honte à Terence allié Taberin.
Dans ce sac ridicule où Scapin l’enveloppe,
Je ne reconnais plus l’auteur du *Misanthrope*. ’

hundred individuals, each carrying a torch. In 1792, the section of the *Quartier Montmartre* disinterred the remains of Molière and those of La Fontaine, which were carried from the Cimetière St Joseph to the Musée des petits Augustins; and when, in 1817, the Musée was destroyed, they were definitively deposited, on the 6th March of that year, at Père-la-Chaise, after having received the honours of high mass in the church of St Germain des Près.

: As an actor, the merits of Molière were by no means universally esteemed by his contemporaries. His declamation was much too simple. While a certain monotonous psalmody was the fashion at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, it was difficult for the reverse to succeed entirely at the Palais Royal. In his day, the greater portion of society affected to consider his style of acting as adapted only to the burlesque; whereas, on the contrary, we have reason to suppose that he was much more admirable in serious parts. Grimarest tells us, that ‘those who would pay the least attention to the delicacy with which he entered into a character, and expressed a sentiment, would be obliged to confess that he understood profoundly the art of declamation.’ ‘He did not recite at hazard,’ continues the same author, ‘like those who have no fixed rule or principle for their acting; he entered into all the details of a part; and were he now to come to life again, he would not recognise his pieces in the mouths of those who represent them.’ This opinion is confirmed by Ségrais, who asserts that no other company could ever play Molière’s pieces like that of which he was himself ‘not only the head, but the soul.’

Molière’s plays may be divided into four classes or groups. — First, come the small dramatic poems or pastorals, interspersed with music and dancing, which he wrote by order of Louis XIV., for *fêtes champêtres*, and other courtly ceremonies, and of which the King himself not unfrequently suggested the subjects; secondly, his farces and pasquinades, written for the popular taste of the less refined public; and yet, notwithstanding their absurdity, attracting, by their witty manner of playing off certain ridiculous characters, not only the lords and high dames of Versailles, but even royalty itself; thirdly, his comedies, of which the principal—we do not say the only—object seems to have been, to chastise *one* particular vice or *one* especial and isolated folly,—the development and consequences of which vice or folly form the whole subject of the piece, and regulate the conduct of each scene; and fourthly, those lofty creations, for whose existence the satire of some one weakness or defect seems in fact but a pretext, and whose *real* design is to portray the human species

in its most extensive aspects, and to dive into the deepest recesses of the heart.

Among the most evident signs of real and strongly marked genius are, if we mistake not, fertility and facility of production;—springing from the habitual and constant intercourse with an inner world called up at will, and peopled without end by creatures of the imagination. There is scarcely a man who, if he be gifted with an intelligent and observing mind, may not make out of the materials which his own private history and recollections afford, at least one interesting novel. It is nearly the same with the stage; a man may write *one* good comedy or drama in his lifetime—as did Gresset, Piron, and our own (Sheridan), but he will not go very far beyond one (or two) such, if he have not the real vocation—the sacred fire which leads to create, not to copy or compound. Many poets, Lope de Vega for instance, have exhibited the effects of the ceaseless fertility to which we allude in an almost fabulous degree, but scarcely any of them can be said to have given more decided proofs of it than the author of *Tartuffe*. His rapidity of execution was quite marvellous; he never waited for a word or phrase, or puzzled himself for a rhyme, or prepared his second verse to-day, in order that his first might duly introduce and pave the way to it to-morrow. He knew nothing of these ‘ingenious delicate devices;’ but went straight on, with the consciousness that the offspring of his inspiration would be valued higher than the elaborate productions of more studious men. Verse was so naturally the language of Molière, that we find a multitude of blank verses in his prose; and it has even been said, that he made in verse the first sketches of many of his pieces, afterwards written in prose. Certain it is, that neither Racine nor Boileau can compare with him as regards ease and elegance of versification.

Perhaps in none of Molière’s works do we find his versification more exquisitely perfect, more naturally easy and elegant, than in those *divertissements* written by order of the King; and intended to serve, in a measure, as the framework to all sorts of *ballets* and court *masques*. In this class we reckon, *Psyché*, *Les Amants Magnifiques*, *La Princesse d’Elide*, *Les Fâcheux*, *Mélicerte*, and *Amphitryon*. The first three recommend themselves to our attention more by certain circumstances connected with their origin, than by any very extraordinary merits of their own. *Psyché* is particularly curious as having been written in conjunction with Pierre Corneille. The prologue and first act entire, and the opening scenes of the second and third acts, are all that Molière furnished towards this *Tragédie ballet*, of which the

King hurried the performance; because, as the original preface expresses it, 'il se voulait donner ce magnifique divertissement "plusieurs fois avant le carême." Nowhere can we have a better occasion for comparing the grace of Molière's style with that of one of the most illustrious of his contemporaries. Although Corneille wrote the last three acts of this poem in a fortnight, he by no means neglected the fashioning of his work; and indeed one scene (the dialogue between Cupid and Pysché in the third act) has become so famous, that many amateurs of French classical literature know it by heart; still, when from a page of Molière we turn all at once to one of Corneille, it produces on us somewhat of the same effect as when, after a drive on a smooth sanded road, we suddenly find ourselves jolted on the stones. Be this remarked without any disparagement to the great author of the *Cid*. We do not think that Molière would ever have arrived at the more startling or grand efforts of this illustrious tragic poet;—such, for instance, as the '*Nous nous lèrâmes alors!*' of Rodrigue,—the '*qu'il mourût!*' of Horace,—or the '*je crois!*' of Pauline. The bent of his mind did not incline him towards the heroic; nor are we now comparing the two generally; our aim is merely to establish, that none of Molière's literary brethren can compete with him in simple elegance of style and natural ease of versification. The loftiness of Corneille's verse derives additional energy from the occasional harshness and inequalities with which it abounds; and it is as admirably adapted to the subjects he chooses, as the flowing and unstudied language of Molière is suited to the situations which he depicts. The piece of the *Amants Magnifiques* was suggested by the King himself, 'qui ne veut que des choses extraordinaires dans tout ce qu'il entreprend,' says an old edition of Molière; and was intended principally to unite all the different kinds of *spectacles* which the theatre of that day could produce. Another desirable object also was, that the court of St Germain should be blessed by a sight of its glorious monarch 'treading a 'measure' under the disguise of Neptune. In the first *entrée de ballet*, his most gracious Majesty condescended to personate the Ocean-God; and in the last, he represented his favourite emblem, the Sun, with the motto *Nec pluribus impar!* A somewhat similar occasion gave birth to the *Princesse d'Elide*; and, if we had room, we should be well pleased to give our readers a description of that which constituted a *fête* at Versailles in the year 1664. We should have liked to tell them how Louis le Grand (then in love with Mademoiselle de la Vallière, for whom, it is asserted, this *fête* was given) transformed the palace and gardens of Versailles into a scene of Fairyland; and,

from the 5th till the 14th of May, entertained the whole court with *Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée*, and received the host of his worshippers in the magic palace of Alcina. We wish we could recount to them the regal splendour which surrounded the two Queens, Marie-Thérèse of Spain, 'sans reproche devant Dieu et devant les hommes,' and Anne of Austria, of whom Molière observes—

' Cette mère heureusement féconde

Ne donnant qu'une fois a donné tout au monde.'

We should like also to draw a picture of *Le Grand Roi* as Roger, with his 'cuirasse couverte d'or et de diamants,' his helmet, and its 'plumes couleur de feu,' and with that matchless grace which made one of the poets of the day exclaim, 'jamais air plus libre ni plus guerrier n'a mis un mortel audessus des autres hommes!' Nothing could be pleasanter to us than to describe these festivities, which, to borrow the phrase of Madame de Motteville, 'avaient lieu la nuit à toutes les heures, d'une manière qui avait un air plus qui galant;' but our space waits us that the 'King of Kings' must be content to make way for the humbler glories of Molière. We will not, however, take leave of the *Princesse d'Elide* without remarking, that at the same moment when Butler was writing *Hudibras*, Molière, in the character of Moron, (a court buffoon in this piece,) produced in some respects almost a counterpart of his English prototype.

Of *Les Fâcheux* we can only say that it is one of the most perfect satires extant, and that in it are to be found some of Molière's finest *tirades*. As a piece, it has comparatively little merit, being nothing but a succession of scenes, in each of which some obtrusive absurdity is ridiculed. At the first representation the scene of the *chasseur* was wanting. After the performance, Louis XIV., addressing himself to Molière, and pointing with his finger to Monsieur de Soyecourt, the *Grand Veneur*, said, 'There is an original you have not yet copied.' The next day the incomparable scene of Eraste and Dorante was added to the piece; and it is amusing enough that Monsieur de Soyecourt himself should have been the very person to furnish Molière with all the technical terms so skilfully employed by him in that dialogue. This anecdote of Louis XIV. confirms an opinion we have always entertained, namely, that it was not so much a genuine appreciation of Molière's talents which induced the King to bestow his favours so unremittingly on the poet, as the consciousness that Molière served him as a convenient vehicle of his jealousies and dislikes. Louis XIV. secretly detested the nobility, and cherished those who, by casting ridicule on the *grands seigneurs* of his court, might aid him to inflict a

wound upon their pride. A Rohan, a Gramont, stood too near him; and the one paid for this perilous honour by exile, the other on the headsman's block. Foucaut expiated the too splendid hospitality he had somewhat ostentatiously offered his master in the fortress of Pignerol—whither Lauzun was sent also to atone, by a ten years' confinement, for his presumptuous attempt to gain the hand of Mademoiselle. Louis, in the temporary assistance he derived from Molière, looked no further than to the attainment of his own immediate ends, or possibly cared not what might befall his successors: had it not been for this short-sightedness, he would have perceived that Molière (though unconsciously) was at best but a sorry friend to Kings and their 'divine right.' *Tartuffe* and *Don Juan* are but the first of that long line which is commonly supposed to commence with Voltaire, and to end at the Revolution of 1793.

Louis never ceased to be Molière's best friend and supporter; and the poet never failed to show his gratitude for this powerful protection, by lauding, in every possible manner, the King and the royal circle, and rendering doubly absurd the follies of the *noblesse*. We shall afterwards show what are our reasons for believing that Molière was aware of the tenure by which he held the King's favour. For the present, we will retrace our steps, and complete our review of the first class of our author's pieces.

Unluckily for posterity, Molière did not complete the pastoral of *Mélicerte*. It was originally intended to be in five acts, but the King became impatient, and two only were represented; the remaining three were never produced. This fragment is one of the most precious gems of the kind that we know. It is not idly that the poet has placed the scene of action in the vale of Tempe; for there is spread over the whole a classical colour, that in some parts reminds one of Theocritus. A slight resemblance may also perhaps be found with the *Aminta* of Tasso, and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini. *Mélicerte* belongs to that race whose ancestors sprung up in Greece, and whose last descendants perished in Tuscany. The scene of Myrtil and the sparrow, and the soliloquy of *Mélicerte*, beginning—

'Vous le voyez, mon cœur, ce que c'est que d'aimer,'

are sufficient proofs of the classical tendencies of the piece. Generally, his genius does not lead him towards the Ægean clime; and there exists a much more decided affinity between the satirical dramatic writers of the Roman republic and the author of the *Fâcheux*; than between the latter and any of the Grecian poets. Terence and Plautus are evidently his favourite

companions; and from the latter he has taken the subject of one of his most perfect plays, the *Amphitryon*. His manner of treating this fable, however, is so different from that of the Latin author, that the most acute detector of plagiarisms could scarcely find matter for a cavil. Cléanthis is, in the first place, entirely his own, and the character of Amphitryon is remarkable for a dignified gravity, which is wholly wanting in the hero of Plautus's comedy. The husband of Alcmena, (throughout the scene with Bromia,) when, stretched on the earth, he exclaims—

‘*Totus timeo, ita me increpui Jupiter !*’

inspires us with any thing but admiration; and we listen to his reply of *Di me servant* (when informed of the birth of the twins) with a feeling nearly allied to disgust. How different the impression produced by the *Amphitryon* of Molière, who, to the suggestion of Posidès—

‘*Si cette ressemblance est telle que l'on dit,
Alcmène, sans être coupable,*

replies—

‘*Ah ! sur le fait dont il s'agit,
L'erreur simple devient un crime véritable ;
Et sans consentement l'innocence y perit.
De semblables erreurs, quelque jour qu'on leur donne,
Touchent des endroits délicats ;
Et la raison bien souvent les pardonne
Que l'honneur et l'amour ne les pardonnent pas !*’

As to the ‘*Sosie*’ of this piece, it is one of Molière's happiest creations. *Sosie* is of true Rabelais extraction, and leads us forthwith to the famous *valets* of old French comedy; although he has perhaps rather more of the Sancho Panza physiognomy than the genuine Mascarilles and Sbrigani.

It is particularly in what we have indicated as the second class of his pieces, that Molière has occasion to employ these nimble votaries of intrigue. Almost all his Farces are more or less taken from the Italian and Spanish dramatic literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries;—of which it is well known the *valets* form one of the leading characteristics. The following are those amongst our author's productions which enter, properly speaking, into the domain of Farce, and recognise as their native element the purely absurd or burlesque: *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, *George Dandin*, *Le Sicilien*, *L'Amour Médecin*, *Le Mariage Forcé*, *Sganarelle*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Molière

proceeds entirely on the principle of the Italian comedies, which represent almost invariably, at the same time, *Arlecchino* and *Pantalone*; in other words, impudence and ingenuity—opposed to weakness and stupidity. Both are intended to personify the ludicrous, and excite the hilarity of the spectator—the one, by the readiness with which he invents the most absurd plots; the other, by the *niaiserie* with which he falls into the traps laid for him. The representatives of these two principles are, in Molière, Mascarille and Sganarelle. The former draws the incidents with which he diverts the public from the usual stock of vices peculiar to his kind—lying, gluttony, dishonesty, and deceit. The other generally derives his comic character from the constant failure of all his plans to secure some darling object of pursuit. Either he is in love with a young girl, whom Mascarille-Arlequin carries off under his very nose; or he dreams only of his money-bags, which his restless tormentor steals. He is the personification of the essentially ugly in human nature—of the morose, the brutal, the interested, the low;—whereas his rival, however vicious, has wit, talent, and youth to support him, and make him at least a ‘pleasant rogue.’ Cowardice is a failing for the most part common to both. *Scapin* is, perhaps, the only one of Molière’s *valets* who may be said to be entirely free from this defect. He is ready to risk his shoulders in any adventure, and for this reason may be considered as the original founder of a race which did not take possession of the theatre until many years after Molière’s death;—we mean the race of *Intrigants*, the genuine *Aventuriers* and *Chevaliers d’Industrie*. Most assuredly, in the man who says—‘*Un bonheur tout uni nous devient ennuyeux; il faut du haut et du bas dans la vie; et les difficultés qui se mêlent aux choses reveillent les ardeurs, augmentent les plaisirs,*’—there exists, in its highest state of development, the love of intrigue for its own sake; the thirst for that which is unknown and hidden; the desire for excitement, adventure, change, at all hazards, and at any price. When we have considered this answer of *Scapin* to *Sylvestre*, (who objects to him that his ribs may be in danger,)—‘*Ces sortes de périls ne m’ont jamais arrêté, et je hais ces cœurs pusillanimes qui, pour trop prévoir les suites des choses, n’osent rien entreprendre*’—we must allow that we have not far to go to rejoin the *Figaro*, and even the *Robert Macaire* of our own times. *Sganarelle* is more thoroughly Molière’s own creation than *Mascarille*, or any of the other *valets*. Whether as the husband in the piece which bears his name, as the lover of *Dorimène* in the *Mariage Forcé*, as the father of *Lucinde* in *L’Amour Médecin*, as the charlatan in the *Médecin malgré lui*, or as the fagot-

binder in the same play, Sganarelle belongs as exclusively to Molière, as Panurge does to Rabelais, Falstaff to Shakspeare, or Sancho to Cervantes. Some other personages of the poet in his Farces, branch off, as it were, more or less directly from this master-stem of the grotesque. Don Pèdre in the *Sicilien*, (he is, by the way, the original of Bartholo, and the Barbier de Seville is to be discovered, almost scene for scene, in this clever little piece,) and Gorgibus in the *Précieuses Ridicules*, are both near relations—cousins at least of Sganarelle.

Molière is, in our opinion, too little appreciated, particularly in his own country, for his purely comic vein. He has been so long and so constantly praised for his knowledge of human nature, his exquisite diction, and his incomparable talent of observation, that his other (and certainly lesser) merits have escaped attention. There is nothing astonishing in the fact, that the author of *Tartuffe* should have been gaining to the last in the field of observation and criticism; or that he should, every hour of his life, have developed more strongly those sterling qualities which constitute him as great a moralist as dramatic writer: this no one doubts, or will deny—but that Molière should have been, to the day of his death, making more and more progress in what we would call the poetry of the burlesque—this has escaped the notice of many; yet is it nevertheless true. In his very early productions there is a slight tinge of indelicacy, borrowed from Scarron;—an unavoidable reminiscence of *Jodelet* and *Don Japhet d'Arménie*, (the only pieces of the kind popular in France before his time,) which at a later period gives way to a luxuriant growth of genuine comic wit—rich, varied, inexhaustible, and almost as delightfully fanciful (in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, for instance) as our old friends, Bottom the weaver and Snug the joiner, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Another personage that entirely belongs to Molière is the *Soubrette*. This is so true, that in France *Les Servantes de Molière* is the name of this class of characters on the stage. Be her name *Nicole* or *Marotte*, *Martine* or *Andrée*, the Abigail of Molière personifies invariably plain, rough, downright common sense—that which our neighbours term *le bon sens populaire*. Her office is to point out and comment upon the affectations and absurdities of her companions; and especially of those commonly called her betters. These personages are likewise divided by Molière into two classes—the homely-spoken, sensible, and faithful servant, such as *Nicole* in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*—and the *intrigante*, the *Mascarille* in petticoats, *Claudine* in *George Dandin*, and *Nérine* in *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*. It would be difficult to find any ancestors for the genuine

Servantes of Molière—we mean the more deserving half of them,—but we recognise their legitimate descendants in many of the creations of our times; and, not to go further than a very popular French poet of the present day, we need scarcely point out to our readers the affinity that exists between Marotte, Nicole, or Martine, and the Margots, the Lisettes, the Babettes, and the Jeannes of Béranger.

Molière's exquisite perception of the ridiculous in lesser things is nowhere more visible than in his farces. What can surpass, for instance, that admirable touch of nature in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, when the *maître de musique* and the *maître à danser* fall out about the merits of Monsieur Jourdain? Any less profound observer would have put the love of glory on the side of the nobler profession; and it required *all* his genius to show a thirst for applause predominating even over interest in the mind of a *dancing-master*; whilst the man of crotchets and quavers, on the contrary, avows that, in his opinion, Monsieur Jourdain's money makes up for his deficiency of taste.

Supreme good sense is a quality no one has ever denied Molière; but his warmest admirers are perhaps not fully aware to how great a degree he has carried this quality in pieces hitherto looked upon in the light of mere farces. There are passages, especially in *George Dandin*, which he himself has scarcely ever surpassed; and few moralists have written more wisely on the subject of *les mariages de convenance* than he has done in this piece.

It may be amusing to some persons to know, that the Doctors Molière has introduced into *L'Amour Médecin* were actually existing disciples of Esculapius; and no less than the four most celebrated Court Doctors of his day—Messrs de Fougereais, Esprit, Guénant, and D'Aquin. Molière, wishing to disguise their names, and at the same time designate their persons, begged Boileau to assist him; and the latter, with the help of a few Greek words coined for the purpose, marked the individuals so as not to be mistaken. There is no record of the original of Monsieur Fillerin, nor do we imagine many Doctors would have been found frank enough to say—'Qu'il vente, qu'il pleuve, qu'il grêle, ceux qui sont morts sont morts, et j'ai de quoi me passer des vivants.'
 ' Le plus grand foible des hommes c'est
 ' l'amour qu'ils ont pour la vie, et nous en profitons et un.' It might not perhaps be quite just to the Doctors of our times to say that this portrait resembles them; but one of the greatest proofs of the universality of Molière's genius is, that we may safely say of it what Cicero says of the law of nature—'Non alia Romæ alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia post hac,

'sed et omnium temporum et locorum.' It is certain that there is scarcely a character in Molière's works that is not still as just as it was in the days of Louis XIV.; and, without stopping to remark upon the *fâcheux* of the *Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, who knows 'les secrets du Cabinet mieux que ceux qui les font'—where can we find a more playful '*hit*' at the modern philosophers, than in the two scenes of the *Mariage Forcé* between Sganarelle and the learned Pan-crace and Marphucius? 'Notre philosophie,' says the latter, 'or-
'donne de ne point énoncer de proposition décisive, de parler de tout avec incertitude et par cette raison vous ne devez pas dire *je suis venu, mais, il me semble que je suis venu.*' What! cries Sganarelle, Is it not true that I am here? 'It is uncertain,' says Marphucius, 'and we must doubt of every thing.' May we not fancy that we are listening to the conversation of some worthy matter-of-fact citizen, with a professor of the doctrines of Kant?

Molière has been more than once attacked for having overcharged his portrait of the *Précieuses Ridicules*—for having made the caricature too glaring—and imputed to the so-called *précieuses* ridiculous expressions they never employed. We think the following document will fully disprove this assertion, and show that, on the contrary, Molière never in his copy approached the absurdity of the original. It is part of a Letter from the Marquise de Rambouillet to the Bishop of Vence, to whom she says—Je vous souhaite à tout moment dans la loge de Zyrphée, (a certain drawing-room at the Hôtel Rambouillet, termed *la chambre bleue*, or the '*loge de Zyrphée*.) 'Elle est soutenue par des colonnes de marbre transparent, et a été bâtie au-dessus de la moyenne région de l'air par la Reine Zyrphée, (the Marquise herself.) Le ciel y est toujours serein; les nuages n'y offusquent ni la vue ni l'entendement; et de là tout à mon aise j'ai considéré le trebuchement de l'ange terrestre!!!' It appears to us that this more than surpasses the 'chapeau désarmé de plumes;' the head 'irrégulière en cheveux;' and the 'habit qui souffre une indigence de rubans.' For the '*Carte du Tendre*, billet doux, petits soins, billets galants, et jolis vers,' that Cathos declares indispensable in a love affair, we have the authority of Mademoiselle de Scuderi's verses to Péliisson, with whom her *amours discrètes* were famous.

' Enfin, Acânte, il faut se rendre ;
Votre esprit a charmé le mien ;
Je vous fais Citoyen du Tendre,
Mais de grâce, n'en êtes rien!'

The authoress of *Clélie*, and D'Urfé in the *Astrée*, had, in the beginning of the 17th century, already introduced into the

French language '*ces longs verbiages d'amour*' as they have since been styled; which, although tiresome, were perhaps not altogether unnecessary to counteract the grossness of the poetry and romance of the 16th century. As to the fine names which Cathos and Magdelon think fit to adopt, this again was another affectation of the times; and in the earlier part of Louis XIVth's reign, there was a positive rage for classical appellations: thus we hear of Madame D'Aragonnais being styled *La Princesse Philoxène*, and Madame D'Aligre, *Thélamyre*. Places changed their titles too; the Faubourg St Germain bore no other than that of *La Petite Athènes*, the Place-Royale was called *La Place Dorique*, and the Ile-Notre-Dame surnamed *La Place de Délos*. The *Précieuses Ridicules* have the advantage of introducing us to a new personage entirely of Molière's invention; we mean *Mascarille*—*Marquis*; and we are left to regret that this is the only occasion afforded us of judging of the famous valet in his new metamorphosis.

Some of the characters employed by Molière in his farces, continue on through all his other plays. *Sganarelle*, we have already observed, leads us immediately to *Gorgibus*, and the latter presents us to *Chrysale*; but *Sganarelle* himself exists in another of our author's pieces—in the *Ecole des Maris*; which, together with the *Etourdi*, the *Ecole des Femmes*, the *Avare*, *Don Garcie de Navarre*, the *Dépit Amoureux*, and the *Malade Imaginaire*, may be said to constitute the Third Series of Molière's Comedies. Although *Sganarelle* appears in the first of the above-mentioned pieces, it is in quite another shape, and he now becomes the expression of an idea; he is no longer the *Pantalone* of the Italian comedy, but the impersonation of a folly to be ridiculed. The real *Sganarelle* is much nearer akin to *Pandolfe* and *Trufaldin*. We do not entirely lose sight of *Mascarille*, but he is no longer the principal personage of the scene. In the *Etourdi* he still makes a prominent figure; but is subordinate to the giddy thoughtlessness of *Lélie*, upon whose blunders the whole piece turns. In the other Comedies, except in the *Dépit Amoureux*, he disappears altogether. But the character never lost sight of, is the *Servante*. *Nicole* and *Marotte*, *Nérine* and *Claudine*, change their names for those of *Frosine*, *Marinette*, and *Toinette*; yet they still remain, and are more conspicuous than ever.

We perceive, however, in what we have styled Molière's Third Class of Comedies, an entirely new personage; one who, even in his loftiest productions, plays a very principal part;—we allude to the *Raisonneur*, as he is called in France. Good sense still has its advocate in the *Servante*; but the *raisonneur* unites at the same time with good sense, intelligence,

instruction, a knowledge of the world, a dread of the ridiculous, and a proper attention to the outward decencies of life, coupled with a profound respect for its duties. He is upright and sincere, polite in his demeanour, and essentially *comme il faut*. He is what the French call *un homme de bien*; we recognise him in the *Ecole des Maris*, and in the *Ecole des Femmes* as Ariste and Chrysalde, and in the *Malade Imaginaire* as Béralde. He is the spirit of intelligent and refined criticism, and represents the intervention of the author in his own works. Instead of Ariste or Béralde we may read Molière. Voltaire has said, that had the author of *Sganarelle* written nothing but the *Ecole des Maris*, he would be the first of comic poets; and we are more than half inclined to adopt his opinion. It is an admirable play in all respects, and, moreover, does not fail in the *dénouement*, as do many of our author's pieces. Molière, who understands better than any one how to treat the opening of a play; who conducts the intrigue with increasing interest throughout the work; seldom knows how to wind up with effect, and falls into the most common place incidents at the end, such as those which terminate the *Depit Amoureux* and the *Avare*.

The *Avare* of Molière, although taken from the *Aulularia* of Plautus, differs widely from the Latin piece. Plautus's Miser is a man who loves gold for its own sake, for the sake of amassing it, hoarding it up, and reserving it for solitary enjoyment; whereas *Harpagon*, to the pure love of gold adds also the love of lucre, and to bring in more money will part with, and put in circulation, that which he already possesses. He is a usurer, and there lies the essential difference between the miser of Plautus and the *avare* of Molière. It is the difference between avarice and avidity.

But one of the most interesting of all Molière's comedies, especially if we consider the circumstances under which it was brought out, is decidedly the *Malade Imaginaire*. Every word of this piece is connected with Molière's own sentiments; and many parts of it can only be explained by a knowledge of his personal position. 'He might have contented himself with ridiculing doctors, and have spared the science,' say almost all the critics. But, if he felt the utter inability of the healing art to save him from near approaching death, was it to be expected that he should reverence that art? When we remember that Molière himself played Argan a few hours before his death, the following words appear almost like a prophecy—

Argan. 'Par la mort nom de diable, si j'étais que des médecins, je me vengerais de son impertinence, et quand il sera malade je le laisserais mourir sans secours. Il aurait beau dire et beau faire. . . . Je lui

dirais—Crève, crève, cela t'apprendra une autre fois à te jouer à la faculté.'

* There is something awful in the prediction of his own fate, falling from his own lips a few short moments before its fulfilment into the ears of a gay and thoughtless crowd; and it is impossible to read any part of the *Malade Imaginaire*, without having constantly before our eyes the end of its unhappy author.

That Molière was one of the greatest critics of his own or of any age, and as such perfectly conscious of his own merits, we do not want even the preface of the *Fâcheux* to inform us. There exist two short one-act pieces of his which we have not included in any of our Lists; because they do not enter into any particular class, but stand alone, and place Molière's talents as a purely critical writer on the very highest eminence. We allude to the *Impromptu de Versailles*, and the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*; and we would recommend any one who may wish thoroughly to comprehend Molière, to peruse attentively these two little Pieces.*

Before we close this sketch of the French Aristophanes by an examination of his greater works, we would wish, in a few words, to establish his incontestable right to the title of *Father of French Comedy*, which Professor Schlegel, in an article diverting from the small knowledge of the French language which it betrays, thinks proper to deny him.

That which places Molière at the head of French comedy is, that he has shifted the scene of comic action from the lower to the more elevated sphere of society. His predecessors were content to exercise their satirical powers principally on inferior personages, such as the valets and waiting-maids; but he felt that, in his time, ridicule must be pointed at higher objects. 'Le marquis aujourd'hui est le plaisant de la comédie,' says Molière himself, in the *Impromptu de Versailles*; 'et comme dans toutes les comédies anciennes on voit toujours un valet bouffon qui fait rire les auditeurs; de même, dans toutes nos pièces de maintenant, il faut toujours un marquis ridicule qui divertisse la compagnie.' Comedy before, and comedy after Molière, are two things that differ about as

* In the preface we find the following remarkable passage:—'Le temps viendra de faire imprimer mes remarques sur les pièces que j'aurai faites; et je ne désespère pas de faire voir un jour en grand auteur, que je puis citer Aristote et Horace. En attendant cet examen, qui peut-être ne viendra point, je m'en remets assez aux décisions de la multitude; et je tiens aussi difficile de combattre un ouvrage que le public approuve, que d'en défendre un qu'il condamne.'

much one from the other, as the English language before and after Chaucer. In no author but Molière do we find the *Imagines vitæ nostræ quotidianæ* exhibited in so great a degree. 'Les autres,' says the Jesuit Rapin, 'n'ont joué que la vie bourgeoise et commune, et Molière a joué tout Paris et la Cour.' Now, it is precisely this transposition of the drama into the upper regions of society, that constitutes Molière the *Father of French Comedy*; and we feel persuaded that all those who have carefully studied his works, will, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of Schlegel, agree with us in holding that Molière has united two qualities *not* 'incompatible by their nature—dignity and gaiety.*

In those four pièces, of which had Molière written but one, that one would have secured for him the honours of immortality—*Don Juan, Les Femmes Savantes, Tartuffe, Le Misanthrope*,—we gradually lose sight of some of the personages belonging to his other comedies. Except in *Don Juan*, the *valets* disappear altogether; and in this latter piece, Sganarelle approaches near to the character of the *Raisonneur*. The genuine Sganarelle of Molière's Farces unites with the Sganarelle of the *Ecole des Maris*, and attains to its very last and highest expression in the Orgon of *Tartuffe*. The *Raisonneur* rises to almost gigantic proportions in Ariste of the *Femmes Savantes*, in Cléante of *Tartuffe*, and in Philinte of the *Misanthrope*. The *Servante* remains to us only in *Tartuffe* and in the *Femmes Savantes*, where, as Martine and Dorine, she plays a principal part; but to compensate for all, we have, for the first time, the *grands premiers rôles* in *Don Juan, Clitandre, and Alceste*; and the *grandes coquettes* in *Elmire, Philaminte, Armande*, and the unrivalled Célimène.

Don Juan, or, the *Festín de Pierre*, as it is commonly called, is perhaps a more violent attack against hypocrisy than even *Tartuffe*. It is the picture of a man, naturally full of levity and wanting in principle, pushed, by an exaggerated hatred of every thing in the shape of hypocrisy or *cant*, to the commission of the most scandalous immoralities, and even to atheism. Let us not forget that, after having been guilty of almost every crime, after having married twenty wives, and abandoned them all—cheated his friends, deceived and insulted his father, and openly professed the most sceptical doctrines on all points connected with religion, *Don Juan* ends by turning hypocrite; as though the vice of hypocrisy were the climax of infamy.

* Vide Professor A. W. Schlegel's '*Lectures on Dramatic Literature*,' Vol. ii. Lesson xii.

Molière never approached nearer to subjects of a higher, we may almost say of a forbidden, kind than in the *Festin de Pierre*; and when, after having witnessed the miracle of the commander's statue, he puts into Don Juan's mouth the following words—*'Il y a bien quelque chose là dedans, que je ne comprends pas; mais, quoi que ce puisse être, cela n'est pas capable ni de conquaincre mon esprit, ni d'ébranler mon âme,'*—he takes a license for which, some thirty years later, he might have been made to pay with his liberty, or even with his life. The great difference between the *Festin de Pierre* and *Tartuffe*, lies precisely in this point;—that in the former Don Juan attacks an abstraction, whereas the latter satirizes a particular class. It is for this reason, that while *Don Juan* met with no opposition from the Jesuits, *Tartuffe* through their intrigues was withheld from the public during upwards of two years. An anecdote is told upon this occasion, which proves to us the truth of Molière's remark, that it was not *'l'intérêt de Dieu qui les pouvoit émouvoir.'* Louis XIV., returning from the performance of *Scaramouche Hermite*, asked the Grand Condé how it happened that the very people who were so violently opposed to Molière's *Tartuffe*, did not complain of such an impious piece as *Scaramouche*. 'The reason is plain enough,' answered the Prince;—'this latter piece attempts to throw ridicule on heaven and religion only, for which *ces messieurs* (the Jesuits) care very little; but Molière's comedy satirizes themselves, and this they cannot stand.'

Tartuffe, with the exception of its absurd *dénouement*, is, together with the *Femmes Savantes* and the *Misanthrope*, one of the most perfectly composed comedies ever written in any language. For animation, energy, vivacity, and truth, we are aware of nothing that surpasses the opening scene, or as it is usually called, *L'entrée de Madame Pernelle*. Nor do we find, even in Molière himself, any scene more admirably conducted than that between Orgon, Cléante, and Dorine, when Orgon, to each circumstance the *Servante* relates of his wife, replies—*'et Tartuffe?'*—and, at each fresh proof Dorine adduces of the hypocrite's gluttony and self-indulgence, he sighs—*'Le pauvre homme!'* The absence, too, of Tartuffe from the stage until the second scene of the third act, is admirably conceived. We are prepared, during the two first acts, for his coming. We wait for, and expect him; he is already known to us. We have been living, as it were, under his *influence*; and, when at last he appears, we feel that his *presence* is the precursor of important events—that he is come to finish the work he has so cunningly begun. Before the act is ended, Molière, by an admirable precaution, contrives that Tartuffe shall, under a semblance of humility, un-

veil his own character to the very man he is endeavouring to deceive; that to his victim he shall say—

‘ Savez-vous, après tout, de quoi je suis capable ? ’

And to *Damis*, who he knows full well is aware of his artifice—

‘ Tout le monde me prend pour un homme de bien,
Mais la verité pure est que je ne vauz rien.’

From this moment we watch his manœuvres with intense interest; we see him, serpent-like, fascinating his prey, and then encircling it within his coils; until at last he absolutely terrifies us, when, after the exquisite scene with Elmire, he suddenly throws off the mask, and exclaims—

‘ C’est à vous de sortir, vous qui parlez en maître ! ’

That Molière's hatred of the Jesuits did not lead him into any material error with regard to true piety, we need no better proof than the whole character of Cléante; true religion never had an abler advocate, and the really pious man shows himself clearly in the last scene. When Orgon sees Tartuffe humiliated, and condemned to be imprisoned,—‘He bien ! te voilà traître !’ cries he exultingly. But Cléante interposes, and with true Christian feeling, exclaims—

• • • ' Ah ! mon frere, arrêtez,

Et ne descendez point à des indignités !

A son mauvais destin laissez un misérable,

Et ne vous joignez point au remords qui l'accable.

The *Femmes Subantes* is little more than a completion of what was already planned in the *Précieuses Ridicules* and the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*. While the personages are borrowed almost entirely from the former, the precepts contained in the latter are nearly all put in action. The characters of Gorgibus and Marotte in the *Précieuses* are transformed into those of Chrysale and Martine; Cathos and Magdelon rise into Philaminte and Armande; Mascarille and Jodelet are but the caricatures of Trissotin and Vadius; and Uranie in the *Critique*, may well pass as the first sketch of Henriette; whilst Bélise (although parts of her character are decidedly original) has many affinities with Climène. It is commonly believed that the scene of Trissotin and Vadius was intended to turn into ridicule the Abbé Cotin and Ménage; the first-named author having really written a sonnet *à la Princesse Uranie* in honour of Madame de Nemours, which he read to Mademoiselle, and on account of which he had a dispute with Ménage, who abused it without knowing its author's name. It seems, however, much more probable that the sonnet *à la Princesse Uranie*, should have been suggested by the famous stances *à la Reine Zyrphée*; which was the title given to most of the verses composed in honour of Madame de Ram-

houillet, and her daughter Julie D'Angennes (afterwards Duchesse de Montausier,) in the *salon bleu*, where, with perfumes constantly burning around them, these celebrated would-be *savantes* received all the *soi-disant* wits and poets of their day. Madame de Rambouillet died in 1665; Madame de Montausier, Julie, in 1671, one year only before the production of Molière's comedy.

The comedy of the *Femmes Savantes* is considered in France as altogether the most perfectly written piece in the French language. It is said that, turn or twist them how you may, it would be impossible to manufacture a single line of prose out of its matchless verses.

We have now come to the greatest of all Molière's creations—the *Misanthrope*; and, strange as it may at first appear, we shall perhaps find less matter for comment in this profound and brilliant piece than in any of his other productions. The conduct, as well as the composition of the *Misanthrope*, is excellent from beginning to end; for, in this case, the *dénouement* is in perfect keeping with the rest of the piece. From the moment we first see Alceste, we are made acquainted with his character. His treatment of Oronte, and the *sonnet*, shows his uncompromising sincerity; and his choice of the old song—

‘ Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris, sa grand' ville,’ &c.

reveals his enthusiastic disposition. Truth and generous enthusiasm—these are the two leading characteristics of Alceste. His hatred of mankind comes from a too exalted idea of what humanity *should* be; and his love for Célimène is meant to show how ardent and how powerful are the feelings of those who love not many, when they find (or think they find) a single object of affection. It is quite a mistake to imagine that Molière meant to make of Alceste a ridiculous, or even an extravagant character. On the contrary, all that was truly lofty in his own nature he has poured forth in the pages of the *Misanthrope*; and when the virtuous and austere Duc de Montausier was told by Molière's enemies that the poet had taken *him* for his model, and intended Alceste to be his portrait—‘ I only wish I could flatter myself that it was like,’ answered he gravely. We know of nothing more touching than the scenes between Alceste and Célimène. With what tenderness he treats her at times, and how, at others, his irritability and ill-concealed resentment betray the inward workings of his heart, and the tightness with which she has wound herself around it! What can surpass the beauty of these lines?—

‘ Oui ! je voudrais qu'aucun ne vous trouvât aimable !
* * * * *

Que vous n'eussiez ni rang, ni naissance, ni bien ;

Afin que de mon cœur l'éclatant sacrifice
 Vous pût d'un pareil sort réparer l'injustice ;
 Et que j'eusse la joie et la gloire en ce jour
 De vous voir tenir tout des mains de mon amour !'

There never was a more exquisite scene than that in which Alceste, after showing Célimène her own letter to Oronte, entreats her to *justify* herself. Here again Molière's genius manifests itself. It is a situation frequently resorted to on the stage, to make the injured ask forgiveness from the guilty party; but this never fails to cast a sort of ridicule on the person who is thus trifled with. Alceste, on the contrary, sees clearly that he is deceived; but he avows his weakness, and consents to be wilfully blinded. He is not, for a moment, the *dupe* of Célimène. 'You are no doubt deceiving me with your soft words,' says he—

'Mais il n'importe, il faut suivre ma destinée.
 A votre foi mon âme est toute abandonnée.
 Je veux voir jusqu'au bout quel sera votre cœur,
 Et si de me trahir il aura la noirceur.'

Where shall we find a more truly dramatic situation than that of the last scene? We know of few things more impressive—we had almost said more solemn. From the moment when, addressing Philinte and Eliante, Alceste exclaims—

'Vous voyez ce que peut une indigne tendresse !' &c.

till the fall of the curtain, each succeeding line is stamped with increasing force and beauty. Célimène, far from losing in our estimation by refusing to follow the Misanthrop, rather gains on the contrary. She is at least sincere and true, when she gravely says—

'La solitude effraie une âme de vingt ans :
 Je ne sens point la mienne assez grande, assez forte,
 Pour me résoudre à prendre un dessein de la sorte.'

We cannot, in this instance, blame her; but all our sympathies follow Alceste—*trahi de toutes parts, accablé d'injustice*—and, long after we have left the scene of his distress, we cherish a sort of melancholy remembrance of the noble and high-minded being—

'Qui hait tous les hommes ;
 Les uns parcequ'ils sont méchants, et malfaisans ;
 Et les autres, pour être aux méchans complaisans ;
 Et n'avoir pas pour eux ces haines vigoureuses
 Que doit donner le vice aux âmes vertueuses.'

Upon a nearer examination of the character of the *Misanthrope*, we are struck by the resemblance it bears, in many points, to Hamlet. Alceste is the Hamlet of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, divested of the poetry that belongs exclusively to the North—

the Hamlet that would have been possible at Versailles—the Hamlet of everyday existence, who, although he perhaps might not, like the princely Dane, arrogate unto himself the right, which is the attribute of Providence alone, to condemn and to revenge, would in many cases repeat, quite naturally, the words of him who says, ‘Man delights me not, nor woman neither.’ The ‘Get thee to a nunnery’ of Hamlet to Ophelia, would assuredly come fittingly from the lips of Alceste to Célimène.

If Molière ever drew, or intended to draw, a portrait of himself in one of his fictitious personages, that portrait is decidedly the Misanthrope. ‘He was,’ to use the expression of a contemporary, ‘in private, what he appeared in the moral of his pieces’—honest, judicious, kind, frank, generous, and true; but he had no cause to love the world or mankind. We have reason to believe that, notwithstanding his pretended attachment to the profession of an actor, not all the glory he acquired by his writings made him forget the professional humiliations he sometimes unavoidably endured. There is a passage in the *Amphitryon* which appears to us to betray his weariness of spirit—

‘Ah ! qu’on est peu flatté de louange, d’honneur,
Lorsque dans l’âme on souffre une vive douleur !
Et que l’on donnerait volontiers cette gloire
Pour avoir le repos du cœur !’

And when this is coupled with a dedicatory epistle to Louis XIV., in which he says, ‘Ceux qui sont nés en un rang élevé peuvent se proposer l’honneur de servir votre Majesté dans les grands emplois ; *mais pour moi, toute la gloire où je puis aspirer c’est de la réjouir,*’ we already perceive how slight a compensation his literary fame afforded for the want of universal consideration and honour. Here is a point of contact between Shakspeare and Molière. Who does not remember the sonnet of the Bard of Avon, where he alludes to his profession as a player ?—

‘Oh ! for my sake, do you with fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public custom breeds—
Thence came it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in—like the dyer’s hand.’

Although Molière is incontestably the Father of French Comedy, his successors have profited comparatively little by their model. Those who followed him immediately, or were his contemporaries, fell all, more or less, into the defects he instinctively avoided. All have either produced portraits of individuals, or exaggerated pictures of some one particular vice

or folly; but none has succeeded in delineating human nature. Régnard, who died nearly forty years after Molière, is considered one of the best French dramatic writers; but he has all the faults we have mentioned. From Régnard we come to Piron, Le Sage, Gresset, and Marivaux. The merits of the *Métromanie*, of *Turcaret*, and of the *Méchant*, are evidently higher than those of any of Marivaux's comedies; yet he has had a far greater influence on the drama than any one since Molière. He is the inventor of what may be called the *langage précieux* of the eighteenth century, which, since his time, has been called *Marivaudage*. Destouches, Sédaine, and a few others, pave the way for Diderot and Beaumarchais. But we remark at this period a total change in the dramatic literature of France. The purer outlines of the *grand siècle* have given way to glittering and frittered ornament. The *Climènes*, the *Dorantes*, and the *Aristes*, have been superseded by the Baron de Vieuxbois, and Madame de Clainville. Individuals have taken the place of classes; and when we see Frontin and Champagne replace Mas carille and Scapin, and Lisette usurp the office of Doine, we feel at once that a century has elapsed—that Louis XV. has succeeded to Louis XIV., and Madame de Pompadour to the Marquise de Montespan. The Spanish and Italian aspects of the *grand siècle* have vanished, and every thing is more decidedly French. St Germain and Versailles no longer witness the solemn fêtes of the *plus grand roi du monde*; and the *media noches* have changed their name for that of *petits soupers*.

From Beaumarchais, coupled with Marivaux, spring that host of comic writers who supplied the wants of the theatres in France throughout the Empire, and the Restoration—ending with the production of Scribe. It is certainly deplorable that in France nothing should be found above *Bertrand et Raton*, and the *Verre d'Eau*, to perpetuate the *Misanthrope* and the *Tartuffe*. But it is not so much the fault of M. Scribe as of the age. Enchanting the public of the *Chaussée d'Antin* with a representation of *La Chaîne*, he bears the same relation to Molière exhibiting the *Femmes Savantes* before the court of Versailles, that the France of the present King—the Monarch who wisely places his chief glory in being the first magistrate of a free people, and who was wont, a few years ago, to walk across the Boulevard with an umbrella under his arm—bears to the France of Louis XIV., when bedecked all over, he proudly advanced into the Parliament to utter the lordly exclamation—

‘ *L'Etat, c'est moi !* ’

ART. VI.—*Commercial Statistics. A Digest of the Productive Resources, Commercial Legislation, Customs, Tariffs, Navigation, Port and Quarantine Laws and Charges, Shipping, Imports and Exports, and the Monies, Weights, and Measures of all Nations, including all British Commercial Treaties with Foreign States: collected from Authentic Records, and consolidated with especial reference to British and Foreign Products, Trade, and Navigation.* By JOHN MACGREGOR, one of the Joint Secretaries of the Board of Trade. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. London: 1844.

THE work which Mr Macgregor has presented to the public under the above comprehensive title, may be considered as a new and improved edition of the Commercial Tariffs prepared by him under the auspices of the Board of Trade, and officially laid before Parliament. The Lords of Trade have, we think, displayed a judicious liberality in promoting this very useful and instructive undertaking; and we are glad to find that Mr Macgregor's labours have received the approbation of all his successive official Chiefs.

A good digest of the laws of this and other countries relating to trade and navigation, had long been wanted. Our older publications, such as Beawes's *Lex Mercatoria*, had become obsolete; and, until the appearance of Mr McCulloch's *Commercial Dictionary*, mercantile men were obliged to grope their way very much in the dark when any thing occurred out of the ordinary routine of the counting-house. The *Commercial Dictionary* is perfect of its kind; but its plan differs from the present work in embracing many subjects not belonging to the department of *foreign* trade, whilst its limits could not comprise the immense variety of facts and documents which form the voluminous contents of the work under notice. Mr Macgregor conceived his design on the suggestion and with the decided approval of the late Mr Deacon Hume, who continued to take a warm interest in its progress down to the end of his valuable life. The season was opportune for such a work, in consequence of the consolidation of the customs' laws of the United Kingdom, which had been recently accomplished by Mr Hume, under the direction of Mr Huskisson. Those who remember, as we do, the *rudis indigestaque moles* of acts, and clauses of acts, in which the mercantile law of this country till lately lay hidden, will agree with us in considering that species of Codification thus effected, as one of the most signal reforms ever accomplished in commercial legislation. There

were not less than 2200 existing statutes, which had been passed by Parliament at various times, relative to the customs and trade ; and of these, more than 100 were considered to be in force in the year 1815 ! We do not wonder that the mercantile world complained of the intricacies and difficulties of our commercial system ; the only matter of surprise is, that it was found practicable to carry on foreign commerce at all in the midst of never-ending legal snares, and with security for nothing unless through bribery of the custom-house officers. Thanks, however, to Mr Hume, this most unseemly state of legislation has passed away. In 1826, Mr Huskisson presented to Parliament a small octavo volume, which he eulogised as comprising the whole of the laws then in existence relative to the customs' revenue, smuggling, warehousing, navigation, and every branch of foreign and colonial trade. This small volume has, we fear, swollen something in its bulk since 1826 ; but still the commercial statistics of England now lie in a comparatively small compass, and present no serious difficulties to the apprehension either of natives or foreigners. The *desideratum* now became, not so much a knowledge of our own commercial code, as of those of foreign states ; and to collect and methodize such information, our author tells us, has been the constant object of his unofficial labours during the last twelve years. The result is a mass of most valuable and important facts, illustrative of the mischievous tendency of restrictions upon trade, and of the national benefits which never fail to spring from commercial freedom.

The principles of financial and commercial legislation occupy three introductory chapters ; the remainder of the two volumes comprise the tariffs and commercial regulations of the following countries successively—Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, the Italian States, Turkey, Greece, the African States, the Russian Empire, Sweden and Norway, Spain and Portugal. A third and concluding volume is intended to follow ; which will comprise a complete view of the present condition of the United States, together with notices of the other States of North and South America, and of India and China. Here is a wide field of enquiry, of which our limits will only permit us to give our readers some brief glimpses, with a preliminary word in regard to those principles of finance of which Mr Macgregor is the zealous and unflinching advocate.

We know of no branch of legislation that has been so completely estranged from its true end as that financial and commercial branch, of which our author treats. The blind guides, to whom the destinies of nations have been confided, have degraded the science of finance into the miserable art of taking money

imperceptibly out of the pockets of the people—of making them pay without their knowing it—of gathering, whether justly or unjustly, as much money as may be wrung from them without danger of rebellion; whilst commercial legislation has assumed the unrighteous form of a scheme for enriching certain classes of the community at the expense of the others—a clumsy contrivance, whereby the state dispenses favours to individuals under the name of the protection of industry, regardless of the injury thereby inflicted upon the mass of consumers, whose interests and happiness are the first and most sacred trust committed to statesmen. How different are the principles laid down by Turgot, Adam Smith, Ricardo, and their followers—who have pointed out so clearly and unanswerably the conditions on which the economical well-being of nations depends! They have shown that what is miscalled commercial legislation, as distinct from finance, is a thing not only unnecessary, but absolutely mischievous to commerce itself. A sound system of finance once established, no further measures are required for the advancement of industry; because under such a system all articles would be taxed so moderately, that neither their production at home, nor their importation from abroad, would be checked or prevented. The rate of duty would bear a just proportion to the value of the article, and of course no article would be taxed in a ratio disproportionate to the general rule of taxation. Under a perfect system of finance, the indirect taxes on consumption would be the lighter; inasmuch as a direct tax on property would in the first place be resorted to, being the most equitable, as well as the least obstructive to production, of any of the known modes of taxation. But, supposing taxes on consumption to be indispensable, it is obvious that they ought in equity to be the same, whether the article be of home, colonial, or foreign production. Wheat grown in Buckinghamshire, should pay the same as wheat imported from Dantzic; sugar brought from Jamaica, the same as sugar coming from Brazil. The strict duty of the financier obliges him to discard from his notice the object of raising the market in favour of the home or colonial grower, as compared with the foreign; nor is it permitted to him, to tax any one of the sources of the national industry at the expense of the others. The occupations of the people; the commodities produced by agriculture, mining, and manufactures; and the commerce with foreign nations; are so many elements of national wealth, which cannot be unduly favoured or restricted without injury to the whole community. But if each branch of industry was permitted to have its full and unrestricted growth, and placed upon a footing of perfect

equality with all the others, then a country like Great Britain—possessing, as she does, unrivalled natural advantages, and a population distinguished for their energy and intelligence—could not fail of maintaining her superiority over other nations in respect of wealth and power, as well as in respect of the amount of comfort and happiness distributable among all classes of her people.

Those who are convinced of the indispensable necessity of financial reform, can hardly see, without serious apprehension for the future, the continued operation in this country of a system the very reverse of that which the wisest political philosophers have agreed to recommend. The first practical improvement which had been attempted in the course of the last hundred years, was that effected in 1786 by Mr Pitt's treaty with France, but to which, unhappily, the revolutionary war put a speedy end. 'Since that treaty,' says Mr Macgregor, the most 'extensive and liberal reform in the British customs duties is 'the tariff of 1842.' This observation, made before the announcement of Sir Robert Peel's tariff of the present year, was just; but we must now apply it to the tariff of 1845—a tariff which, as a reformatory measure, by far surpasses all former improvements. Relatively to those which preceded it, the tariff of 1845 is undoubtedly an immense improvement; but if tried by the test of those cardinal principles to which we have adverted, and by the standard of the opinions of Turgot and Smith, then the language of praise must yield to that of regret, that any protective and differential rates of duty whatever should have been allowed to remain in force. What would have been the judgment pronounced even upon the *reformed* British tariff by that incomparable and virtuous financier, of whom his unfortunate sovereign so justly said, 'Il n'y a que lui et moi qui aimions le peuple?' It was the true patriotism of Turgot which led him to dwell so much on the paramount necessity of adopting sound and equitable principles of taxation. His scheme of finance, entitled *Plan d'un Mémoire sur les Impositions en général*, is so perfect in itself as to supply every rule and reason which a finance-reforming minister could possibly desire. Turgot, it should be remembered, was a practical statesman, not merely a theoretical writer. The change from our system to his would, indeed, be a wide leap, but not wider than has been made in effecting other great political reforms within recent memory. Few changes are pleasant to official men; but when the choice is simply between good and bad principles, there is no safety in a middle course. 'Optimum elige,' advises Lord Bacon; 'suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo.'

We have said that the British financial system, in so far as it is grounded upon protective and differential duties, upon exclusive navigation laws, and upon rates of duty often injuriously high in comparison with the value of the articles—is essentially erroneous. The same reproach will be found applicable also to the tariffs of most foreign countries. No foreign state with whose tariff we are acquainted, (with the exception, to a limited extent, of Holland,) has yet admitted the principles of free-trade. The consequence is, that a war of tariffs—a war of custom-houses and revenue officers—is carried on between the civilized nations of the earth; whose material interests are thus, in the time of profound peace, brought into hostile array against each other. Each continental state is possessed with the idea, that independence and power are only to be gained by producing and manufacturing at home all necessary articles of consumption: the notion is flattering to sovereigns; it is ingeniously turned to their private advantage by the home-manufacturers and producers; protection of domestic industry becomes the popular cry; and statesmen, who know better, are driven against their will and judgment into the adoption, and gradual extension, of a protective and exclusive tariff. The example of England, who has of late partially relaxed her navigation laws, and made some limited reductions in her import duties, has either been wholly lost upon foreign states, or misrepresented by them in a manner which betrays gross ignorance of the real sources of British wealth and superiority.

‘They either did not understand,’ says Mr Macgregor, ‘or would not admit that England attained her prosperity not by the aid, but in defiance of her illiberal commercial system; that England owed her wealth and power, and even her liberty, to her geographical position—to her many commanding harbours—to the vast power of production yielded by her mines of coal and iron *interstratified*; and conveniently disposed for cheap use and transport—and to the enterprising and industrious character of her people. England also escaped, on her own soil, the perpetual wars which devastated, and prevented the manufacturing industry of, the continental states of Europe; and although her taxation and her public debt have been carried to an incredible height, and her people compelled to pay far higher for maintaining existence than those of any other country, yet her earlier invention of more perfect machinery, especially of the steam-engine and spinning-jenny, and other circumstances which existed during war, enabled her, in defiance of Napoleon’s wars and decrees—in spite of high taxation and dear food—to enrich herself so far as to bear all her war burdens. Her people were enabled to do all this, and to pay those high prices for bread and butcher’s meat which served to yield high rents to the landlords of the United Kingdom; not by restrictive legislation, but by a most profitable carrying-trade, and by throwing her manufactures with great gain into

all the markets of the world, while the industry of other countries was paralysed by the insecurity occasioned by desolating invasions.

* * * * *

‘Peace for nearly thirty years, has, however, transformed the destructive pursuits of most of the continental nations into occupations of productive industry. The great bulk of their population have, since the year 1814, been engaged generally in agriculture and grazing. Those employed in manufactures, have therefore been enabled to maintain life at a lower cost than in a country circumstanced like England. The commercial laws of England, France, and somewhat later, of Austria, have been the most unsound that the spirit and principle of restriction could well devise. Those of Germany, formerly liberal, are now highly restrictive. Those of Spain were tyrannical, and at the same time unsound and absurd. Those of Portugal inconsistent and capricious. Russia much later adopted the restrictive system & Sweden and Denmark followed the example. The Italian States, with the exception of Rome and Naples, have generally imposed moderate duties. Holland has, since the peace of 1814, and while connected with Belgium, departed from a more free system than that of any other European country, with the exception of Turkey, in regard to the import trade. The present tariff of import duties in Holland, notwithstanding the high taxation in other respects of that kingdom, is the most liberal in all Europe. The United States of America have lately agreed to a most restrictive tariff, which cannot, if persevered in, but be ruinous to their fiscal, agricultural, and commercial interests. The South American States appear to be governed by the same spirit as that which dictated the commercial policy of Spain.’—(Vol. I. ch. 2.)

Passing from general reflections to the details of the systems in force in particular foreign states, Mr Macgregor begins with Austria—an Empire whose varied and extensive productive regions, whose great rivers, and whose orderly and industrious population, combine to render it capable of a vast increase of national wealth, by means of an augmented foreign commerce. But although her great interests are agricultural, and scarcely one-twentieth part of her population are employed in manufactures, Austria has long followed the pernicious system of monopolies and prohibitory duties, and has thereby impoverished her people and exhausted her treasury. She has, in fact, undergone two national bankruptcies, and has involved herself very unnecessarily in a public debt exceeding one hundred and twenty-five millions of pounds sterling. The abuses which have prevailed in the financial administration, especially in the management of the imperial tobacco and salt monopolies, are almost incredible. But in the future prospects of Austria there is much room for hope. Public credit is not irrevocably impaired, and a new commercial life cannot fail to spring from the railways, which, within a very few years, will unite Vienna with Munich, Prague, and Breslau, as

well as with the Adriatic at Trieste. Other lines of railway in the Austrian Italian States are also in considerable forwardness. From these improved communications, it would not be too much to expect a great augmentation of our trade with the Austrian ports on the Adriatic, if the Austrian tariff were sufficiently reduced to enable British manufactures to find a market there in exchange for the raw produce of the inland provinces. The reductions made by the new law of July 1844 in the duties on cotton twist and some few other articles, are too trifling to alter the general prohibitory character of the customs-tariff. British commerce, however, enjoys great advantages in consequence of the treaty signed with Austria in 1838, of which Mr Macgregor was the negotiator. That treaty obtained for our shipping what no previous convention with any other foreign power had given us; namely, the admission of British ships with their cargoes into the Austrian ports from all countries whatever, upon the same footing as national vessels. This was an important concession to British interests, and a very ample equivalent for the partial relaxations of our navigation laws which we granted to Austria by the same treaty.

With Belgium we have no commercial treaty, nor does there appear any prospect of improving our mercantile relations with the people of this petty state; who are pre-eminently impressed with the belief that the restrictive system is the true road to national wealth. Within the last year they have enacted new navigation laws, with differential duties against foreign shipping, and have considerably raised the previously high duties upon various articles of foreign manufacture, such as cottons and silks, laces, engines and machinery, and chemical products.* Dr List already congratulates himself that his so-called system of *National Economy* is about to have a practical trial; and the Belgian Chambers seem firmly persuaded that a mine of real wealth lies concealed under the artificial machinery of forced protection which they have erected. It remains, however, to be seen, whether a state with so small a population as four millions, must not rather impoverish itself, and that speedily, by this ridiculous attempt to exclude the competition of foreign shipping and foreign manufactures. If any colourable defence of the restrictive system could be made for it, it would be when adopted upon a very large scale, in extensive and thickly-peopled countries. The three hundred millions of inhabitants in China

* See the Laws of 21st July and 12th October 1842, as published in the *Moniteur Belge*.

might have some plausible ground for believing they are a world within themselves, and could dispense with foreign commerce; but if four millions of Belgians, because they have achieved their political independence, can prosper by estranging themselves commercially from the rest of the world, why might not any free state, with a few thousand citizens, accomplish the same object? Why not the sovereign principality of Lippe-Schaumburg, or the republic of St Marino? The petty states of Germany judged better of their true interests when they became members of the Customs-Union, which at all events established freedom of trade within its own limits; and a wiser commercial policy, if practicable, for Belgium, would evidently have been to join the German Zollverein, if for better for worse, than to have attempted the isolated position in which she has now placed herself. Some mutual and exclusive concessions between Belgium and the Zollverein were indeed made by the treaty of the 1st September last; but these are very different from the more substantial advantages which Belgium would have reaped, if she could have secured to herself a free participation of the great markets of Germany.

Denmark is another small kingdom whose legislation has long been highly restrictive, and has absurdly aimed at the creation of home manufactures, although destitute of fuel and every other requisite for their maintenance; the country having been plainly marked out by nature for agricultural and pastoral purposes. Until within the last few years, woollen and cotton stuffs were practically prohibited by this device—they were handed over on importation to the customs-officers, and sold by auction; the proceeds being paid to the importer after deducting expenses, and 30 per cent for duty. A tariff of duties was afterwards substituted, which is both heavy in amount and minute and complicated in its details. It prohibits altogether several important articles, among which are refined sugar and syrup of every description. Great Britain has several treaties subsisting with Denmark, which, since the year 1660, have placed our commerce and navigation with that kingdom upon a favourable footing. Denmark had also various ancient treaties, under which she claimed her well-known Sound Toll upon ships entering the Baltic; but the rates had been increased much beyond their legitimate standard, and caused just dissatisfaction to those engaged in the Baltic trade. In consequence, however, of the representations made in Parliament on behalf of the British shipping interest, an arrangement between Great Britain and Denmark was concluded in 1841; whereby a new and reduced tariff was framed, and the rates reduced in general to the basis of one

per cent, fixed by the old treaty of Christianople. This convention was made for the term of ten years; at the expiration of which it will be well worthy the consideration of the British, in concert with other Governments, whether the means cannot be found for the perpetual redemption of the entire Sound Toll; thus to relieve ships trading with the Baltic ports from the whole of the charges, visitations, and delays, to which they are still legally subjected at Elsinour. Prussia is known to have been more than once in treaty with Denmark for the capitalization of the portion of the Toll which falls upon the shipping of the former Kingdom.

Turning to France, we shall find that the commercial system of that country, from the time of Colbert to the present day, has been one of constant exclusion; with the single exception of the short term for which Mr Pitt's treaty lasted. The legislation of England and France towards each other, has been peculiarly anti-commercial; which has limited our trade with our nearest neighbors to an amount much smaller than the value of that with more distant customers, such as Germany, Italy, the United States, and Brazil. Still, our importations from France have nearly reached the annual amount of five millions sterling; and notwithstanding the very high duties which France imposes on all our staple manufactures—cottons, woollens, linens, leather, hardware, and machinery—our exports to that country have increased remarkably within the last fifteen years. Their declared value was in 1831, £602,688; in 1837, £1,643,204; in 1840, £2,378,149; and in 1842, 3,193,939. There cannot be a stronger proof of the wonderful elasticity of commercial enterprise; but there is also another useful lesson to be learned from the increase of our trade with France, namely—to beware of retaliating upon foreign states because their tariffs are framed upon the restrictive principle. We may not, indeed, be able to induce the French Government to conclude a good commercial treaty; but whilst we see both our exports and imports steadily increasing in spite of all restrictions, common sense ought to teach us to refrain from any retaliatory measures, which might risk the loss of the advantages we actually derive from even our present limited relations with that country.

Mr Macgregor furnishes a very complete account of the economical condition of France in the various departments of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, finance, and civil and municipal institutions. Her natural resources are very great; she surpasses England both in the quality and amount of the productions of her soil; being capable of raising all the green and white crops in greater perfection than England, with the addition

of the vine, maize, and olive. The soil fit for culture will yield, at less expense, double the produce of the lands suited to agriculture in the United Kingdom, whilst the population amounts to only one-third more, and the great majority of the whole are employed in agriculture; consequently life can be maintained at less cost, and labour obtained at a cheaper price than in England. On the other hand, the French ports are, upon the whole, inferior to ours, and are less commanding; because they lie to leeward of the direction of the prevailing winds. The coal and iron, and other minerals in France, although abundant, are inconveniently disposed, and are not found interstratified as in England; where the coal, without the expense of transport, smelts the iron, and the iron in its turn is converted into machinery for working the coal-mines. So that, if labour itself is cheaper in France, the elements of the power diminishing labour are in England decidedly superior. But two countries so situated would naturally have abundant materials for international trade, had it not been for the false path of legislation which has been pursued. A curious summary of the principles of French commercial policy is thus cited by our author from the work of M. St Ferréol, published under the sanction of the Director-General of the Customs:—

‘ 1st. To reduce the existing duties solely upon materials (*matières premières*) required for manufactures.

‘ 2d. To protect the importation of machines, and tools for manufactures.

‘ 3d. To treat cotton twists and linen yarns as manufactured goods, and not as articles necessary for manufactures.

‘ 4th To abolish no prohibition—to reduce no duty on any other consideration than to lessen the profits of fraud.

‘ 5th To prohibit the exportation of machinery, tools, teazles, and all that may contribute to the development of foreign industry.

‘ 6th. To protect our merchant shipping in an efficient manner, by particularly favouring the importation of merchandise by our own vessels from the ports of first shipping.

‘ 7th. *To consider as a principle that in all treaties to be negotiated with England, most of the conditions which she will propose are those which we ought to avoid.*

These, we are told, are the maxims upon which the French Chambers have been accustomed to act ever since the year 1791. In order to furnish some illustration of their working, we subjoin Mr Macgregor's account of the state of the French contraband trade—showing the enormous extent to which smuggling is carried.

‘ The contraband trade into France, and in many articles, as silks, gloves, lace, and brandy, out of France, is carried on to an incredible

extent. Some estimate may be formed of the contraband into France from the quantities of various goods seized, as published in the annual accounts of the French customs. The proportion seized to the quantity that escapes into France, is considered as less than 5 per cent of the whole; yet the variety of articles seized is remarkable, comprising, among others, many articles the importation duty on which does not exceed 8 or 10 per cent; showing that even this duty affords a premium to the smuggler. The articles seized are classified much the same as in the tariff.

Smuggling is chiefly carried on by organized associations on the frontiers. Dogs and horses, chiefly dogs, are the carriers; premiums are paid annually for shooting or taking dogs so employed, and many are shot or taken; but as there is no decrease in the number, it is evident the contraband trade will continue so long as high duties and prohibitions render smuggling, with all its risks and penalties, still profitable. The insurances on the introduction by sea are at higher rates than by land; and the risks consequently greater.

English manufactures are chiefly smuggled in bales, packed for clandestine introduction, weighing from 70 to 80-lbs., and of the value of about £50 sterling; woollen stuffs in packages of sixteen pieces, weighing from 80 to 90 lbs.

The principal contraband trade in English goods for the French market is along the northern land frontier, and depots of them are established at Cambray, St Quentin, Ypres, Tournay, Mons, and other towns in the north. There are three lines of land custom-houses; but it has been usual on the introduction of the English articles, to stamp them at the frontier towns with the names of French manufacturers before they are sent off to the interior; and when so stamped the additional charge is 4 per cent for delivery within the walls of Paris. A large portion of the sugar, coffee, and other bulky colonial articles which are consumed along the frontier, are introduced clandestinely; these, tobacco excepted, are not often conveyed to the interior. Belgium gives on refined sugar, to the exporter, a premium beyond the amount of duty paid on the raw articles, and a double fraud is often committed; the same sugar returning again and again to Belgium, and receiving the premium on each exportation.

Of the premiums on smuggling, one half is estimated to be paid to the carrier and the other to the smuggler. The smuggling companies have usually a chief, who undertakes the pecuniary arrangement of these transactions, and is the party with whom the insurance is effected; he arranges with the carrier for the conveyance of the goods, paying ordinarily from 20 to 30 francs per package. The carrier is not provided for by the smuggler, but merely delivers his charge at an appointed place. The manager generally receives for himself 5 francs per package. The introduction of the goods through the lines usually employs three days; and the average expenditure per man is 12 francs per journey. When the goods have passed the lines they commonly leave the hands of the smuggling parties, whose business is what is called the *filtration* through the frontier.

‘ M. Blanqui, aîné, one of the ablest living French writers on fiscal legislation, observes in his article on *contrabande*, in the *Encyclopédie du Commerçant*, “ The contraband is the only resource left for the *industrious* to procure foreign articles, the use of which they consider indispensable, but which are either absolutely prohibited by law, or by the high duties which the law imposes. The notable increase of smuggling in extent and management, proves that the legislation of the *douanes* should be in harmony with the wants of the people. If the import duties were moderate, the risks and penalties of contraband would never be encountered. That system must be indeed defective which ruins the conscientious who observe its laws, and enriches the smuggler who disregards them at whatever risk.” He considers, that under a system of moderate duties France might reduce the *employés* of her customs 10,000 below the present force, which is more than double that number.’—(Sec. V. ch. 15.)

Although a part of the French restrictive system has been directed against the importation of foreign corn, yet French agriculture does not appear to have derived any benefit whatever from such protection. It is inferior to that of most European countries, and has, in fact, scarcely improved at all since the time when Arthur Young described it, immediately before the first Revolution. Whilst the average produce of wheat per acre in England ranges from 20 to 40 bushels, or about 28 bushels for the kingdom, the average produce for the whole kingdom of France is under 14 bushels per acre.

‘ France, of all countries in Europe,’ says Mr Macgregor, ‘ should produce so cheaply as to have no pretence for restricting the importation of foreign corn. Notwithstanding this undoubted fact, a committee of the Chamber of Deputies reported in 1832, that “ if we admitted the food and raiment and metals and colonial and other objects which strangers would bring to our ports, we might probably gain some hundreds of millions; should we be the richer in consequence?—for the riches of a state are in the elements of labour, and when labour fails to find employment misery is reproduced. And it is not only a question of comfort, but one of existence; for if wheat were introduced without duty from the Baltic or Black Sea, our maritime shores would remain uncultivated, and the effect of a ruinous competition would affect, more and more, nearly the whole of our agricultural population.” This is an extraordinary confession on the part of the representatives of a great people. They declare that France, with her soil so especially well adapted for the raising of corn, with her scientific and agricultural skill, with an industrious farming population, and with the expense of freight and other charges, equal at least to 20 per cent of the value of corn, is incapable of competing with the Baltic and Black Sea corn-grower.

‘ The French agriculturist has, however, to contend against a real and most oppressive disadvantage; that is, the high price of iron required for making ploughs, harrows, and other agricultural instruments.

By estimates, much under those made by the late Duc de la Rochefoucault and others, of the annual wear of the iron of ploughs and of harrows in France, and calculating the difference between the average prices, for ten years, of iron in that kingdom, and the prices at which, for the same period, English iron would have been sold and delivered in France, (if not restricted by high duties,) we find that by a very moderate calculation the agriculture of that kingdom is taxed *forty millions* of francs annually to maintain the proprietors of iron mines and founderies. and the proprietors of woods used in making charcoal. M. Annison, an unprejudiced deputy, has estimated this tax, in his *Examen de l'Enquête sur les Fers*, at 49,522,000 francs, or nearly two millions sterling.—(Sec. V. chap. 6.)

Here we find that for forcing the iron manufactûres, which never have thriven in France, nor ever will thrive by such means, the national agriculture is subjected to an annual charge equal to two millions of pounds sterling; whilst that agriculture continues in a most backward and unsatisfactory state, though forced in its turn by taxes upon foreign corn. This is the very result foretold, seventy years since, by Turgot, in whose works will be found a remarkable opinion, dated 24th December 1773, *Sur la Marque des Fers*, deprecating protective iron duties, by the most unanswerable arguments. ‘Ce que doit faire la politique,’ concludes Turgot, ‘est donc de s’abandonner au cours de la nature, et au cours de commerce, non moins nécessaire, non moins irrésistible que le cours de la nature, sans prétendre le diriger; pour le diriger sans le déranger, et sans se nuire à soi-même, il faudroit pouvoir suivre toutes les variations des besoins, des intérêts, de l’industrie des hommes; il faudroit les connoître dans un détail qu’il est physiquement impossible de se procurer, et sur lequel le gouvernement le plus habile, le plus actif, le plus détaillé, risquera toujours de se tromper au moins de la moitié. J’ajoute que si l’on avait sur tous ces détails cette multitude de connoissances qu’il est impossible de rassembler, le résultat en serait de laisser aller les choses précisément comme elles vont toutes seules, par la seule action des intérêts des hommes qu’anime la balance d’une concurrence libre!’

We pass over the heads of Germany and the Zollverein, (that part of the subject having been considered separately on a recent occasion;*) and proceed to Holland, of whose career and commercial policy our author has furnished an interesting historical sketch. The rise, progress, and decline of the Dutch Ne-

* See this Journal for January 1844.

therlands, the wonderful industry and endurance of the people, and the present prospects of the country, form a most instructive field of investigation, from which other Governments may learn to distinguish the causes of national wealth from those of impoverishment.

‘ Holland has owed her prosperity—partly to necessity—partly to her situation between great rivers flowing down from the centre of Europe, through her small territories;—greatly to the thrift, enterprise, and bravery of her people; and, aided by these physical and moral circumstances, quite as much to her liberal and enlightened commercial policy.

‘ The Dutch may not, in the eyes of many, be the nation most to be admired in Europe; but they will stand high if we judge them according to their merits, and value them on the standard of what they have done. By their hatred to tyranny and oppression, they have afforded the first durable example of free and religious liberty to the rest of Europe. To a country almost floating on the waters, and subjected to sudden inundations, they have given a firm foundation, and raised formidable barriers to the inroads of the floods and of the ocean. They have, without *stone* or *timber* in their country, built spacious cities and superb edifices: the foundations and superstructure of which they have carried from afar. Without possessing, at home, any one material used in the construction of a ship, they have built navies that have swept the flags of their former tyrants from off the ocean, and they have disputed the seas with the most formidable fleets. Without arable land, their cities became granaries for supplying Europe; and with a territory not so extensive as Wales, and the people at all times subjected to heavy taxation, their army, their fleet, and their commerce have enabled them to rank high among the nations of Europe.

‘ Although under Napoleon their commerce was nearly annihilated, that statesman will be greatly in error who classes the kingdom of Holland among those which now stand low in political consequence. There are great riches still in Holland. It is a country in which there is less suffering than in any other in the world: there are no poor-rates; yet those in distress are better sheltered, clad, and fed, than in any other part of Europe. Benevolent institutions for all necessary aid, whether to the orphan, the sick, the blind, or the lame, are found in every town in Holland. The principles under which all is managed are, no waste, no extravagance, no jobbing in the direction; that all who eat, if in health, must work—and for all who can work there is no excuse for being idle, as the municipal administrations are always prepared to employ the unoccupied. Begging is there a profession that cannot be allowed. How different to all this is the condition of Spain! which we shall hereafter contrast with Holland.

‘ Taxation has, however, always been high in the United Provinces; yet the wants of the state, not protection to manufactures, formed the cause of taxation. Holland has, at whatever *expense* and *endurance*, always maintained national as well as individual credit.

‘ We have examined thoroughly the causes of wealth in this state, and find them to be no other than persevering industry in the pursuit of gain—continued by each individual during life, and transmitted by each to his successor; and the most extraordinary frugality in the manner of living—joined to the universally governing maxim among the Dutch, that it is a disgrace not to live upon much less than one’s income. It must not, however, be forgotten that the wars of the Dutch, which occasioned these high rates of taxation, were often unjust, and ruinous to the best interests of the country. The necessities of the state taxed consumption, when the occasion required, at enormously high rates; extending this taxation even to corn—to grinding at the mills—to the baking of bread—to butter, fish, fruits, legacies, sales of houses, lands, &c. The land and other direct taxes yield at present about the same revenue as the customs and excise, and the whole taxation has not been equal to the expenditure since the Belgium revolution.

‘ Since the peace of 1814, Holland has in many respects departed from the liberal commercial principles under which she flourished. Following the example of England, differential tonnage duties in favour of her own flag, and a monopoly of the colonial trade, have been established—and, lately, *pernicious* corn-duties have been legalized by the States-General. Bounties (not drawbacks) are also paid on the exportation of sugar refined in Holland. The taxation, in consequence of these evils, and of maintaining a large army since the separation from Belgium, has been oppressive; yet the national credit has been maintained, and the tariff of duties on foreign commodities is the lowest of any country in Europe, excepting those of Switzerland, Tuscany, and Turkey.’—(Sec. VI. chap. 1.)

In the year 1751, the Prince of Orange, William the Fourth, presented to the States-General a remarkable Memorial, containing the opinions of all the principal merchants on the actual state of commerce, and on the means of restoring it to its former grandeur. The merchants enumerate as the causes of the past commercial prosperity, the advantageous situation of Holland, possessing the mouths of considerable rivers—the abundance of fish on the coasts—and *the barrenness of the country*, which had stimulated to great exertion the genius and industry of the people. Among the moral causes are enumerated the free constitution of the republic—the pure administration of justice—and the absence of civil or religious persecution—the constant policy having been to make the country an asylum for persecuted and distressed foreigners, and to afford protection and naturalization to refugees, who were the means of establishing many trades, manufactures, and arts. The then recent decline of commerce is attributed to the increased and overwhelming amount of the national imposts; and a revision of the taxation is recommended—especially that no duty should be imposed on raw

materials, or on foreign goods placed in entrepôt, or for transit, because the lighter the burdens the greater would be the trade.

Among the sure symptoms of national decay is the existence of a want of employment of capital at home, combined with a diminishing rate of interest; and this has for some time past been the case among the Dutch, who have in consequence invested or employed a very large portion of their capital in foreign states. To England, as the greatest of trading nations, the commercial history of Holland conveys many most useful lessons. Our legislature has lately profited by the good example of Holland in one particular; namely, by the passing of Mr Hutt's Naturalization Act—a measure which has placed the foreigner, for most practical purposes, upon the same footing as the natural-born subject. But the warning which Holland has given us to reform our financial system remains yet unheeded; and the fact of the superabundance of capital in the British metropolis, combined with a rate of interest so unprecedentedly low, cannot but suggest the apprehension that the field of employment for that capital has been considerably narrowed by the effects of a long continued system of ill regulated taxation.

At the present time, the Dutch government appears to be fully aware of the importance of a low customs' tariff, and our staple manufactures are admitted into Holland upon liberal terms. Cotton goods of every description, for instance, are rated at only four per cent *ad valorem*; and the general rate of duty upon goods unenumerated is two per cent *ad valorem*. A project of a still more liberal tariff has lately been submitted to the legislature, and may probably have come into operation before the publication of these remarks.

The portion of this work devoted to the Russian Empire is rich in statistical details illustrative of the actual condition of the Colossus of the North. The progress of Russia, as regards the acquisition of territory, since the accession of Peter the Great, has been unexampled; but neither her extended empire, nor her population of sixty millions, are in themselves to be regarded as signs of national strength, without reference to the degree of concentration and of productive power belonging to that population. The scattered people who inhabit the vast territories known by the general name of Russia, are necessarily devoid of *nationality*—of that unity of sentiments and interests which makes men feel and act as one social body. France is a striking example of a really national spirit; all Frenchmen think and wish as one man, as far as their country is concerned; and this is the true secret of the effective strength of that nation. But, from not considering the total absence of combination among

the widely separated subjects of the Czar, great misconception has prevailed relative to the actual force which Russia could measure with the forces of other states. The facts brought together by Mr Macgregor tend very much to quiet apprehensions on this score. Even admitting that Russia is a power whose policy is peculiarly aggressive, and that her movements, therefore, require to be vigilantly watched by other governments, still the exaggerated notions which have been formed of her greatness appear to be founded rather upon the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, than upon any accurate knowledge of the real state of her available resources.

The Russian tariff has long been highly restrictive, and its character was not altered by the modifications which took place in the year 1841. The list of prohibitions is very extensive—including various descriptions of cotton, silk, and woollen manufactures, iron, cutlery, and hardware, and numerous other articles which, under a moderate tariff, would be supplied by England in exchange for raw produce. At present, our exports to Russia amount to only half the value exported from the United Kingdom to Holland alone, and to only about one-fourth of our exports to Germany. The value of British exports to Russia in 1838 (a fair average year,) was £1,663,342—of which £1,236,584 consisted of cotton-twist, leaving a balance of only £426,758 for all other articles; whilst the exports from Russia to the United Kingdom in 1837, were £6,977,396—being no less than seven-twelfths of the entire Russian exports to all parts of the world. It thus appears that Englishmen, for their own wants and interests, are the largest purchasers of Russian produce, notwithstanding her prohibitory tariff; and that if, on account of that tariff, Britain were to impose retaliating duties against Russia, the British consumer would be the person most injured by such a proceeding. Our treaty with Russia, signed in January 1843, has secured reciprocity to British shipping, and has placed British commerce upon the footing of the most favoured nation, furnishing the condition of similar equivalents. These concessions, however, did not mitigate the prohibitory character of the tariff, which our author thus describes:—*

* Since the recent change in the Russian Finance Ministry, a more liberal disposition has been manifested; and there is reason to hope that several of the prohibitions in the tariff—among others, the prohibition of British printed cottons—will be abolished. We must, however, reciprocate by admitting Russian tallow as a raw material, duty free.

‘Russia may be said to prohibit the importation of every material like those which can be drawn, by the labour of her serfs, from her mines and forests, and of every foreign manufactured article, in order that the labour of those serfs, with the aid of machinery either imported or made in the country, and directed by skilful foreign artizans, shall be made to produce articles either similar to, or that may be substituted for, those of foreign manufacture. We readily admit that this prohibitive system, so generally injurious to the empire, may be very profitable to the nobles at Moscow, and elsewhere, who are the proprietors of the cheaply and coarsely fed and clad serfs.

‘Russia, for the purpose of supplying and carrying on her manufactures, permits the importation of mathematical, optical, astronomical, and agricultural instruments; newly-invented machinery, and models of machines, mules, and all the materials enumerated hereafter in Table I. of the tariff, required in the arts.

‘Cotton twist, still required by her, sheep’s wool, and several other articles not enumerated, are admitted at small nominal duties.

‘A recent relaxation of the rigidity of her commercial legislation has been generally promulgated as a return to liberal trading principles; but on examining the prohibitions abolished, we discover that they are either of no great importance, or that the duties substituted are so high as to preclude any profitable legitimate importation into Russia of manufactured goods.’—(Sect. XII. chap. 7.)

Notwithstanding that for many years it has been the settled policy of Russia to create home manufactures, her manufacturing industry is still very unimportant for a population of sixty millions; and is far in arrear of that of France, Germany, and the Austrian empire. The smuggler pursues his trade across the frontier in spite of ukases, preventive forts, and an army of revenue officers; and will of course continue to do so whilst foreign manufacturers can produce better and cheaper articles than those made within the prohibitory *cordon*. It ought not, however, to be supposed, that the Russian manufactures have made no progress at all. On the contrary, it appears that her factories, which twenty years ago could not produce sufficient cloth for the use of her army, are now able not only to do this, but to export considerable quantities of cloth to the markets of Central Asia and China.

The state of agriculture in Russia is peculiarly interesting, as affecting the result which might be anticipated from a modification or repeal of the British corn-laws. We therefore need not apologize for extracting the following passages from Mr Macgregor’s account of the agriculture of the vast plain of the Wölga:—

‘TAMBOFF, or TAMBOV.—The area of this province is estimated by some Russian authorities at 21,000 square miles, and by Kortsakoff at

nearly 25,000 square miles, and the population 1,422,000. The surface is generally a vast flat plain. In some parts undulations occur, and, towards the north, sandy, boggy forest, and marshy lands; a great proportion of the province is covered with fir and other trees. The Steppe, towards the east, has no wood of consequence, and the black mouldy soil is generally fertile. As not only the productive powers, but the actual produce of this province, have been held forth as alone sufficient to overwhelm all Europe with corn, and, at the same time, ruin, if admitted at a low duty, the farmers of England, we shall detail at some length the information we have collected.

‘ It has been declared officially, and it has been repeated and reprinted frequently, for the purpose of showing the danger of allowing the importation of foreign corn, that the province of Tamboff alone yielded 39,000,000 quarters. Now, if we take M. Kortsakoff’s statement of the area—the greatest given by any one—say at 15,689,200 English acres, 39,000,000 quarters would be about twenty bushels per acre; that is, supposing the province of Tamboff were one great corn-field, without any part of it occupied by towns, buildings of any kind—roads, forests, swamps, heaths, marshes, pine barrens, or waters. The facts, however, are, that the soils, the seasons, the weather, and the crops, according to the official accounts of this, as has been described, the most fertile province of Russia, are all remarkably variable, and that great scarcities of grain for food has frequently occurred. Of the annual produce of corn, we have for different periods the following official statements, or rather estimates:—In 1802, 9,294,827 chetwerts, or rather more than 6,000,000 quarters. In 1821, only 5,223,796 chetwerts. In 1833, the crop was stated as abundant, and 800,000 chetwerts, or 560,000 quarters, were exported to Moscow and St Petersburg. We then have an account of 10,000,000 chetwerts being the produce of an ordinary crop, and 17,000,000 chetwerts that of a good harvest. Finally, a consular account is transmitted to England, stating that the province of Tamboff produces 39,000,000 quarters of corn, and the word *corn* is at once translated into the word *wheat*.

‘ The greater portion of the corn produced in Tamboff, as well as in all Russia, is not *wheat*, but *rye*. Some little wheat, however, is grown in Tamboff—from 21,000 to 35,000 quarters. Oats, and buckwheat, a black poor grain, which grows on sandy soils, constitute, next to rye, the principal grains grown. Hemp is cultivated to an important extent. The cattle pastured and fattened for Moscow and St Petersburg are numerous, but are chiefly driven into Tamboff, for pasturage, from the steppes of South-Eastern Russia, and even from the Caucasus. The horses, excepting those belonging to the nobility, are wretchedly inferior. There are about 1,140,000 sheep, and 700,000 swine in the province.

‘ The more recent exaggerations respecting Tamboff are contained in a work entitled *Materials for a Statistical Account of the Russian Empire*, published at St Petersburg in 1839, in the Russian language, by Imperial permission.

‘ The following extracts from that work were translated at St Petersburg from the Russian:—

* * * * *

‘ Now, it is equally evident that the above statement is also greatly exaggerated. In the first place, the extent of land under cultivation is stated above to be 4,000,000 to 4,500,000 of deciatines. M. Kortsakoff, who allows a greater surface to the province than any other writer, estimates the whole extent, including water, marshes, forests, meadow and pasture, &c., at 5,913,222 deciatines; and the arable land at 2,226,177 deciatines.

‘ The above account of 4,500,000 deciatines being solely under corn culture, is a palpable exaggeration; for if the forests, marshes, and waters alone were deducted from the largest estimate of the area of Tamboff, the remaining part would not exceed 4,500,000 deciatines; and M. Kortsakoff allows about 1,500,000 for pastures and meadows; so that, taking the highest estimate, there could not have been more than 3,000,000 deciatines left for arable cultivation, and from this quantity must be deducted the spaces occupied by towns, roads, &c. Allowing, as a mere basis of valuation, that 3,000,000 deciatines of Tamboff were one vast corn-field, without any deduction for separations between inclosures, or any space left for other divisions, paths, &c., and deducting the one-third left fallow, according to the above statement, then the extreme quantity left for sowing would be 2,000,000 deciatines, or 5,400,000 acres. The produce, at the lowest quantity given above, 11,410,000 quarters = $18\frac{2}{3}$ bushels per acre. Taking the highest quantity, 17,220,000 quarters, the produce would be about $25\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre. All the accounts of the produce of corn in the province of Tamboff, must therefore, to those who will examine the foregoing statements, prove to have been the most extraordinary exaggerations that could have been used, for the purpose of misleading the statesmen and terrifying the landlords and farmers of other countries. After a careful examination of all the statements, and all the information which we have been able to procure, we feel convinced that the province of Tamboff, instead of producing 39,000,000 quarters of corn, or the quantity since diminished to 17,220,000 quarters, and in the worst seasons to 11,400,000 quarters, has never, during the most plentiful harvest, yielded above 10,000,000 quarters of all kinds of grain.’—(Sect. XII. chap. 25.)

Of all the European states, there is none upon which nature has bestowed more of the elements of wealth and power than Spain. Her fine climate and soil—her great mineral riches—and her numerous rivers and seaports—place her far above the average of other nations in respect to natural advantages; yet doubts can hardly fail to arise as to whether those advantages are in reality such, when we see Holland, destitute of the greater part of them, ascribing the industry and enterprise of her sons to the very barrenness of her soil. Indeed, national superiority is found to depend far more upon the race of men than on the country which they inhabit.

Restrictive commercial legislation, and financial abuses, have

reduced Spain to an almost unparalleled state of degradation and impoverishment. The character and effects of her insane legislation are well described by Mr Macgregor :—

‘ The commercial legislation of Spain has been, and continues to be, one of the most pernicious and restrictive of all the systems of trading exclusion. While that most despotic of governments possessed an empire in America to interchange commodities with, her code of trading laws was, comparatively speaking, not altogether so ruinous to her finances and credit as it has, generally with other measures, proved since that period disastrous to her general interests, and so discreditable to her national dignity and moral character, during the last thirty years. From the time the Inquisition, and other tyrannical inventions of the Court and Church, drove the industrious Moors from Spain, human ingenuity, absolutism, and power, could not possibly have contrived and enforced measures more efficiently calculated to retard the improvement and prosperity of the kingdom, than those of the Government, coupled with the authority of the Church.

‘ Spain occupies a surface nearly one half greater than all the British Isles, with a soil capable of yielding nearly double the value of agricultural produce. Spain is eleven times as large as Holland ; the latter has no minerals, little land for other purposes than for grazing and for buildings—no timber—and a climate the character of which is humid, and for a part of the year severely cold. If Spain and Holland were left to themselves in the event of a warlike contention, which of the nations would be the most likely to overcome the other ? At present, opinion would decide in favour of Holland.

‘ The example of these two nations is an elucidation of the power or weakness of countries, in consequence of the wisdom and industry, or the folly and negligence of man, in opposition to natural advantages or obstructions. Holland has thriven and attained power under a system of commercial freedom. Spain has sunk to the lowest point of European degradation under the most restrictive and prohibitive customs’ laws.

‘ The proud system of Spanish legislation was based on possessing and securing within herself all kinds of luxury, wealth, and power. First, by prohibiting the entrance of commodities from any country except her colonial empire ; and secondly, by forcing the latter to consume no manufactured articles except those of Spain, with the specious view that all the precious metals would necessarily be sent to the mother-country, where they would be forced to remain if no foreign commodities were admitted. But, in defiance of this system, the precious metals were drained off to foreign countries, both from her colonies and from Spain, nearly as rapidly as they were robbed from the natives of Mexico and Peru, or drawn from the mines by the millions of American and African slaves who have been exterminated under the cruel labour to which they were doomed.

‘ British colonists had no sooner settled in North America, than they commenced a very lucrative contraband trade to the Spanish settlements in Cuba and South America. It soon became a trade of prodigious

value and clear gain, in exchanging all sorts of English manufactures for the precious metals; the latter were remitted chiefly to England, and partly retained as a circulating medium in the colonies. The Spanish monarchy, to prevent this trade, stationed a fleet of *guarda-costas* along the shores, and their indiscriminate interruption and seizure of all British vessels met with in those seas, caused the war of 1739 between England and Spain. Afterwards, although England had no interest, but quite the contrary, to break up this commerce, she was induced by Spain to order the British cruisers to seize all British vessels found near the coasts of the Spanish colonies; and the former having acted as if they received their orders from Spain, effectually put down the trade, until it was, after the independence of America, resumed with as great activity as before, by the citizens of the United States. Spain was, during the whole period, filled with contraband merchandise by way of the Basque Provinces—by smuggling through Portugal and over the Pyrenees—by way of the Mediterranean, and afterwards, up to the present day, with great activity, by the way of Gibraltar.—(Sect. XIV. chap. 5.)

The extent to which smuggling is still carried on, on the Spanish frontier, is altogether enormous—at least a hundred thousand armed men are engaged in it; and more than three hundred thousand persons are described as being entirely occupied in the contraband trade—among whom are several members of the Cortes, and even the manufacturers themselves! The cotton manufactures of Catalonia have, for nearly a century, enjoyed a complete monopoly both in Spain and her colonies. What has been the result? The medium importation of raw cotton into Spain, from 1834 to 1840 inclusive, did not amount to ten millions of pounds, which was little more than half the quantity imported into England in the year 1784—less than the twenty-sixth part of the British importation in 1830—and less than one-sixtieth part of the British importation of raw cotton in 1840! The English and French cotton manufacturers have, by the aid of the smuggler, beat the Catalonian out of the field. According to the work of the Spanish senator Marliani,* cited by our author, the value of cotton goods annually smuggled into Spain from England and France, stands thus:—from England, through Spanish ports, Gibraltar, Portugal, and Italy, £1,683,218; from France, £1,331,608;—total, £3,014,826. Other writers have calculated the same amount at between five and six millions sterling; but Marliani's estimate is sufficient to show that the prohibitory system has afforded no protection whatever to the Catalonian manufacturers. They are unable to supply even a third of the quantity required for consumption;

* *De la Influencia del Sistema Prohibitivo*. Madrid, 1842.

and Spain is deluged with English and French cotton goods, which do not pay one farthing to the Spanish treasury. There is also much smuggling in tobacco and other articles; and the final result is, that the entire income which Spain derives from customs' revenue scarcely exceeds £800,000, whilst the prohibitive system entails an annual public loss, for the benefit of the manufacturers, of four millions sterling! The capital invested in the Catalonian cotton manufacture is stated at not more than £200,000 sterling, and the number of persons employed at about 60,000. For the sake of this insignificant interest the prohibitory system is kept up by the government; whilst it is well understood that the principal manufacturers maintain their cotton fabrics for the purpose of a mask to hide their contraband transactions, and to enable them to sell as their own the productions of France and England! So shameful a scheme of public plunder has fairly been brought to light. The Spanish government has, indeed, lately announced an intention of subjecting its tariff to revision; but it is obvious that nothing short of the most thorough and searching reform will suffice for the correction of a system of fraud and demoralization so widely extended.

Portugal possesses even more natural adaptations than Spain for an extensive commerce; and commands the mouths of the principal Spanish rivers. The cultivation of the vine has always formed the main branch of agricultural industry, though the soil is admirably suited to wheat and other grain; and it is a singular fact, that the inhabitants have for centuries depended on other countries for bread. The manufactures are very unimportant. The Portuguese tariff is less prohibitory than that of Spain, but the rates of duty are high enough to operate most unfavourably to the interests both of the consumer and of the wine trade; which would be greatly benefited if a commercial treaty for the mutual reduction of certain import duties could be effected with Great Britain. We have a treaty of reciprocity with Portugal, dated in July 1842; and it is much to be desired that the spirit of that treaty should be still further carried out.

'Commerce in this kingdom,' says Mr Macgregor, 'has not been so much restricted by a high tariff or prohibitions, as by the maladministration of a government, which, by its imbecility and tyranny, broke down those energies and that spirit of adventure which had at one time distinguished the Portuguese nation. The extensive lands held by the monasteries, and the darkening power of the church, have always formed another chief cause of national degradation. The separation of Brazil nearly completed the ruin of the Portuguese trade, which, in regard to exports, is now chiefly limited to wine, fruits, wood, cork, and salt. The natural advantages and resources of the kingdom, however,

ought to enable Portugal to become one of the most important trading countries in Europe. The want of roads, the barbarism of the laws and police, the consequent insecurity of person and property, and the general ignorance of the population, especially in latter times, as to all the arts and sciences, do not warrant us to hope for an early regeneration of this ancient kingdom.

‘Of all the treaties into which England has entered with foreign states, none has been so highly and generally praised as that with Portugal, signed by Mr Methuen at Lisbon in December 1703. Those who have undergone the labour of enquiring fully into its effects, will conclude that none has been more generally pernicious. Treaties or conventions of commerce have been considered as contracts by which one nation has endeavoured to obtain an advantage from another. If the true principles of trade were fully understood, treaties for regulating international commerce would become useless. The spirit of such conventions between one nation and another, distinctly conveys the meaning that some others than the contracting states are placed upon a less favourable understanding; while all exhibit the restrictions which commercial legislation has, in almost every country, imposed on industry, trade, enterprise, and intercourse. If the qualifications necessary for the negotiation of a good commercial treaty, as sketched in a pamphlet attributed to Mr Eden in 1787, could ever be possessed by any one man, or even by several men, and if such good treaty be pronounced “a masterpiece of skill,” great allowances may be made for those who have negotiated commercial treaties with foreign governments; but at the same time such negotiations ought never to be entrusted to any but men who possess the best knowledge of the sound principles of international exchange, joined to skill, discretion, and judgment, in executing a trust in which the most numerous interests of nations and individuals are so deeply, widely, and may, in consequence, be permanently involved. The Methuen treaty stipulated for the admission of English woollens (then prohibited) into Portugal, in consideration of England admitting, “*for ever after,*” *Portugal wines at two-thirds of the duty payable on the wines of France.* This most unwise of treaties with a country having but a small population, the greater part of which were and are poor, and unable to consume any great quantity, comparatively speaking, of British woollens, gave rise to that legislation on the part of France, which has constituted a war of material injuries between two great countries from that period up to the present day. With the visionary and fallacious object of encouraging our woollen manufactures, by finding an exclusive market for them in Portugal, we nearly prohibited the importation of the leading article which France had to interchange with us for manufactures; and for this purpose we consented to drink scarcely any other than the heavy, black, and spirituous wines of Oporto, instead of the clear and wholesome wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. We do not deny that there were advantages in having a market for our woollens in Portugal—especially one, of which, if not the principal, was the means afforded of sending them afterwards by contraband into Spain.

English woollens, however, found their way extensively into Portugal before the date of the Methuen treaty, in defiance of the legal prohibition; and fortunately that treaty exists no longer to shackle us in our commercial negotiations with other wine-producing countries.—(Sect. XV. chap. 2.)

The fallacy of the principle of the Methuen treaty is now so generally understood and admitted, that it would be quite superfluous to add any thing here in its condemnation. The error consisted in supposing that British industry in general would be benefited by the forcing a particular branch of it into a particular channel; for that is the effect of obtaining the admission of our manufactures into a given country on lower terms than other foreign states. Mr Methuen's diplomacy was misdirected, because the loss which it entailed upon us in France and other countries was greater than the advantage secured in Portugal. It would seem, however, that foreign governments have not in general arrived at this conclusion. For example, by the treaty between the Zollverein and the United States of America, which was signed at Berlin in March 1844, but not ratified, both parties contemplated the admission of certain articles of each other's produce and manufacture on more favourable terms than the produce and manufacture of other nations. Again, by the treaty of September last between Belgium and the Zollverein, Belgic iron is admitted into Germany at a duty lower than that upon other foreign iron, whilst corresponding favours are granted by Belgium to German wines and silks. It is perfectly clear that such favours, as long as they are exclusive, must be injurious to the general industry of the contracting states; because production, for a time at least, must be unnaturally compelled to take the direction of the favoured channel. By providing that the wines of Portugal should be received in England at *one-third less duty* than those of France, the Methuen treaty so fettered the British Government as to prevent its making just concessions to France in return for reciprocal advantages. But such *exclusive favours* should be carefully distinguished from concessions made by one state to another, which the conceding state would be equally ready to extend to other nations, either gratuitously, or in return for corresponding equivalents. Remissions of duties, which are intended to be made applicable to *all nations*, are of course not open to the objection applicable to the Methuen treaty; and such arrangements have, in fact, been sanctioned by clauses contained in many existing treaties of reciprocity, which admit of the contracting states being placed respectively upon the most favoured footing, either in return for satisfactory equivalents, or gratuitously, as the case may be. In the present tem-

per of most foreign states—too much disposed as they are to act upon the French maxim of avoiding whatever conditions England may propose—it becomes every day more and more difficult to agree upon mutual remissions of specific duties as the basis of commercial treaties; and it is certain that the very anxiety of the British Government to obtain commercial facilities for its subjects, has often tended to excite the jealousy and apprehension of foreign powers. Under these circumstances, little more can be effected by negotiation than to obtain treaties of reciprocity; whereby our ships and goods may obtain admission into foreign countries upon the footing of the most favoured flag—either unconditionally, or subject to the same conditions as are required from other favoured nations. What British commerce alone wants in foreign markets is, to use a familiar expression, a fair field and no favour;—let our trade only not be placed on a footing of undue disadvantage in foreign ports, and British enterprise and industry will not fail to work their own way.

We regret that our limits prevent us from carrying our extracts further; and particularly from noticing the author's judicious remarks on the quarantine laws, under the head of the Italian States; as well as his interesting sketch of the history and present condition of the slave-trade, under the title of Western Africa. Statistical subjects are, of all others, the most difficult to do full justice to in a literary Journal, without wearying the patience of the general reader; but we have said enough, we hope, to show that Mr Macgregor's work is of a description eminently deserving of serious attention; and if our remarks shall have contributed, in any material degree, to impress the public with the great importance of a branch of knowledge which so peculiarly comes home to the 'business and bosoms' of the whole community, the brief space we have been enabled to devote to it will not have been fruitlessly applied.

ART. VII.—*Leaves from a Journal, and other Fragments, in Verse.* By LORD ROBERTSON. 8vo. London: 1845.

THOUGH there is much of native beauty and gracefulness in the descriptions and sentiments of this attractive little volume, its warmest eulogists will still, we think, allow that its interest and recommendations are, to some extent, extrinsic—arising from its particular authorship, and the recollections and occurrences recalled by, or attending its very unexpected appearance. An eminent and successful Advocate who, had recently

attained the highest honours of a jealous and engrossing profession, and hitherto wholly unsuspected of any serious intercourse with the Muses, suddenly presented himself in the literary arena, in the new and perilous character of a candidate for poetical honours; and that not in the lighter walk of the playful or the humorous, in which, by all who know him, he might well be supposed capable of pleasing, but in the higher and more ennobling field of earnest emotion and meditative reflection. It was hardly possible for those who esteemed and respected the many good qualities of the man, and the high distinction of uniform candour and straightforwardness in the bearing of the pleader, to listen to this announcement without a certain degree of anxiety; and perhaps in proportion to the nervousness with which the intelligence was at first received, is the feeling of relief and satisfaction now that the trial is successfully over. But, before we proceed further, it is fit that we should give the brief history of a publication, of which the first mention excited this lively and varied interest.

Lord Robertson's elevation to the Bench in the Spring of 1844, gave him the disposal of the following Summer and Autumn vacation for the usual period of four months. He eagerly availed himself of this first considerable interval of exemption from the calls of professional employment to visit the Continent; and occasionally, during the progress of his rapid journey, which extended to Naples, he recorded in verse the impressions received, and the thoughts suggested by the deeply interesting scenes and objects through which he passed, or which he surveyed; and, on his return, he printed a selection from these poetical sketches, for his family and his intimate friends. The approbation bestowed upon them induced him afterwards to give them, with some additions, to the public at large; and hence the volume, called by him 'Leaves from a Journal,' of which we are now more particularly to speak.

The chief recommendation of these 'Leaves' consists in the evident sincerity of the feelings which they embody; for there is no mistaking the genuineness of the excitement by which they have been dictated. We see that the writer has been taken by surprise by the novelty and splendour of scenes long thought of, but with which he at last has been unexpectedly brought into contact; that he writes with all the unhesitating warmth of a first impression; and that, feeling every thing to be new to himself, he does not pause to consider whether his impressions of such scenes, when conveyed in verse, will be equally new to his readers. Probably had he been more familiar with the range of poetical literature, and known how much of his train of thought and imagery had of necessity been anticipated by his predeces-

sors, the 'Leaves' would never have been put together in the shape in which we are happy to have them before us. But unembarrassed by any such disheartening foreknowledge, and deeply conscious of a real emotion and excitement under the new influences by which he was surrounded, he does not hesitate to give vent to his impressions as they arise; and thus ideas and images, in themselves sufficiently familiar and commonplace, assume a certain aspect and character of originality—simply because we see that they are no imitations at second-hand of the thoughts of others, but the genuine reflection of the things themselves, as they were stamped upon the responding heart and mind of the writer. If, indeed, any man of quick observation, and of a kindly and sympathetic spirit, will faithfully portray in verse what he feels when first emancipated from professional care and toil, and suddenly placed in circumstances where the wonders of art and nature glide by him in rapid succession, he may probably, indeed, utter many commonplaces, and give vent to some incongruous conceptions; but a groundwork of truth and nature will be found at the bottom, and it will require but little novelty of treatment, or nicety of poetical embellishment, to create a certain interest in, and secure a genial indulgence for, his verses.

Of all persons, too, we are convinced that the hard-working lawyer—if originally possessed of a spark of romance, or gifted with a natural love of beauty, as the author of these 'Leaves' plainly is—remains the most impressible by the enthusiasm produced by such changes;—the most likely to indulge in a species of *amabilis insania*, under circumstances that call forth the latent feelings. The very hurry and anxiety of his ordinary existence makes every pause in the whirl of life a source of positive enjoyment; and if to this be added, that his natural tastes and sympathies have not been dissipated, as in the case of the professed *dilettante* and *littérateur*, but have remained, as it were, pent up and concentrated, and indulged only at rare and stolen intervals, we may conceive with what elasticity these feelings will spring up when the pressure of professional duties is removed, and he is left at leisure to realize his early dreams, and traverse in person scenes which he had so often longed, but scarcely expected, under the pressure of his suffocating briefs, ever to see. Many an inmate of the Temple, we doubt not, looking down on that fine quiet old garden that lies islanded, as it were, amidst the restless ocean of London life, has echoed Wordsworth's lines:—

' Vallombrosa! I long in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-cover'd floor,
To listen to Arno's precipitous flood,
When the stillness of evening has deepen'd its roar;

‘ To range through the temples of Pæstum, to muse
 In Pompeii, preserved by her burial in earth ;
 On pictures to gaze where they drank in their hues,
 And murmur sweet songs on the ground of their birth !’

In truth, if he wishes to enjoy the feeling of complete emancipation and immunity from professional cares, so as to leave him at leisure to enjoy, without any counteracting influences, the impressions produced by novelty, beauty, and grandeur, he must not linger at home. Mails, steamboats, and railways have annihilated, in as far as Great Britain is concerned, the relaxation of holidays. Go where he will, business follows him. It is in vain that he takes the wings of the Great Western, seeking rest in some of the green hollows or seagirt nooks of Devon : the means by which he escapes afford the same fatal facilities for pursuit. His clerk follows in the next train, duly depositing on his table the inevitable brief.

To be safe, he must, in a word, leave the Channel behind him. Once on the Continent, he may combine the sense of security with pleasurable excitement. The more rapidly he moves, the more attractive will appear the passing pageant which unrolls itself before him. He sees it only in imposing masses ; he has no time to dissect, to criticise, to get weary of details. The stately ‘ star-y-pointing ’ Cathedrals of France or Belgium first captivate his imagination, and lead back his thoughts into the sphere of devotional awe, by their notions of vastness, their intermixture of gloom and splendour, and that harmonious unity of proportion which suggests the idea of a spontaneous growth rather than of slow architectural combination. The fenced cities and burghal halls of the Low Countries, uniting all the fretwork of ornament with the strength of fortresses, vividly recall the stirring times and civic contests out of which the frame of modern society has grown into form. The ‘ chieffless castles breathing ‘ stern farewells ’ from every eminence bordering the majestic Rhine, which is bearing him onward to his destination, awaken a thousand legendary memories ‘ of ladye-love and war, romance ‘ and knightly worth.’ As these recede, he finds himself, almost by dream-like transition, among the rocks and green valleys of Switzerland : he sees the shadows of the far-distant Alps reflected in the blue lake at his feet ; he climbs that Giant’s staircase by which this mountain barrier is scaled. From the region of ice and snow, he passes, as if by magic, into a clime of the sun. Milan receives him with all her historical memories, her libraries, her galleries of art, her unique and dazzling cathedral. He next sails between ranks of palaces along the watery streets of the Silent City—imbibing in kindred silence the peculiar charm of its quaint and waning magnificence. Florence spreads before him her uncount-

ed treasures of art ; Naples courts him with her joyous and luxuriant beauty ; till the long-continued and delightful strain of emotion attains its climax, as he treads—almost doubtful whether he can believe his vision realized—the streets of Rome.

Such appears to have been pretty nearly the rapid course pursued by Lord Robertson ; nor is it wonderful that to one enjoying, amidst such scenes, his first complete professional leisure, with the agreeable, the triumphant consciousness, of having earned his right to it by labours performed, and distinction honourably won, every thing should present itself steeped, as it were, in a double sunshine ; and that the writer should fearlessly give vent to a strain of romance and enthusiasm, which, in our colder and more calculating latitude, and with the fear of criticism immediately before his eyes, he would probably have taken no inconsiderable care to suppress. Under this agreeable intoxication of the mind, the marvel in truth is, not that a reverend Senator became a little sentimental, but that he did not write a dithyrambic.

We have prepared our readers not to expect from these—nevertheless most pleasing—sketches much of absolute originality. The writer is contented with the first and most obvious aspects of things. Generally speaking, the reflections are such as lie on the surface, and might almost be characterised as unavoidable. But this must not be taken too literally. Some of the thoughts are novel—not a few of the turns very graceful and appropriate. There is frequently a fulness and melody in the versification that falls pleasingly on the ear ; though at other times perplexingly checkered and marred by lines which, from their defective and untuneful formation, suggest an uneasy doubt whether the writer is really alive to the difference of accents, or the deficiency or excess of syllables, in the construction of verses ; or whether he chooses to treat the question of number and melody as a matter of indifference. Milton himself, in the most elaborate and ambitious, though we are not inclined to think the most successful poem in the volume before us,* is introduced ‘ committing short and long,’ to an extent of which that immortal master of melody would scarcely have approved could the poem have been submitted to his revision.

We have spoken of the sincerity of tone—the cheerful spirit—and the warm-hearted sympathy which pervade these sketches : to which we may add a picturesque eye, and considerable power of presenting to the mind the characteristic features of the scene to be depicted. This is effected, no doubt, not by that pregnant

condensation with which the great poet seizes in a line or two the spirit of the spot, and detains it, as it were, before the eye of the reader ; but by a process of accumulation of details, a little heavy sometimes, but certainly producing in the aggregate a strong impression of reality. Such, for instance, is the case with the lines on Pompeii—where a number of little traits, briefly piled together, bring back a vivid and palpable picture of that ‘fair sepulchre ;’ the sandy glare of all around ; the solitude and deathlike whiteness of its wilderness of half-disinterred halls, temples, and tombs ; and the solemn effect produced by the contrast of this sepulchral repose with the ever-living and active volcano in the background, to which it owed its destruction :—

‘ Temples of Jove and Isis, from the sand
Rising in sunny cluster’d beauty, hail !
Your worshippers are fled ; your priests have fallen ;
Pompeii’s kindred deities are gone ;
Broken their effigies, their shrines decay’d,
Hush’d the tribunal, where, to combat doom’d,
Guiltless or guilty, stood the slave forlorn.
No sound comes from the theatre of blood,
Save hum of lizard, grasshopper, or bee ;
Within the senate hall the snake lies coil’d—
The orator is dumb—the patriot sleeps.
In thy soft garden bowers and quiet homes,
Beauty has lost her smile, and love her power.
The forum is forsaken. Hush’d the crowd,
That in the busy mart jostled for gain.
The chariot-wheels along the well-worn stones
Move not : Empty the jars of wine and oil ;
Broken the grinding-stones ; cold are the hearths ;
The gold within its master’s grasp is seal’d.
The armourer, the smith, the labourer rests—
The slave and prisoner from his chains set free.
The sentinel keeps his post, an armed atomy !
Fountains and baths are dry. Ended the sports.
Tragic and comic theatres repose—
The actors rest—the wrestlers struggle not.
The mummer’s jest is o’er. The song is hush’d.
The minstrel’s harp is broke—the wine-cup fallen.’

There is the same feeling of local truth, the same rendering back of the feelings awakened by the spot, in the lines descriptive of Pozzuoli, with its grass-grown amphitheatre—the silence of its vaults and arches, broken by the roll of thunder overhead—the lonely pillars of Serapis, mirrored in the deep sea-green waters that now flood the temple—the placid lakes—the far-stretching coast studded with nameless ruins of Roman grandeur, and the calm Mediterranean, with its islands, bounding the horizon.

The lines that follow flow very smoothly; though we must add, that we would willingly have dispensed with the comparison—more quaint than appropriate—between jealousy and Vesuvius:—

‘Isles of surpassing loveliness, that seem
 The very gems of nature’s diadem,
 Mountains which from the dark blue waters spring,
 And to the sea give back an equal beauty—
 Sulphureous spots whose ever-smouldering flames,
 Sullenly oozing through the burning marle,
 Whisper of fires primeval—while o’er all
 That mighty monarch, bright Vesuvius,
 Making, like jealousy, the food he feeds on,
 Burns with a splendour unextinguishable;
 Scattering his flame and smoke on high to heaven,
 His scorching embers to the tranquil sea.
 Lo! at his feet, the clustering vine, the fig,
 The cactus, and the olive, and the palm—
 The rarer orange, with her golden glare,
 Glistening amidst the fruits of common growth,
 And harmless wild-flowers every spot bedecking.’

Here again, in the sketch entitled ‘Venice,’ is an observation true in itself, and most gracefully expressed:—

‘Every being moving in the streets
 Moves with a grace. The common gondolier,
 Vender of water, fruits or flowers, or spice;
 And even the beggar, lounging by the square
 Of great St Mark, or slumbering by some porch,
 Antique or Saracenic, while he casts
 A shadow o’er the tessellated pavement,
 In easy posture sleeps, and as he sleeps,
 Dreams of the glories of the days gone by.’

Of the remaining sketches, the best are ‘Rome,’ ‘Florence on return,’ and the lines written in the ‘Simplon.’ The first, though unequal, contains some striking lines not unworthy of the subject, but is too long for our purpose. ‘Florence on return’ embodies a common thought felt by every one, and often indeed expressed before, but which bears repetition from its simplicity and universality:—

‘Why looks fair Florence fairer than before,
 Why doth Val d’Arno smile more beauteously,
 Richer her groves, loftier her Appenines?
 Her river murmur with a gentler flow,
 Villas and vineyards thus seem sweeter now?
 And happy homesteads still more cheerful gleam
 ‘Midst greater glee, through gladsome Tuscany?
 Come we from colder clime, from land less fair—
 Were *their* memorials of the time gone by

More meagre, or their works of art less bright?
 Ah no! By Naples' bay our course has been,
 The fairest scene in this enchanted land—
 Fix'd in the inmost soul soon as beheld.
 Pozzuoli and Pompeii's placid peace
 Have touch'd our hearts with sympathy and love;
 Ancient and modern Rome for us disclosed
 Their treasures rich. The Coliseum vast,
 The noblest temple of the Christian world,
 The princely Vatican:—while yet more late
 We left Perugia's heights and Narni's vales.
 Or shines the sun more brightly; does the air
 More balmy breathe, along these olive slopes,
 Through summer's soft advance and golden days?
 No, rather say the closing autumn casts
 A shade around, and the half-faded leaf
 Tells of the winter's near and sere approach.
 What then thus brightens all the gloving scene?
 Well was it writ by him who told the force
 Of fancy—"In the mind alone doth dwell
 The source of all that's beautiful and sublime."
 The power that minstrel sung, thus acting true,
 By memory and association sway'd,
 Unfolds the star which guides us *northward* still
 To home beloved, and lightens all the land
 With brightest glimpses from the shrine within.
 Nor say the cold in clime are cold in love—
 The love of country, noblest of its class,
 Burns strongest in their breasts; and in its train
 Bring honour, virtue, charity, and peace.

Perhaps the most compact and best sustained of these verses—certainly, on the whole, the best in point of diction, and the most harmonious in the flow of versification—are the lines entitled 'In the Simplon.' We do not hesitate to say, that both in thought and expression they are such as many of our more experienced versifiers might well wish to own:—

'Basilicas of Florence, Rome, Milan!
 With all your architectural tracery
 And pomp, what are ye to this scene compared?
 These are the temples of the living God,
 Rear'd by a mightier hand than that of man;
 Their deep foundations to the centre piercing,
 Their summits soaring upward to the sky,
 Their hoar antiquity, creation's dawn!
 What are your gleaming marbles, gems, and gold,
 To snow-flake resting softly on those peaks,
 Or glacier glistening as the golden sun
 This sanctuary vast lights with his rays
 For morning or for evening prayer? Nor lack
 They other ornament: these countless rocks

With herbage interlaced, and here and there
With mountain rills besprinkled—in the clefts
The trees in bright October's livery clad ;
Such the mosaic wrought by nature's hand,
The dazzling garniture of nature's shrine !
Or with your organ deep, and choral song,
Echoed responsive through your vaulted aisles,
Compare the voice of roaring cataract,
The crash of avalanche ; or, midst the pines,
The piping wind—the river's psalmody.
Then say if piety want priest or dome
To point the way unto that God who rides
Amidst the calm, nor slumbers in the storm.'

In taking leave of Lord Robertson's volume, for which we heartily thank him, we may, perhaps, be allowed to take the liberty of offering him, in return, an advice, warranted by some experience—that as he has been most successful in this his first venture, he will not imperil the credit he has gained, by another poetical attempt. By his present volume, he has proved—and it is no small boast—that the labours of a dry, and, as is often supposed, heart-hardening profession, have not blunted his sensibility to natural beauty, or to the great creations of the liberal arts ; and that the sagacity, tact, and humour, which have always been conceded to him, are nowise incompatible with a strong sympathy with all that is great and good, or kindly and genial, in our common nature. But the public, proverbially indulgent to a first essay, particularly from one who does not contemplate poetry or literature as a vocation, are by no means equally so in the case of a second. The candidate of that description who again presents himself for honours, must expect to have his commission curiously scanned, and his call to the poetical ministry rigorously scrutinized. He can no longer plead the privileges of a volunteer ; he must submit to be dealt with like others of the regular corps, according to the strict rules of discipline. Tried by this test, and without the same natural apology for its appearance which the present little volume bears on its winning face, the fate of a second publication might be more than doubtful. Probably, however, no one better understands or appreciates the force of these considerations than Lord Robertson himself ;—but our advice, if it be unnecessary, is at least tendered in all kindness ; and in the same spirit, we are hopeful, it will be received.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Report from the Committee on the Hudson's Bay Company, April 24, 1749.* Reprinted in Reports from Committees of the House of Commons. 1803.
2. *Hudson's Bay Company Charters and Correspondence.* House of Commons, Aug. 8, 1842. No. 547.
3. *American State Papers.* Presented at different times to Congress in 1826, 1828, and 1838.
4. *Travels in the Oregon Territory.* By T. J. FARNHAM. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.
5. *The Oregon Territory.* By JOHN DUNN. 8vo. London: 1844.
6. *On the Discovery of the Mississippi, and the South-western Oregon, and North-western Boundary of the United States.* By T. FALCONER. 8vo. London: 1844.
7. *The History of Oregon and California.* By R. GREENHOW. 8vo. London: 1844.
8. *Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition.* By CHARLES WILKES. 5 vols. 4to. Philadelphia: 1845.
9. *The Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson.* By A. SIMPSON. 8vo. London: 1845.
10. *The Oregon Question.* By T. FALCONER. Second edition. London: 1845.

NORTH-WESTERN America is probably the largest portion of the world yet unsubdued by cultivation. From about latitude 32° to 70° , and from longitude 125° to 95° , boundaries enclosing a space of more than 4,000,000 square miles, the real occupants of the country are the aboriginal hunters and fishers. Two or three Russian, English, and Mexican trading stations on the coast; and in the interior a few English hunting posts, and some missionary establishments supplied by Mexico and the United States—are the only points inhabited by civilized men. About 500,000 Indians, and about 10,000 whites, constitute the population of a district more than one third larger than Europe, and situated for the most part within the temperate zone. The whole is intersected from north to south by a chain called, to the north of latitude 42° , the Rocky Mountains, and to the south of that parallel, the Sierra Anahuac; which is in fact a continuation of

the Andes. Between these mountains and the Pacific, from which they are at an average distance of 500 miles, run intermediate ranges, some parallel and some from west to east, so as to leave level a very small portion of the country. The rivers which flow from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains are the great rivers of North America—the Mackenzie, the Missouri, and the Rio Grande. On the western side they are few, interrupted by falls and rapids, closed at their mouths by bars, and, in the earlier part of their courses, generally confined by precipitous banks of 1000 or 1500 feet in height.

We have said that the occupants of the territory are the Indian tribes; but the greater part of it is under the nominal sovereignty of Russia, England, the United States, and Mexico. The Russian boundary begins at the southernmost point of Prince of Wales's Island, (lat. $54^{\circ} 40'$), then runs in a north-western and northern direction to the Arctic Ocean; so as to include first a narrow strip of coast, and then a peninsula washed by three seas, and forming the north-western extremity of the Continent. The British portion includes all that is east of the Rocky Mountains, and north of latitude 49° . The boundary of the United States comprises all that is east of the Rocky Mountains, from latitude 49° to 42° ; and then runs in a south-easterly direction, until it reaches the rivers which form the boundary of Texas. All that remains south of the forty-second parallel belongs to Mexico.

Between these limits lies the unappropriated Oregon country, bounded on the north by the parallel $54^{\circ} 40'$, on the east by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by the forty-second parallel, and on the west by the Pacific. It is about 650 miles in length, and of an average breadth of about 550—narrower towards the north, and broader towards the south—the Rocky Mountains running, not parallel with the coast, but in a south-westerly direction. It contains, therefore, about 360,000 square miles; more than three times the surface of the British islands. The northern part of the coast, above the forty-eighth parallel, is protected by numerous islands, the largest of which, Vancouver's Island, is about two-thirds of the size of Ireland. Along the straits which separate these islands from the continent, are many excellent harbours; but down the whole coast of the Pacific, from latitude 48° to Port San Francisco, far within the Mexican frontier, there is no refuge except Bulfinch harbour and the Columbia—the former of which can be entered only by small vessels, and the latter is inaccessible for eight months of the year, and dangerous at all times.

We have already said that the whole country is intersected by ranges of mountains. Most of them are loftier than our loftiest Alpine ranges, and some are supposed to equal, or even to exceed, the highest Andes. One consequence of this is, that the climate is severe except in the south-western valleys, where it is tempered by the neighbourhood of the sea. Another is, that only a very small portion of the land is capable of cultivation. The best portion is the valley between the Kalmat Mountains and the Pacific, a strip about eighty miles broad and three hundred long, watered by the Columbia, and by its tributaries, the Cowlitz on the north, and the Willamet on the south. But even of this Oregon Felix, Mr Greenhow states that only from one-eighth to one-tenth is cultivable. Further to the west the land rises into elevated plains, sometimes of rock and sometimes of sand, without wood and almost without vegetation, intersected indeed by rivers, but rivers which bring no fertility. 'The banks,' says Captain Wilkes, 'of the Upper Columbia are altogether devoid of any fertile alluvial flats, destitute of even scattered trees; there is no freshness in the little vegetation on its borders; the sterile sands reach to its very brink; it is scarcely to be believed until its banks are reached, that a mighty river is rolling its waters past these arid wastes.*' Towards the north, a higher latitude and a still greater elevation render the country still less fit for the abode of man. But even here some fertile valleys are to be found. And Mr Dunn describes the lower part of Vancouver's Island as, on the whole, the most habitable portion of this inhospitable territory.†

But though generally incapable of tillage, the south-western part contains some districts not unfit for pasturage, and others which are rich in timber. The rivers are full of fish, and the northern part abounds, or till lately did abound, with furred animals.

Until the last three or four years, the only use made of it by civilized men, has been as a mart for the purchase of furs and skins. The earliest adventurers in the North American fur-trade appear to have been the French Canadians. At first, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the wild animals were plentiful and the Indians numerous and powerful, the white traders remained in their towns on the banks of the St Lawrence, and were satisfied with the skins brought to them by the hunters. As this supply diminished, and as the Indian tribes were thinned and cowed by the destructive proximity of civilization,

the traders found it necessary to penetrate the wilderness, and barter with the hunter on his own territory. The bold men who engaged in this traffic had to encounter every form of hardship and danger. They had to deal with savages, selfish, cruel, and treacherous; intellectually, and, bad as the whites were, perhaps morally, their inferiors—beings with whom they had no sympathy, towards whom their only relation was a mutual struggle to kill, to overreach, or to plunder. Under such circumstances, and in a country without law or public opinion, the *coureurs des bois*, as the French fur-traders were called, degenerated—as civilized men exposed to such influences always will degenerate—into intelligent beasts of prey; uniting the foresight, the perseverance, and the powers of combination of the White, to the rapacious and unscrupulous ferocity of the Indian. The remedy adopted by the French government was, to prohibit all persons from entering the Indian territory without a license; and to make the continuance of the license depend on their conduct.

In 1669, an association was formed by Prince Rupert to prosecute an English fur-trade; and in 1670 its members were incorporated by charter, under the title of the Hudson's Bay Company. To this Company Charles the Second granted, as absolute lords and proprietors, all the lands on the coasts and confines of the seas, lakes, and rivers within the Hudson's Straits, not actually possessed by the subjects of any other prince or state, and the exclusive right of trading with the inhabitants. And the charter proceeds to threaten all who may intrude on their privilege with the forfeiture of ship and merchandise, half to the Crown and half to the Company.

In 1749, nearly eighty years after the creation of the Company, an attempt was made to deprive them of their charter, on the ground of non-user; and it certainly appeared that they had done but little. They had at that time only four small forts, occupied by 120 men. Their exports for the ten preceding years had amounted only to £36,000, their expenses of management and establishment to £157,000, and their imports to about £280,000; so that their net profit was about £8000 a-year.* At this time the value of the furs annually imported from Canada into Rochelle, amounted, according to the rate fixed by the Company, to £120,000, or more than four times as much.†

* Reports from Committees of the House of Commons, reprinted in 1803. Vol. ii. p. 215.

† Anderson. Vol. iii. p. 237.

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In 1763, Canada was ceded to England. Having been under the sovereignty of France in 1670, it was not included in the Company's charter. The vast western regions were now open without the necessity of a license; and the fur-trade was prosecuted at first by individuals, and afterwards by associations, which all, ultimately, were consolidated in the North-West Company. Of this great Company—of its wealth, its power, its feudal discipline, and its feudal magnificence—Mr Washington Irving has given a vivid picture in the introduction to his 'Astoria.' The Hudson's Bay Company, with the characteristic inactivity of an ancient body protected by charter, remained quietly at their posts, like the earlier French traders, and purchased the furs which the Indians brought to them. The North-West Company explored the forest, the mountain, and the lake, frightened the Indians by their power, destroyed them by supplies of spirits and of arms; and for a time were almost masters of the continent between the Rocky Mountains and the Canadian lakes. But the fur-trade, even when best managed, has always been a decaying trade, the reproduction of wild animals never equalling their consumption. Conducted as it was by traders and Indians, anxious only for immediate gain, who killed indiscriminately the male and the female, the full-grown and the cub, it became more destructive, and yet less productive, every year. As their original hunting-grounds were exhausted, the North-West Company pushed their parties and their posts towards the west. About the year 1806, they are supposed to have first crossed the Rocky Mountains, and to have established posts on the northern head-waters of the Columbia. About the same time they advanced north into the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, which at length had also found it necessary to establish posts in the interior. In 1812, that Company for the first time made an attempt to exercise their rights of colonization. They sold a tract on the shores of Lake Winnipeg and of the Red River to Lord Selkirk, who planted there the germ of a considerable colony. The North-West Company, with the unscrupulous ferocity which a life among savages seems to produce among the members of even the most civilized nations, for some years waged a partizan war against the Hudson's Bay posts. Sometimes they merely drove away their inhabitants by force, or by cutting off their means of support; sometimes they waylaid and destroyed them on their route; and at length, in the year 1814, they organized an expedition against the Red River settlement, which, after a civil war of two years, ended in the defeat and massacre of the governor, Mr Semple, with his immediate companions, and the expulsion of the survivors.

It was now obvious that the contest between the companies would produce the ruin of one or of both; and a successful attempt was made to consolidate them. But this alone would not have been a remedy. The experience of a century had shown that the indiscriminate admission of civilized men as traders into the territory of the Indians, is destructive to the morals of the former, and not only to the morals but to the existence of the latter. It has been tried by the French, it has been tried by the English, and it has been tried by the Americans; and in every case the natives have been swept away by war, disease, and famine; and the whites have exhibited a frightful mixture of all the vices of civilized and savage life. 'I have heard it related,' says Mr Wyeth, himself an American, 'among white American trappers as a good joke, that a trapper who had said that he would shoot any Indian whom he could catch stealing his traps, was seen one morning to kill one; and on being asked if the Indian had stolen his traps, he answered—"No; but he looked as if he was going to." An Indian was thus wantonly murdered, and white men laughed at the joke.'*

The union of the two great companies, though it would have cured the mischief of their competition, would have stimulated the enterprise, and let loose the evil passions of hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of private adventurers. To prevent this, and also to subject to the influence of law the British traders who might be allowed to visit the Indian territory, the 1 and 2 Geo. IV. cap. 66, was passed.

That Act, after reciting that the animosities and feuds arising from the competition of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies had for many years past kept the interior of North America in a state of continued disturbance, enacts—that it shall be lawful for his Majesty to give license to any company or persons for the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians in any part of North America, not being part of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, or of any of his Majesty's provinces, or of any lands or territories belonging to the United States. The Act then gives civil jurisdiction to the Courts of Upper Canada over every part of America, not within the existing British colonies, and not subject to any civil government of the United States. It enables his Majesty to appoint within these limits justices of the peace, and to give them civil and penal jurisdiction, not extending in civil suits beyond £200, or

* Mr Wyeth's Memoir. Report on Territory of Oregon. 25th Congress, 3d Session, Report 10.

in penal cases to death or transportation. Cases beyond these limits are reserved for the Courts of Upper Canada.

In pursuance of this Act, charters had been granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, 'for the exclusive trading with the Indians in all such parts of North America to the northward or to the westward of the territories of the United States, as shall not form part of any of the British provinces, or of the territories of any European power.' The charter requires the Company to provide for the execution of civil and criminal processes over their servants, and to frame and submit to the Crown rules for conducting the trade, which may diminish or prevent the sale of spirituous liquors to the Indians, and promote their moral and religious improvement. And it declares, that nothing contained in it shall prevent his Majesty from establishing any colony within the territories in question, or from annexing them to any existing colony.

It will be observed that the charter contains no clause authorizing the Company to form settlements. Not only have they no power to grant lands, but they have no power even to hold them. The charter gives them as against all other British subjects, but only as against them, the exclusive right of trading with the natives, according to regulations to be approved by the Crown; and it requires them to deliver up their own servants to the jurisdiction of British tribunals. This is the whole amount of the privileges which it grants, and of the duties which it imposes. They cannot acquire for themselves the property, or for the Crown the sovereignty, over a single acre.

This, however, does not apply to the vast region comprised in their original charter of 1670. In that region they are lords of the soil, and it is there therefore, on the banks of the Red River, that they have formed their principal establishment. In that remote colony there are now more than 5000 persons—a Roman Catholic Bishop, a Cathedral, and seven or eight other religious ministers. The Company sell their land at 12s. 6d. an acre, and the plantations extend for fifty miles along the river.* From thence their posts are dotted about from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They are in general stockades, with little wooden bastions at the corners, capable of holding a travelling party of thirty or forty persons, but seldom tenanted by more than four or five permanent inhabitants. The largest is Vancouver on the Columbia, about ninety miles from its mouth, and accessible by vessels of not more than fourteen feet draught. It

* Simpson's *Travels*, chap. vii.

consists of a stockade enclosing four acres, a village of sixty houses, stores, mills, workshops, a farm of 3000 acres, and a considerable quantity of cattle for the supply of the Company's posts. Another is Fort-Nasqually on the sea-coast, within the Straits of Fuca. The purposes for which this post has been established require some explanation. The supply of the Russian settlements with provisions, and the Sandwich Islands with timber, has turned out a profitable trade; and it is supposed that the ships which carry supplies to Vancouver might, on their return, fill their stowage, which is more than is required for furs, with wool, hides, and tallow for the English market. But as such a use of the Company's capital, not being within its charter, would be illegal, a sub-company has been formed, called the Puget's Sound Company, consisting of members of the Hudson's Bay Company; and governed by its officers, but employing capital of their own.* Their principal farm is at Fort-Nasqually, and they have a considerable one on Vancouver's Island, and others between the Straits of Fuca and the Columbia.

To the south of the Columbia, principally on the banks of the Willamet, some agricultural establishments have been formed by Americans. The nucleus is generally a missionary, who proposes to convert the Indians by civilization, and for this purpose begins by using them as agricultural labourers. He is followed by men either misled by the misrepresentations of the climate and soil of Oregon, which, for party purposes, have been spread through the United States; or so unprovided with capital, as to think it worth while to undergo the dangers and toils of the journey, in order to obtain land for nothing. The principal is Oregon, which is thus described in the most recent information which has reached us:—'This place, Oregon city, is situated 'at the head of the navigation at the foot of Willamet Falls, one 'of the greatest water powers in the world. It contains twelve 'dwelling-houses, three stores, one blacksmith's shop, two saw-mills, and a grist mill.†' The American establishments are not supposed to have yet succeeded as sources of net profit, though they have afforded to the inhabitants the means of existence. Captain Wilkes states, that in 1842 and 1843 prices were merely nominal, and the settlers' horses were fed with their finest wheats.‡

* Wilkes, Vol. iv. p. 307.

† See Mr Perry's letter, dated Oregon city, March 30, 1843, in Simmonds' Colonial Magazine, Vol. i. p. 101.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 308.

It is, we repeat, as a hunting-ground that Oregon is valuable; and, as applicable to this purpose, the merits of the northern and southern portions are reversed. The districts to the north of the Straits of Fuca, which are generally unfit for agriculture and pasturage, still continue to afford a considerable supply of furred animals. Those to the south, which contain some spots fit for settlement, have been almost exhausted as hunting-grounds.

In a letter from Mr Pelly, the governor, to Lord Glenelg, previous to the grant of the charter of 1838, he states, that nearly their whole profits are drawn from their own proper territory; their other trade showing in some years a trifling loss, and in others a small gain.* Mr Wyeth, who had been himself a fur-trader, believes that trade to be less profitable than any other in which as much danger of life and property is incurred; and he adds, that he has good evidence that in 1833 the profits of the western department of the Company, which includes Oregon, did not exceed 10,000 dollars, or less than L.2500.* This confirms Mr Pelly.

The fur-trade, as we have already said, is naturally a decreasing trade. If it was bad in 1837, it is not likely to be better now. And this is supported by the testimony of Captain Wilkes, who visited Oregon in 1840. 'Many persons,' says Captain Wilkes, writing from Fort Vancouver, 'imagine that large gain must result from the Indian trade; but this is seldom the case—the Indians understand well the worth of each article. The Company are obliged to make advances to all their trappers, and from such a reckless set there is little certainty of getting returns even if the trapper have it in his power. All the profits of the Company depend on economical arrangements; for the quantity of peltry in this section of the country, and indeed the fur-trade on this side of the mountains, has fallen off fifty per cent in the last few years. It is indeed reported that this business is at present hardly worth pursuing.' †

This is confirmed by a statement, which we have now before us, of the Company's whole importations for 1844, and of their importations from the Columbia (which includes the whole Oregon territory) in 1845. In 1844, they imported from the whole of their North American territories and hunting-grounds 433,398 skins, of the value of L.173,936, 17s.; of which Oregon furnished only 61,365 skins, valued at only L.43,571. In 1845, their

* Hudson's Bay Company Correspondence. House of Commons' Paper. 1842, No. 547, p. 26-27.

† Territory of Oregon Report, p. 13. ‡ Vol. iv. p. 333.

importation from Oregon has been only 57,628 skins, valued at L.56,749, 14s. We have also before us a return of the number of persons in their employ in North America for the year ending the 1st of June 1844. It is 1212. There are many single manufacturing establishments in England—such as the Great Western Cotton Factory in Bristol, or Mr Marshall's in Leeds—which keep in activity a much larger capital, employ a much greater number of persons, and give a much larger annual produce, than can be predicated of a Company which is the actual proprietor of territories larger than the British Islands, and has the exclusive use of a region greater than the whole of Europe!

But though the Company, as far at least as this portion of their trade is concerned, have been unsuccessful merchants, they have been wise and benevolent administrators. 'In all the countries,' says Mr Wyeth, 'where the Hudson's Bay Company have exclusive control, they are at peace with the Indians, and the Indians are at peace among themselves.'*

'An opinion has gone abroad,' says Captain Wilkes, 'that at this post (Vancouver) there is a disregard of morality and religion. As far as my observations went, I feel myself obliged to state that every thing seems to prove the contrary. I have reason to believe, from the discipline and the example of the superiors, that the whole establishment is a pattern of good order and correct deportment. This remark not only extends to this establishment, but as far as our opportunities went (and all but two of their posts were visited,) the same good order prevails throughout the country. Wherever the operations of the Company extend, they have opened the way to future emigration, provided the means necessary for the success of emigrants, and rendered its peaceful occupation an easy and cheap task.'†.

And yet, even under these favourable circumstances, though spirits are refused, wars are discouraged, and profligate intercourse is prevented, the proximity of the white men still exercises, and apparently with little diminution of intensity, its destructive influence on the red men. They are attacked by new diseases, and their old ones seem to be aggravated.

'During my stay at Vancouver,' says Captain Wilkes, 'I frequently saw Casenove, the chief of the Klackatack tribe. He was once lord of all this domain. His village was situated about six miles below Vancouver, on the north side of the river, and within the last fifteen years was quite populous; he

‘ then could muster four or five hundred warriors ; but disease has swept off the whole tribe, it is said that they all died within three weeks. He now stands alone, his land, tribe, and property all departed, and he left on the bounty of the Company. Casenove is about fifty years of age, a noble and intelligent-looking Indian. I could not but feel for the situation of one who, in the short space of a few weeks, lost not only his property and importance, but his whole tribe and kindred, as I saw him quietly enter the apartment, wrapped in his blanket, and take his seat at the lonely side-table. He scarce seemed to attract the notice of any one, but ate his meal in silence, and retired. He has always been a great friend to the whites, and during the time of his prosperity was ever ready to search out, and bring to punishment, all those who committed depredations on strangers. Casenove’s tribe is not the only one that has suffered in this way ; many others have been swept off entirely, without leaving a single survivor.’ *

It seems probable that in a few years all that formerly gave life to the country, both the hunter and his prey, will become extinct ; and that their place will be supplied by a thin white and half-breed population, scattered along the few fertile valleys, supported by pasture instead of by the chase ; and gradually degenerating into the barbarism, far more offensive than that of the savage, which degrades the backwoodsman.

Having given this short view of the Oregon country, we proceed to examine the grounds on which the very doubtful advantage of its sovereignty is claimed.

It will appear that the facts on each side are tolerably clear ; the difficulty, therefore, if there be any, must arise from the obscurity of the law ; and we will begin, therefore, by a brief statement of what we believe to be International Law, with respect to the acquisition of sovereignty over an unoccupied territory.

Generally, it may be said, that such sovereignty can be acquired by five means. By *Discovery*, by *Settlement*, by *Contiguity*, by *Treaty*, and by *Prescription*. There is one requisite, however, which, as it is essential to every source of title, ought to be mentioned before we treat them separately—namely, that the acts by which sovereignty is acquired, must be the acts of a Government, not of unauthorized Individuals. The acquisition of sovereignty is a grave act. It imposes on the acquiring state the duties of administration and protection. It imposes on all other states the duty of

abstaining from interference. It takes from the common patrimony of mankind a part which was previously open to the enterprise and industry of all nations, and appropriates it to one. It is obvious that great inconveniences would arise if private persons could arbitrarily impose such duties on their own sovereigns and on independent states. No title, therefore, is given by the discoveries made by private adventurers. If they make settlements, such settlements form no portion of the territory of the state from which the unauthorized settlers have proceeded. If they enter into treaties, such treaties give them no right either against their own government or against any other.

We now proceed to consider the different sources of title separately, beginning with title by *Discovery*. What amount of exploration is necessary to title by discovery, has not been decided. As far as we can perceive, a very little, perhaps the mere distant glimpse of a headland, has been considered sufficient. And it is admitted that when once a title by discovery, however imperfect, has been gained by the agents of one nation, it is not superseded by a subsequent though more accurate examination by those of another. The reason is obvious; for if title by discovery depended on the comparative accuracy of the examination, no such title could be safe. It would always be liable to be divested by a new survey, which was, or professed to be, more elaborate.

The title by mere discovery, however, is not a permanent one. It requires to be perfected by *Settlement*. 'The title,' says Vattel, 'of navigators going on voyages of discovery, and furnished with a commission from their sovereign, has generally been respected, provided it has been soon after followed by a real possession. But the law of nations will not acknowledge the sovereignty of a nation over countries, except those in which it has formed settlements, and of which it makes actual use.' *

No nations have asserted this more strongly than England and the United States. 'She understood not,' said Elizabeth to Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, 'why her subjects or those of any other prince should be debarred from the Indies, to which she could not persuade herself that the Spaniards had any just title by the Bishop of Rome's donation; or because they had touched here and there on the coasts, built cottages, and given names to a river and cape, things which cannot entitle them to a propriety. This imaginary propriety could not hinder other princes from transporting colonies into those parts thereof where

‘the Spaniards inhabit not, for as much as prescription without possession is little worth.*

‘Prior discovery,’ said Mr Gallatin, ~~in~~^x the American counter-statement during the negotiations of 1826, ‘gives a right to occupy, provided that occupancy take place within a reasonable time, and is followed by permanent settlements and by the cultivation of the soil.’ †

The same rules of convenience which decide that a title by discovery may be lost unless perfected by settlement, decide that a title by settlement may be lost if that settlement be abandoned. Otherwise one nation, without herself using a territory, would exclude all others by settling, and afterwards quitting it.

We now come to the third source of title—*Contiguity*. It may be divided into a perfect and an imperfect right.

A perfect right by contiguity, is the right which a nation enjoys to exclude all others from a territory, the command of which, though it be not actually within her occupation, is essential to the convenience or to the security of her real possessions. If no such right were recognized—if, when one nation has made a settlement, every other had a right to form one in its immediate vicinity—it is obvious that no continuous colonial establishments could be created. But the extent of this right has never been decided. One of the latest instances of its exercise, is the refusal by England to allow any other nation to colonize the Chatham Islands. We discovered those islands in 1774; but as we have never attempted to occupy them, our right by discovery has, according to our own doctrine, long since expired. But we maintain that their occupation by any other nation would be dangerous, or at least injurious, to our settlements in New Zealand, though at the distance of many hundred miles. And on that ground we maintain the right, though not occupying them ourselves, to prevent their occupation by others.

The other, the imperfect title by contiguity, is a mere preferable right to acquire by settlement a complete title to lands not actually settled, and not essential either to the safety or to the convenience of existing settlements, but geographically connected with them. This title is even less defined than the former—still it must exist; for, if it do not exist, the title by discovery can give a right merely to the line of coast actually seen by the navigator. This was the title set up by Spain—but, to the extent to which she asserted it, denied by England—to the whole western

* Camden's *Elizabeth*, year 1580.

† 20th Congress—5th Session—Document 199, pp. 63-69.

coast of America. This is the ground of our claim to the unoccupied portion of New Holland. That claim does not rest on discovery, or on settlement, or on treaty, or on prescription. It must then depend on contiguity. But it cannot be said that our existing settlements would be injured by the formation of others at one thousand miles distance. The contiguity, therefore, on which our claim rests, is mere geographical connexion; and we apprehend, therefore, that it is a mere preferable right—that it gives us merely a right of first choice—a right for instance to require that no nation shall colonize the coast of New Holland without announcing to us her intention, and ascertaining that her projects are not a *bona fide* interference with any of ours. But by analogy to the imperfect title by discovery, the imperfect title by contiguity gives no permanent exclusive claim. Any nation has a right to say to us—Either colonize yourselves, or let us do it. But do not exclude others from territory which you do not use yourselves, and which we can use without injuring you.

A title by *Treaty* is of course a perfect title from the beginning as between the parties to the treaty; but, as respects all others, it is mere evidence of claim. Thus the treaty by which Russia has acknowledged that the British northern boundary begins at latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$, is not binding on the United States. The treaty by which the United States and Spain have fixed the 42d parallel as the northern boundary of Mexico, is not binding on England. It is to be observed also, that as between civilized nations, no title derived by treaty from a barbarous people is acknowledged. Savage tribes are held to have a mere right of occupancy, to last only until the land is required by civilized men; and incapable of transfer, except to the government which, by some of the means recognised by international law, has acquired the real sovereignty over what the savage erroneously supposes to be his own territory. It is generally thought advisable to go through the forms of a purchase and a cession; but it is universally admitted that the title of a civilized nation as against other civilized nations, is not strengthened by these forms, or weakened by their absence.

Prescription, the last of the five sources of title, is seldom found alone. The only case in which it can exist by itself, is one in which the rest of the world has for a long series of years allowed a single nation to exclude all others from a territory to which she has no perfect title by occupation, contiguity, or treaty. Of such a claim the United States endeavoured to lay the foundation, by President Munroe's declaration of the 2d December 1823—that the American continent was no longer to

be considered as a subject of colonization by any European power. Had Europe acquiesced in this declaration, instead of protesting against it, it would in time have given to the United States a prescriptive right to act upon it. So if England were now to make a similar declaration respecting New Holland, and it were followed by no opposition or remonstrance, England would in time acquire a prescriptive right to enforce it.

Having explained as fully as our limits, and the incompleteness of the authorities, will allow, the Law of Nations on this obscure subject, we proceed to examine what countenance that law gives to the claims of England and of the United States on Oregon. We will begin with the title by *Discovery*.

It has been supposed that Drake may have caught a glimpse of the coast in latitude 48° in the year 1580. He certainly saw it up to latitude 43° . Of the two accounts of his voyage, one carries him up to latitude 48° —the other stops him at 43° . But as England never attempted to make any use of this supposed discovery, she has very properly avoided insisting on it. For nearly two centuries the north-western coast remained unvisited; but, in 1774 and 1775, Bucareli, the viceroy of Mexico, who appears to have been a man of vigour unusual in a Spaniard, sent two expeditions to explore it. We copy from Humboldt, who had access to manuscript documents, the following statement of their proceedings:—

‘Perez and his pilot, Estevan Martinez, left the port of San Blas on the 24th January 1774. On the 9th of August they anchored, the first of all European navigators, in Nootka Road, which they called the port of San Lorenzo, and which the illustrious Cook, four years afterwards, called King George’s Sound. In the following year a second expedition set out from San Blas, under the command of Heceta, Ayala, and Quadra. Heceta discovered the mouth of the Rio Columbia, called it the Entrada de Heceta, the Pic of San Jacinto, (Mount Edgecumbe,) near Norfolk Bay, and the fine port of Bucareli. I possess two very curious small maps, engraved in 1788 in the city of Mexico, which give the bearings of the coast from the 27° to the 58° of latitude, as they were discovered in the expedition of Quadra.’*

Mr Greenhow states, that in the charts published in Mexico after Heceta’s return, the Columbia is named the Rio de San

* Humboldt’s *New Spain*. Black’s translation. Vol. ii. pp. 316 to 318.

Roque. In 1778 Captain Cook, on his last voyage, partially examined the coast from the 44th parallel to the 59th, and accurately from thence, to within the arctic circle. When his ships were returning after his death, they visited Canton, and sold very advantageously some furs which they had collected from the savages. This traffic produced important results. A mine of wealth was supposed to have been discovered in the fur-trade between the north-west of America and China, and the English and Americans prepared to work it; but as the South Sea Company had then exclusive privileges in the Southern Pacific, and the East India Company in China, the English adventurers generally sailed under foreign flags. The most remarkable of these traders were Captain Gray, the commander of the American merchant vessel the *Columbia*, and Lieutenant Meares, a British officer who acted as the virtual commander of a mercantile expedition using the Portuguese flag.

Meares left Macao for Nootka Sound in the beginning of 1788—erected a hut and a kind of building-yard there, built a vessel, and traded along the coast. He searched for the river St Roque, and actually entered its mouth; but mistaking, as all previous navigators except Heceta had done, its bar for a continuous coast, he inferred that no such river existed. He therefore named the northern headland Cape Disappointment, a name which it still bears.

In 1787, and the five following years, Captain Gray passed and repassed along the coast, generally wintering in Nootka Sound. On the 11th of June 1792, being in search of a harbour to do some repairs, he ran into the *Entrada de Heceta*—saw an opening in the bar, crossed it, and found himself in the river St Roque. He sailed up for fifteen miles, took in water, and completed his repairs; and then with much difficulty got back over the bar into the Pacific. He changed the name of this river from that of St Roque to that which it still bears, the *Columbia*.

In 1791, Captain Vancouver was dispatched by the British government to the north-western coast, partly for purposes which we shall mention hereafter, and partly for discovery. He reached that coast at about latitude 40°, and from thence, up to the northern shores of the Pacific, made a survey far more accurate than any that had previously been effected. But, as usual, he mistook the bar of the *Columbia* for a continuous coast, and was undeceived only by meeting Captain Gray. Still he supposed that it must be impassable, as in truth it generally is, by vessels of burden. Instead, therefore, of exploring it with his own ship, the *Discovery*, he dispatched Lieutenant Broughton in a smaller

vessel, the Chatham. Broughton crossed the bar; but, finding the channel intricate and dangerous, left his ship, and rowed up in his cutter about one hundred miles—that is, nearly to the point at which the rapids render further progress, under ordinary circumstances, impossible.

The progress of overland discovery was much slower. The first who penetrated the Rocky Mountains was Sir Alexander Mackenzie, then in the service of the North-West Company. In the year 1793 he crossed them in about latitude 54° —discovered Fraser's River, descended it for about two hundred and fifty miles, then struck off in a westerly direction, and reached the Pacific in latitude $52^{\circ} 20'$. In August 1805, Lewis and Clarke, dispatched for that purpose by the government of the United States, reached the Rocky Mountains in about latitude 44° —crossed them, discovered the southern head-waters of the Columbia, floated down its stream for about six hundred miles, and on the 15th of November reached its mouth. Here they built some huts—remained in them during the winter, and in 1806 returned to the United States, exploring in their course many of the tributaries of the Columbia. This is the only occasion on which the Rocky Mountains have been crossed by persons acting in a public capacity.

In 1806, Mr Fraser, also under the orders of the North-West Company, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and established a trading post on Fraser's River, about latitude 54° ; and in 1811, Mr Thompson, also an agent of that Company, discovered the northern head-waters of the Columbia about latitude 52° , and erected some huts on its banks. This is the whole amount of the title by *discovery*.

On these grounds, that title has been claimed by the United States, by England, and by Spain.

The claim to that title, on the part of the United States, depends on the discoveries by Gray, and by Lewis and Clarke. They have chiefly rested on that by Gray; and, in virtue of it, claim the sovereignty over all the countries drained by the Columbia—that is, the whole territory from about latitude 42° to 52° —it being, according to the doctrine of the American Statesmen who conducted the negotiations of 1824 and 1826, an established international law, that a nation which discovers the mouth of a river entitles itself to all the territory drained by that river. That is to say, that if Europe had been the unoccupied, and America the discovering country, the discovery of the mouth of the Danube would have given to the discoverers the sovereignty of Wurtemberg and Baden. It is scarcely necessary to

tell European readers, or even American *Lawyers*, that no such absurd rule exists. When Mr Rush, and afterwards Mr Gallatin, the American negotiators, were asked for their authorities, they merely referred to the grants made by European Sovereigns of the territories watered by certain rivers,—words of description, convenient enough for the demarcation of unknown lands; but no more establishing the law in question, than grant after grant, describing its subject as bounded by a range of mountains, would prove it to be a rule of international law, that the nation which first sees a mountain range is entitled to all the lands which that range intersects. Another fatal objection to any claim founded on Gray's discovery is the really recognised international law, that the discoveries made by private individuals give no title to their nation. They prevent, indeed, any other nation from acquiring a title by discovery, but confer none themselves.

A third objection is, that Gray was not the discoverer of the Columbia. It was first seen by Heceta, named by him the San Roque, and by that name laid down in maps. If Gray, by entering it, and sailing up for fifteen miles, superseded Heceta, Broughton again superseded Gray by exploring it for more than eighty miles further. If it were true that prior imperfect discoveries are superseded by subsequent and more accurate ones, the title by discovery to the whole coast of Oregon belongs to Vancouver; for he was the first who accurately examined it. Lewis and Clarke were, indeed, public officers; but their discovery of the southern sources of the Columbia, could give no title to the territory watered by a river of which the lower portion was already well known, and the northern sources were discovered by others.

The English claim by discovery is equally unfounded. Her overland discoverers were not public officers; and of her maritime discoverers, it is doubtful whether Drake ever ascended beyond the 43d parallel; and Cook and Vancouver did not see the coast until it had been surveyed and mapped by Heceta. There remains the title of Spain; and, as far as mere discovery goes, it is complete. The voyages of Perez and Heceta possessed every requisite. They were exploring expeditions made by government ships, and for government purposes, and they were sufficiently minute to enable the coast to be mapped.

But we have already seen, that settlement is essential to the completion of a title by discovery, and is in itself an independent source of title.

We proceed, therefore, to enquire what title has been acquired

to Oregon by *Settlement*. The first white men, who appear to have shown an intention to fix themselves in any part of that country were Meares and his companions in 1788. Their continued residence at Nootka Sound raised the jealousy of the viceroy of Mexico. He dispatched Martinez with three armed vessels to dispossess the intruders. Martinez arrived on the 6th May 1789 at Nootka Sound—erected a fort there, and soon after seized Meares's vessels, and sent some of his men towards Europe in Captain Gray's ship, the Columbia, and the rest to San Blas as prisoners.

The result was remarkable; each nation demanded satisfaction—Spain for Meares's intrusion into what she considered her territories; England for the mode in which Spain had taken the law against him into her own hands. Each armed, but after a waste of about three millions on our part, and one million on that of Spain, and probably a much greater loss occasioned to commerce by six months of uncertainty, the two governments came to their senses. The past was remedied by an indemnity given by Spain to Meares, and the future provided for by the convention of the Escorial; or, as it is generally called, the Nootka Sound Convention, of the 28th October 1790.

By Article *first* of that treaty, the buildings and tracts of land on the north-west coast of America, of which British subjects had been dispossessed, were to be restored.

Article *third* stipulates, that the respective subjects of England and Spain shall not be disturbed in navigating or fishing in the Pacific or in the South Seas, or in landing on the coast of those seas in places not already occupied, for the purpose of commerce with the natives, or of *making settlement there*.

By Article *fourth*, British subjects are not to navigate or fish within ten sea-leagues from any part of the coast already occupied by Spain.

By Article *fifth*, in all places on the north-western coast to the north of the parts of that coast already occupied by Spain—that is, to the north of San Francisco, in latitude 38° —wherever the subjects of either nation shall hereafter make settlements, the subjects of the other are to have free access.

Captain Vancouver was dispatched by the British government to receive the surrender of the tracts of land mentioned in the first article. On his arrival at Nootka Sound, however, no such tracts of land were identified. A hut was offered, which he refused. He left Nootka Sound in the possession of the Spaniards; and there is considerable doubt whether any lands were ever restored to Meares, or whether there were any to restore.

All that we know is, that in 1795 all parties, Spaniards and English, had abandoned Nootka Sound, and it has not been re-occupied.

During his voyage, Vancouver, we trust without instructions, was guilty of an assumption of sovereignty more ridiculous than even the average absurdity of such transactions.

He first took possession in the name of England of all the country from latitude $39^{\circ} 20'$ to the Straits of Fuca, and afterwards from the Straits of Fuca to the 59th parallel. That is to say, the treaty, to superintend the execution of which he was dispatched, having stipulated that the whole coast should be open to settlement by England and by Spain, he took exclusive possession of nearly the whole of it on the part of England.

We are glad to think that no British negotiator has relied on this assertion of claim. Indeed, the northern part of the territory comprised in it is now under the undisputed sovereignty of Russia, and the southern under that of Mexico.

The next important attempt at settlement was made by Mr Astor, an American. He dispatched an expedition by sea and by land, which met near the mouth of the Columbia, and in 1811 erected on its south bank the little fort which he named Astoria, intended to be the centre of an extensive trade between America and China. Nearly the same events followed as had occurred at Nootka Sound. In the course of the war between England and America, which broke out in the next year, Astoria was taken by a British force, the British standard hoisted, and the name changed to Fort-George. *This is the only case in which any part of the Oregon territory has been occupied by any person under the authority of the British Government.* The treaty of Ghent, which terminated that war, provided for the restoration of all possessions taken by either party from the other during the war. In obedience to this stipulation, Fort-George was, on the 6th of October 1818, restored to an agent appointed by the American Government. The British flag was struck, and the American hoisted. *This, again, is the only case in which any person authorized by the Government of the United States has occupied any part of Oregon.* But that occupation was as brief as the occupation of Nootka Sound. Astoria has been abandoned as a settlement, and is now reduced to a mere log-house, in which a clerk of the Hudson's Bay Company resides, for the purpose of communication between Vancouver and the mouth of the Columbia.

It follows from this statement, that up to the year 1818, no

civilized nation had acquired the sovereignty over any part of Oregon. Spain was entitled by discovery, but did not perfect that title by permanent settlement; and the settlements, if mere trading posts can be called settlements, made by English or American subjects, were unauthorized by their respective governments.

The resumption of Nootka Sound by England, and of Astoria by America, were indeed official executive acts; but each of these posts has been abandoned.

Since that time, however, some pastoral and agricultural establishments have, as we have seen, been formed.

But on two distinct grounds these settlements give no title to the sovereignty of the soil. First, because they have been merely the unauthorized acts of individuals. With respect to the British settlements, this is obvious from the statement we have already given of the words of the Hudson's Bay Company's charter. And with respect to the American settlements, the United States have not done a single act authorizing their people to acquire lands beyond the Rocky Mountains. Those who have done so are mere squatters, like the squatters in Texas. And secondly, because the convention of 1818, to which we shall immediately proceed, and which has never ceased to operate, stipulates, that during its continuance the country westward of the Rocky Mountains shall be open to the subjects of both powers; 'it being understood,' continues the treaty, 'that this agreement is not to be construed to the prejudice of any claim of either party to any part of the country.' It is obvious that the right of sovereignty being expressly left in abeyance, no act done by either party, during the continuance of the treaty, can affect the right of the other.

We now proceed to consider the *Treaties* affecting Oregon. We have already stated the material parts of the Nootka Sound convention. Between the conclusion of that convention in 1790, and the restoration of Astoria in 1818, important events had occurred in the countries bordering on Oregon. Russia had created a fur company, authorized to settle and bring under the Russian sovereignty any portion of America unoccupied by a civilized power. The company scattered their posts through the Aleutian Islands, and along the north coast of the Pacific—fixed their headquarters at Sitka, near the fifty-sixth parallel, claimed all that coast as Russian territory, and were preparing to advance towards the south. The United States, by the purchase of Louisiana, extended their western frontier to the Rocky Mountains. Oregon, therefore, became contiguous to four great

Empires. To Russia on the north, to England and America on the west, and to Spain on the south.

Several questions were open between England and the United States in 1818. One was that of fisheries. The treaty of 1783 had given, or rather continued, to the people of the United States a general liberty to fish on the coasts of British America. America claimed the benefit of this stipulation as a permanent arrangement; or, to use the odd expression of Jurists, a transitory convention. England maintained that it had ceased by the war of 1812. A question also existed as to the northern boundary line of the United States. These points were settled by the convention of the 20th October 1818. The liberty of fishing was confined within certain limits; the forty-ninth parallel was declared to divide the British and American territories, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. The American negotiators, Rush and Gallatin, proposed to continue that parallel as the boundary line down to the Pacific. This was refused by the British commissioners, Robinson and Goulburn, and the Columbia suggested in its place. The very undue importance attached at that time to the Columbia, probably was the circumstance which prevented an agreement. As the best expedient, the precedent of the Nootka Sound convention was followed; and, as we have already stated, the use of the country was declared to be open to both parties for ten years—the sovereignty remaining in abeyance. On the 22d of February 1819, Spain and the United States, by the Florida treaty, recognised the forty-second parallel as their mutual boundary, from the source of the Arkansas, on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, down to the Pacific; and Spain ceded to the United States all her claims to any territories north of that line. Spain, however, having lost by non-user the rights which she had acquired by discovery, had no claims to cede; except such as she was entitled to either by mere contiguity, or, as against England, by the Nootka Sound convention. In 1824 and 1825, the claims of Russia were satisfied by a treaty with the United States, which stipulates that the Russians shall confine their settlements to the north of latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$; and by a treaty with England, by which a line beginning at $54^{\circ} 40'$, is fixed as the boundary between the Russian and British dominions.

These treaties, of course, affected only the four nations who were parties to them. As to those nations, the effect was to exclude Russia and Spain, and to prevent England and America from acquiring any title by settlement as against one another. To the rest of the world Oregon remains open; and, unfit as it

is by situation, soil, and climate, for profitable settlement, it is probable that it will long continue open.

Of the five sources of title, we have now gone through three—*discovery, settlement, and treaty*; and we have shown that under no one of them has a title to any portion of Oregon been acquired by any civilized nation. There remain two others, *prescription* and *contiguity*. Prescription obviously does not apply to a country which was not discovered till the end of the last century. There remains, therefore, only contiguity; and this claim is confined to England and the United States—Spain and Russia, the other contiguous states, having taken their shares and retired. But neither England nor America can claim a perfect title by contiguity. Neither of them has a settlement within 2000 miles of the Rocky Mountains. Neither of them can maintain that the occupation of the country to the west of those mountains is necessary to the security, or would even add to the convenience, of her territories to the east of them;—accessible as they are only by a land journey of between three and four thousand miles, or a voyage of eight months. But an imperfect title by contiguity—a title depending merely on geographical connexion—each certainly has to the portion of the country which adjoins its own frontier; that is to say, England to the portion north of the forty-ninth parallel, and America to that south. This is, without doubt, the weakest of all titles; so weak, that when expressed in words it seems almost to disappear; for what can be less substantial than a claim to territory which is not yours, merely because it is bounded by that which is? Still, it must be admitted to be a source of title, however slight, where there is no other. And this is a case in point.

The arrangements for joint occupation made by England, first with Spain, and afterwards with the United States, were plausible expedients for the suspension of immediate disputes, but could not have been practically acted on. Under such an arrangement, the sovereignty being in abeyance, there is no *lex loci* unless it be the law of the aborigines. The Hudson Bay Company and the Canadian Courts have, under an act of the British Parliament, power over British subjects, but over British subjects only. If an American murder an Englishman under the lines of Fort Vancouver, he cannot be legally punished. The British law cannot touch an American; the American law cannot take cognizance of a crime committed against a foreigner beyond the sovereignty of the States. The only resource seems to be to hand him over to Casanove, to be disposed of according to Klackatuck law. Joint settlement of the country by two independent nations, without common tribunals or a common superior, would

be obviously impossible.' Indeed, joint occupation is impossible even for mere hunting and trading purposes. We have seen that in the Indian fur-trade the competition of white men, even though belonging to the same nation and governed by the same laws, is destructive to the Indians, to the furred animals, and to the success of both parties. The Hudson Bay Company have acted, and continue to act, on this principle. They hold no trade to be worth having which is shared. British rivals they exclude by law; Russian and American by reckless competition. Nothing can be kinder than their conduct to their competitors as men. They protect them, they clothe them, they feed them; but as traders they crush them. If an American post is established, a Hudson's Bay post instantly rises in its neighbourhood. If an American vessel trades along the coast, a Company's ship follows in her wake. If an American offers goods for barter, the Company, whatever be the loss, undersells him. 'We have compelled,' says Mr Pelly in 1838, 'the American adventurers one by one to withdraw from the contest, and are now pressing the Russian Fur Company so closely, that we hope, at no very distant period, to confine them to the trade of their own proper territory.'*

The great error of all parties has been the importance attached to Oregon. But, assuming it to be of any value, the Americans cannot be expected to rest satisfied with an arrangement which, professing to give them equal rights, practically excludes them. We have seen that in 1818 they proposed a partition. They again proposed one in 1824; but as the terms offered by each party were a mere repetition of those of 1818—namely, on the part of England the Columbia as a boundary, and on the part of America the 49th parallel—the second negotiation was as fruitless as the first had been. Another attempt was made in 1826. The American minister, Mr Gallatin, now offered a slight modification. He proposed that the forty-ninth parallel should be adopted merely as a basis, subject to deviation according to the accidents of the country; and further, that if that line should cross any navigable tributaries of the Columbia, the navigation of such tributaries, and also of the Columbia, should be open to British subjects. The British negotiators, Messrs Huskisson and Addington, adhering to the Columbia as the general boundary, offered to America a detached peninsula, bounded on the

* Letter to Lord Glenelg, House of Commons Paper, 1842. No. 547.

south by a line to be drawn from Hood's inlet to Bulfinch harbour, giving excellent harbours and the southern coast of the Straits of Fuca; and further, that a strip along the north bank of the Columbia should be neutral, and unoccupied by either nation. Neither proposal was accepted, and the result was an indefinite prolongation of the convention of 1818, terminable at the option of either party on twelve months' notice.

As this was the last negotiation of which the Papers are printed, it may be worth while to show the position taken by each party. It is contained in the British statement annexed to the Protocol of the sixth conference; and in the American counter-statement annexed to the Protocol of the seventh conference.*

The British negotiators disclaimed all right to exclusive sovereignty over any part of Oregon. But they maintained that no other power had acquired such a right; and therefore that the whole country must be open to settlement by any nation, and, among the rest, by Great Britain. They then refuted by arguments which we need not reproduce, (for we have already stated their substance,) the exclusive pretensions of America. And they concluded by declaring the determination of Great Britain to maintain her qualified rights under the Nootka Sound convention, until a fair partition shall have been effected.

The only parts of Mr Gallatin's answer which we need notice are as follow: He maintained that the Columbia was first discovered by the United States—that this discovery was followed by an actual settlement made by Mr Astor within a reasonable time—and that this discovery and settlement give a right to the whole country drained by the Columbia, and by its tributary streams;—that is, to the whole territory between the 52d and 42d parallels. He contended that the Nootka Sound convention was purely commercial—that the settlements which it authorized were trading posts, not colonies, since colonies imply exclusive sovereignty—and that it terminated by the war of 1796. He affirmed that America, having purchased for a valuable consideration the rights of Spain, had acquired a double title, and therefore was entitled to a double share; whereas the British proposal offered her only one-third. He contended that title by contiguity must have reference to the magnitude and population of the settlement in respect of which it is claimed, and the facilities and probabilities of actual occupation; and he urged that, on comparing the comparative population and rate of increase of the

United States and of British America, it must be evident that it is from the United States, not from Canada, that the future population of Oregon will proceed.

It is strange that a man of Mr Gallatin's ability should have relied on the settlement made by Mr Astor. Omitting, for the present, the fatal objection that it was a private, not a government enterprise, it was a mere attempt to form a trading post. And in the very paper which we are considering, Mr Gallatin affirms, with reason, that mere factories established for the purpose of traffic, and not followed by actual cultivation, give no title. And lastly, it was abandoned by its creator, and is now a ruinous log-house. That the erection of a stockade by private traders, and its retention for a few months, can give, thirty years after it has been abandoned, the sovereignty of a country nearly twice as large as France, is a position which no Statesman educated on this side of the Atlantic will seriously maintain. The construction of the Nootka Sound convention is not free from doubt. It certainly resembles the provisions of the treaty of 1783 respecting the right of fishing, which, according to the English negotiators, was annulled by the war of 1812; and, according to the Americans, was a permanent arrangement. The convention of 1827, however, seems to have made this discussion unimportant. By that convention, either party may terminate the present arrangement on twelve months' notice. But as that arrangement, and the Nootka Sound arrangement, are substantially the same, the power to terminate the one necessarily implies a power to terminate the other.

The claim founded on purchase from Spain was sophistical. The disputed territory—the territory to which the Nootka Sound convention applied—began in latitude 38°. By the Florida treaty, America ceded to Spain the part of it which lies between that parallel and 42°. But as the ceded portion belonged just as much to England as it did to America, to found on this cession a title against England was altogether childish. But we admit that there is a foundation for the premise, that title by contiguity is affected by the importance of the settlement in respect of which it is claimed. And we firmly believe in Mr Gallatin's prophecy, that 'under whatever nominal sovereignty Oregon may be placed, whatever its ultimate destinies may be, it will be almost exclusively peopled by the surplus population of the United States.'

The negotiation for partition is now resumed, and we trust with a fair prospect of success. It is much that the real worthlessness of the country has been established. All that any prudent

Englishman or American can wish is, that the controversy should be speedily and honourably settled. A week's interruption of confidence—such, for instance, as followed the reception of Mr Polk's inaugural speech—costs each party twenty times the value of the matter in dispute.

The obvious course is to refer the whole question to Arbitration. The decision of an Arbitrator necessarily saves the honour of each party; and in the present case there is nothing else to contend for. We have heard that America objects to Arbitration, and that her objection is founded on her conviction that the right is on her side. But as there are few disputes in which each party is not convinced that he is in the right, it follows, that if such a conviction were a bar to Arbitration, that mode of adjustment could scarcely ever take place. Assuming the honesty and intelligence of the proposed Arbitrator, the only valid objection to Arbitration is the conviction, not merely that we are in the right, but that the opposite party knows that we are in the right. If we believe this, we believe his claim to be fraudulent and vexatious; and we are justified, if the object in itself, or as affecting our honour, be adequate, in refusing to allow the question to be discussed. England would not allow her title to Quebec, or America her title to Rhode Island, to be the subject of an Arbitration—not merely because each nation is convinced of the validity of her own title, but because each knows that its validity is known to the other. In the present case, America, with that ignorance of International Law which is the glaring defect of American Statesmen, may possibly be convinced that her claim to the whole of Oregon is valid; but she cannot believe that England knows it to be valid. She cannot deny that we honestly believe it to be matter of controversy; and if a fourth negotiation should fail, she is bound by friendship, by prudence, and by regard to the welfare of the whole civilized world, to allow it to be settled by Arbitration.

Our readers have perhaps a right to ask what in our opinion the decision of an honest Arbitrator would be? We think that we have supplied premises from which it may be inferred. We have shown that no nation now possesses any title, perfect or imperfect, by discovery, by settlement, by treaty, or by prescription. We have shown, too, that no nation possesses a perfect title by contiguity; and we have shown that an imperfect title by contiguity to the portion which lies north of the forty-ninth parallel, is vested in England—and to that part which lies south of that parallel, in America. We think, therefore, that that parallel ought to be the basis of the boundary; but as, if prolonged

indefinitely, it would cut off the southern extremity of Vancouver's Island, with little advantage to America, and great injury, if we shall ever occupy that island, to England; we think that it should cease to be the boundary when it reaches the coast, and that from thence the boundary should be the sea. This would give to us the whole of Vancouver's Island, which, if we are absurd enough to plant a colony in the Northern Pacific, is the least objectionable seat. It possesses excellent ports, a tolerable climate, and some cultivable soil—an ascertained and defensible frontier—and the command of the important straits, by which, to the east and to the south, it is separated from the Continent. That its distance from Europe would render it a costly, unprofitable incumbrance, is true; but that objection applies with equal force to every part of Oregon.

NOTE to the Article on Mr Prescott's 'History of the Conquest of Mexico,' contained in the foregoing Number.

WE are happy to be able to mention, on the very best authority—that of the distinguished historian himself—that our statement in the above article, as to his blindness, is thus far unwarranted, that he fortunately enjoys the use of one of his eyes; though he has been occasionally afflicted with some degree of weakness even in it. We therefore feel ourselves called upon thus to undeceive those who may have been misled regarding this interesting particular, by the statement which, relying on what we thought credible information, we happened to make; and this the more, that it seems to be his wish—and it is one worthily entertained—that a circumstance which might appear 'to give him a degree of merit beyond what he is entitled to, on 'the score of conquering difficulties,' should not be allowed to remain before the world without any correction.

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N^o. CLXVI. .

ART. I.—*The Heimskringla ; or, Chronicle of the Kings of Norway.* Translated from the Icelandic of SNORRO STURLESON, with a Preliminary Dissertation, by SAMUEL LAING, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London : 1845.

THE appearance of this remarkable work, in a form only now, for the first time, made accessible to English readers, by a writer of ability and reputation, must assist in extending that growing interest in Northern History which is due to its importance, and its connexion with our own.

The fanciful title of *Heimskringla*, is borrowed from the Icelandic words *Kringla Heimsins*, or the *World's Circle*. They occur near the beginning of the text, and appear to have given their names to some of the manuscripts now lost; and they still catch the eye in a conspicuous ornament of the *Frisian Codex*. A very small arc, however, of the 'world's circle' is thus attempted to be described; and the proper name of the book is *Konunga Sögur*,—the Sagas, or, as Mr Laing translates it, the 'Chronicle of the Kings of Norway.' It is believed to have been written, or at least completed, shortly before 1230, in which year a fair transcription of it was made in Iceland by a relative of its author; being apparently the source from which the other copies have been derived. It continued to be copied till a comparatively late period; and a Norwegian manuscript is extant.

bearing the date of 1567, but 'not extending to the whole work. After that time, translations of it, more or less complete, were made into the modern languages of Scandinavia; and of these the most recent, that of the venerable Jacob Aal, into an antique Danish, published in 1838, deserves particular mention; as being, in Mr Laing's opinion, an excellent version, and forming a handsome 'people's edition' in quarto—rather portly, perhaps, for the taste prevailing on this side the North Sea, but not the less popular on that account with the Norwegian *bóndar*, who are said to venerate their Sagas as only second to their Bibles. The Icelandic text of the *Heimskringla* was originally edited, in 1697, by the Swedish antiquary Peringskiöld; who, with some jealousy and some justice, has been denounced by the Danish writers as neither critical nor correct; and it was again published in the elaborate and excellent edition of Copenhagen, in six volumes folio; under the charge, successively, of Schoning, the elder Thorlacius, the younger Thorlacius and Werlauff;—of which the first portion appeared in 1777, and the last, after many interruptions, in 1826.

The *Heimskringla* deduces the Chronicle of Norway from the earliest times—or in other words, from the age of fable and fiction—to about the middle of the reign of Magnus Erlingsson, in the year 1177. The later volumes of the Copenhagen edition contain other Sagas,—bringing down the Norwegian history about another hundred years; but these, as the composition of other authors, are not included in Mr Laing's translation.

Snorro, or, according to the Icelandic form of the name, Snorri Sturleson, the author or compiler of the *Heimskringla*, was remarkable alike for his literary talents, and for the part he acted in public affairs; and his life and death present a striking picture of the age and country to which he belonged. He was born in the year 1178 in the pleasant valley of Hvamm, in the western quarter of Iceland, and could boast of not merely noble, but royal descent. He was brought up in the distinguished family of the Loptsons, the near relatives or immediate descendants of Sæmund, the supposed collector of the first *Edda*; and he had thus every facility and inducement to follow the footsteps, as he almost rivalled the reputation, of that celebrated person. Snorro, however, was not a mere student or antiquary, but an accomplished man of the world, both in the milder and harsher signification of the phrase. Possessed of little patrimony, he amassed a princely fortune, mainly by his matrimonial alliances, having received a considerable portion with his first wife, whom he divorced or deserted for no other apparent cause than that he might form a still more profit-

able union with a rich widow. His second marriage was childless, but he seems always to have been ready to console himself by less ceremonious and more prolific connexions; and had several children by other three females with whom he cohabited; whether successively or simultaneously does not clearly appear. By his conduct or temper he was involved in continual quarrels, often of a sanguinary character, with his neighbours, his near relatives, and even his own children. His habits, though both luxurious and licentious, were not such as to impair his wealth or relax his application to either business or literature. He held, on several occasions, the highest office that his country could bestow—that of Lögsögumathr, or Judicial President of the Icelandic Diet; in which he was called upon to administer those laws which he had never been very careful to obey. He visited Norway first in 1221, and lived for some time in great favour at the court of Haco, to which his poetical gifts furnished powerful recommendations, and where he possessed many advantages for writing or enlarging his history. His second visit thither, in 1237, was attended with less happy results, as it involved him in the fortunes of an unsuccessful aspirant to the throne; and led to his being denounced as a traitor by the Norwegian King, who issued injunctions to put him to death. Shortly afterwards, in 1241, he was attacked in his splendid residence at Reikholt in Iceland, and murdered in his sixty-third year, by his three sons-in-law, with whom he had long lived on terms of enmity. The truth of the charge made against Snorro, that he sought to sell his country's independence to Norway, it is not very easy, nor perhaps very important, to determine. That he was capable of such an act is clear; and the feuds and jealousies of the Icelandic aristocracy had for some time encouraged the intrigues, and almost called for the interference, of the Norwegian monarch; so that the annexation of Iceland to the mother country, which took place in 1261, was, in one form or other, a consummation devoutly to be wished; as terminating a fearful and calamitous system of private warfare and reciprocal persecution. In those shameful transactions, the family of Snorro were conspicuously active; and the 'Sturlunga tid,' or days of the Sturlungs, were spoken of as reviving, on a narrower stage, the worst scenes in the civil contests of Marius and Sylla.

It will be inferred, from the short sketch now given, that Snorro was more distinguished by his talents than by his virtues. His abilities and accomplishments are proved by the writings he has left, while his selfish and ambitious disposition is conspicuous in his whole career. His biographers speak of

his character in stronger language than we have used. The Life prefixed to the Copenhagen edition is as unsparing in its censure as in its praise:—‘*Ingenio præditus fuit omnium artium et scientiarum capaci; fuit enim Philologus, Philosophus, Historicus, Jurisconsultus, et Poeta nemini secundus, animo sapiens et perspicax, et manu ad quodvis facienda et formanda solertissimus; quas virtutes avaritiâ, lasciviâ, ambitione, et fallaciâ haud parum sædavit, nam nemini diu fidus fuit, nec unquam diu eosdem habuit amicos, sed omnia ex præsentī lucro et honore metiebatur.*’ Mr Laing, who, in the case of his author, is inclined to be apologetic where he cannot be laudatory, sums up his character in a paragraph, containing some nearly as hard words:—‘*Snorro Sturleson must be measured not by our scale of moral and social worth, but by the scale of his own times. Measured by that scale he will be judged to have been a man of great but rough energy of mind—of strong selfishness, and passions unrestrained by any moral, religious, or social consideration—a bold, bad, unprincipled man, of intellectual powers and cultivation far above any of his contemporaries whose literary productions have reached us,—a specimen of the best and worst in the characters of men in that transition age from barbarism to civilization,—a type of the times—a man rough, wild, vigorous in thought and deed, like the men he describes in his Chronicle.*’—(I. 198.)

Besides the *Heimskringla*, another work of interest and importance in Icelandic literature is connected with the name of Snorro—the *prose Edda*—which, though far inferior in value to the poetical collection of the same name, affords a most useful clue through the mazes of Scandinavian mythology. It is probable that Snorro framed the sketch or outline of this composition; but the completion of it seems attributable to others of his family to whom his papers descended. The preface and postscript are manifestly by a later and coarser hand. Along with this *Edda* are found in the manuscripts the *Scalda*, and some other grammatical and prosodial treatises, in which it is likely that Snorro had a very slender share; and which obviously belong to that stage of literature where the *Gradus* and other mechanical appliances are put in requisition to help declining genius to climb when it can no longer soar. The *Scalda*, including those treatises, is interesting chiefly as explaining the laws of Icelandic versification, and embodying many fragments of poetry that would have otherwise perished. The *Snorra* or *prose Edda*, with the *Scalda* and other writings here referred to, was last edited by Rask at Stockholm in 1818. It has appeared twice in an English garb; once in ‘Percy’s Northern

Antiquities' from the French of Mallet ; and again, recently, in a rather quaint version by Mr Dasent, the translator of Rask's *Icelandic Grammar*, and editor of the curious legend of *Theophilus*.

That the *Heimskringla* has never till now been translated into English can scarcely be felt as a reproach, if it be considered that the original has only recently been edited for the first time in a correct and creditable form ; and that it is rather an unmanageable book, both from its bulk and the difficulty of thoroughly understanding and rendering its idiom and allusions, and the poetical fragments with which it is interspersed. But these difficulties add to the value and merit of the translation with which Mr Laing has favoured us, and which he has executed in an able and agreeable manner.

Nor has Mr Laing here confined himself to the comparatively humble office of a translator. He has increased the importance and interest of the work by a very ample Preliminary Dissertation ; of which the main subject is the condition and character of the Northmen in the dark or middle ages ; but which digresses far and wide into many connected or collateral topics. This composition, like all that Mr Laing has given to the world, is distinguished for originality and acuteness, and for a boldness of speech and earnestness of style that sometimes approach to eloquence. But it contains much from which we are constrained to withhold all concurrence both of opinion and of feeling. Even a knowledge of Mr Laing's former writings had not prepared us for the extreme partiality of the doctrines he has here proclaimed, and the unnecessary vehemence of expression with which he maintains them. Whoever places himself in the historian's chair, and sits like Rhadamanthus to judge the dead, should bring to his duties a double portion of candour and calmness ; and it might surely be thought that in a discussion regarding the comparative characters of nations, as they existed a thousand years ago, it would be easier to keep one's temper than to lose it. Mr Laing, however, seems to have written with very different feelings. Something, no doubt, must be allowed for prejudices of birth, and early association. An intimate connexion with a part of the kingdom which boasts to be a Norwegian colony, and in which Mr Laing is much esteemed, may indeed enlist the enthusiasm of an ardent mind on the side of Scandinavian interests, where they appear to be in jeopardy ; but we cannot think that justice to Orkney is incompatible with charity to England ; or that the claims of Scandinavia demand an indiscriminate disparagement of a large part of the rest of Europe.

We are satisfied that a great deal of Mr Laing's vehemence

is merely constitutional. But we consider so many of his opinions erroneous, and so many of them fanciful exaggerations, that we feel it to be due to this comparatively obscure portion of history; to consider in some detail the chief topics he has discussed; in the hope of obviating, with some of our readers, the impressions which dogmas so ably and so absolutely inculcated might otherwise produce.

The object or scope of Mr Laing's introductory Discourse is to separate the Teutonic tribes into two great divisions—the Scandinavian and the non-Scandinavian—including in this negative denomination all the high and low German nations, the Saxons, and Anglo-Saxons; in short, the whole of Teutonic Europe, except Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and their colonies. The character and achievements of the Scandinavians, in every department of human exertion and progress, form the subjects of an exalted and elaborate panegyric; while their praise is sought to be enhanced by denying or depreciating the virtues of all their neighbours. In attempting to correct the errors of this estimate, we would, first of all, bring together a few familiar facts, illustrating the relative position of the Scandinavian nations in the great Teutonic family, of which they form a part;—with reference, especially, to their social and literary character, as interwoven with their religious history.

The researches of living antiquaries have finally brought to light, among the different tribes of Teutonic blood—using that epithet to embrace not only Germans, but also Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians—such features of mutual resemblance, as to demonstrate their original identity in all the material elements of national existence. The induction which has led to this result has been so large and comprehensive, and involves so many concurring testimonies and traces of the truth from separate and distant sources, as to leave no doubt as to the accuracy of the conclusion. It is nowhere historically realized; but the farther back the enquiries are carried, the closer the coincidences appear; though at what point in their progress the apex of the converging lines would be found, may be beyond the reach of our geometry to calculate. The discoveries thus made are so remarkable and important, and are so well fitted to remove prejudices and jealousies, and to encourage sympathy and good feeling among kindred countries, that we hope to be forgiven for dwelling upon them with some earnestness.

First, then, throughout the languages of all the Teutonic nations, we can perceive a striking sisterly likeness, not merely in their roots, or in the general aspect of their words, but in the whole of their forms and inflexions. Those languages, as actually

exhibited to us in writing or speech, are very early divided from each other by such wide differences, that, roundly speaking, each of them, at that stage when they first appear on record, must have been unintelligible except to those who used it as their mother tongue. But on a nearer inspection, the differences are found to be explainable upon definite principles, and when once the key to them is given, the latent analogy is readily unlocked. It is found, that, like the different dialects of Greece, they observe a relative interchange of individual vowels and consonants, according to a regular system. This is so completely the case, that if a vocable be given as it exists in any one or two of the Teutonic tongues, its form in all the others may in general be conjectured with almost unerring certainty. The full extent, however, of this correspondence can only be seen in the older and purer forms in which the languages existed; as recent times have introduced a mass of corruptions and foreign admixtures, which distort or de-face the features of resemblance. Without entering with pedantic minuteness into a subject of this nature, we may observe, that the older Teutonic languages all possessed a complicated scheme of inflexions, analogous to what we see in Greek and Latin, but which have been nearly obliterated by modern influences. In their primitive shape, the same word was generally to be found in all the Teutonic vocabularies under a corresponding form;—if a noun, it belonged to the same declension, in them all—if a verb, to the same conjugation, regular or irregular; and where anomalous in one, it was commonly subject to precisely the same anomalies through all the branches of the family tree. Such facts as these, the further they are developed and made clear, impress us the more with the irresistible conviction, that at the distance of some centuries before the Christian era—we hesitate to say how many or how few, or in what locality the scene should be laid—a single Teutonic language must have existed, from which, as from a common centre, all the existing dialects of that name have radiated and diverged.

In like manner, it may be shown that throughout the Teutonic nations the same political and judicial system universally prevailed. The influences of time and place modified these materially in different tribes; but in their proper and primitive type, as far as an approximation can be made to it, their laws resembled each other as their languages did; and all of them, it should be said, embodied the great principles of popular freedom and popular influence;—those privileges of independence in private life, and publicity in political deliberation, which, in the establishment of Parliaments and trial by Jury, have found their best and most practical consummation in the constitution of England.

Again, before the introduction of Christianity, it is certain that all the Teutonic tribes possessed the same system of religious worship,—the same gods, the same heroes, the same altars and ceremonies, the same hopes and fears of a present and future interposition in human affairs on the part of their divine rulers. In the separation of their various pursuits or places of habitation, different nations, as well as different individuals, might betake themselves to the adoration of one or more deities in preference to others; and fancy or fraud might alter or add to the details of their creed or their theogony. But the original Pantheon was the same with all; however much their choice might come to be narrowed by circumstances or by caprice, or their legends diversified by various readings of the primary text.

The materials which have supplied the foundation of these comparisons have been very miscellaneous in their origin and nature. On the philological question, the remains of the ancient Teutonic languages have afforded clear and conclusive evidence to those who could bring to the examination of them a philosophical command of grammatical analysis; and a substantial identity in language being once established, a great step was gained towards the other objects. As to these, the Roman writers and the ancient Codes and literary monuments of the 'Barbarians' themselves have furnished the most direct information; while throughout the monkish chronicles of the middle ages, a multitude of references to national manners and traditions have contributed more to the task than might at first sight have been expected. But other and less prominent matters have been diligently collected and compared. An old song or a nursery tale, a land tenure or a law formula, the name of a tree or a plant, of a ruined tower or a decayed market-town, have often afforded instructive glimpses of the past; while a singular agreement between distant and seemingly distinct things, a mystery in one place meeting its solution in another—a broken symbol, of which the fragments, brought together from afar, are found faithfully to correspond; these and similar appearances complete the strength of our conviction, by adding to it the interest of surprise.

The several Teutonic nations stand in very different positions as to the evidence of their ancient state, afforded by their existing monuments or condition. In some of them the characters of antiquity have been much longer and better preserved than in others. Among the causes contributing to this result, the difference in the periods at which Christianity was introduced among them, may be considered as the most marked and the most momentous.

The Goths were converted in the fourth century; the Franks

at the end of the fifth; the Anglo-Saxons at the end of the sixth; the Flemings and Germans generally in the seventh and eighth. The continental Saxons became Christians in the ninth century; the Scandinavians not until the tenth and eleventh. This diversity of dates in the occurrence of so great a change of creed and character, must, it is clear, have created vital differences in the condition of different countries; and it is here, accordingly, that so much importance attaches, in an antiquarian aspect, to the literature and customs of Scandinavian nations; who remained in a state of Paganism for four or five hundred years after the conversion of the leading tribes among their Teutonic kindred. The element of Paganism or Christianity could not be present or absent in the condition of a people without important variations in their whole social position. But it is chiefly necessary, at present, that we should notice the influence thus exerted on the popular literature of the nations under comparison.

It is remarkable that the ordinary literature of Christendom is less religious in its tone than that of nations professing Paganism; and the difference is most observable in those who, like the people of Protestant Europe, have embraced a simple and highly spiritual faith. It is not perhaps very wonderful that it should be so; and still less can we feel it as a reproach. We do not enter into the controversy whether sacred subjects are eminently suited for poetical genius; or say, with Dryden, that poets succeed better in fiction than in truth. We lay aside the department of poetry devoted to sacred themes, and speak merely of secular compositions, from which, with our own poets, religious topics or allusions are generally excluded, from a manifest feeling that they are too solemn to be lightly handled. It was otherwise with Pagan writers, particularly in the earlier ages of society. Apart from their hymns, their whole poetry had a reference to their mythology, as the all-engrossing or most attractive topic of popular interest. The *Iliad*, though not a sacred poem, would have been nothing without the gods; and the inmates and incidents of Olympus, not only inspire the poet with conceptions the most beautiful and sublime, but enter into every event of human interest; and supply matter for romantic surprise, and food even for 'unextinguishable' laughter. This close connexion of early literature with the more alloyed forms of religious belief, must equally have prevailed among the Teutonic nations; and it was impossible that, in their Pagan state, their poetry should not have been eminently Pagan. In its higher forms it would be consecrated to the praises of the gods; and its less solemn strains would celebrate the frolics and adventures in which their divinities did not

scorn to indulge; or would sing the heavenly ancestry of their heroes, and the divine influences which led them to glory and to victory.

The introduction of Christianity must have been fatal to a literature of this character. The hymns and theogonies of a fabulous faith were incompatible with the ascendancy of a pure religion,—involving as an essential principle the unity of a jealous God, who had directed the foremost and most formidable prohibitions of his law against false worship. The early Christian clergy thought themselves constrained, as far as possible, to destroy and obliterate every object and recollection that could cherish or revive, among the multitude, the errors which it was their mission to extirpate; and their aversion, even to speak on the subject, has deprived us of much information which it was in their power to give. As antiquaries or philosophers, we may now regret what was thus done or suppressed; but if, in a spirit of charity or fairness, we transport ourselves to the scenes then acted, we shall modify our feelings. Men who had a duty on their hands connected with the moral elevation and eternal welfare of their countrymen, could not be expected to lay it aside from feelings of mere taste or speculative curiosity. A vital and sometimes dubious struggle was then carried on between light and darkness; and the champions of the truth could neglect no weapon of fair warfare that might help them either to gain the victory or to perpetuate the conquest. Even as it is, the battle was only partially won, and the vanquished obtained terms of capitulation that tarnished the triumph. The Christian church lent itself too readily to measures of accommodation to meet their proselytes half-way; and the result exhibits that ‘nominal’ conversion of the northern nations, which was regarded by the great man, whose loss is still fresh in our memories, as an element of infinite mischief in the advance of modern civilization. What may have been the wisest methods of conversion may admit of differences of opinion; but we should not rashly censure those who had the task to perform for estimating highly its difficulty, or for sternly pursuing the path that seemed to them to be right.

The early Christians of the north were not sufficiently liberal to treat the deities whom they had renounced, either as corrupted forms of primitive revelation, or as mistaken abstractions or personifications of powerful principles in nature. They regarded them sometimes as impious men, but more generally as evil demons, who had bodily practised upon earth the delusions which established their worship. The Saxon

Abrenunciatio abjures, along with the Devil, Woden, Thor, and Saxnot, mistakenly translated often as the Saxon Odin, but, in truth, an independent deity; while the Anglo-Saxon and other laws, expressly prohibit Pagan idolatry under the name of Devil-worship. This persuasion accounts for much that was done and thought in the times of which we speak. In some instances, particularly upon the Continent, Pagan temples were perhaps purified and converted into Christian churches; and Gregory is said to have recommended this course to his missionaries in England. But in general, the precept put in practice was that delivered to the Jews of old.—‘Ye shall overthrow their altars, and break their pillars, and burn their groves with fire; and ye shall hew down the graven images of their gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place.’ So far was this carried, that we find it difficult to explain how the days of the week should have been left with their heathen appellations; or even how the Teutonic name for deity should have retained its sacred character.*

Even the written signs by which the Pagan Teutonic literature could alone be made visible to the eye, came to be held in abomination,—as connected probably with Priestly rites to which they might be frequently or exclusively applied. The Runic letters were regarded, after a time, as symbols of magical incantation, and were superseded by a new alphabet, grounded upon the Roman, with the addition of a few of the old characters, for peculiar sounds.

In this condition of things, it was impossible that the sacred songs of Paganism could retain their place in the estimation of the converted nations. As soon as Christianity was established, all direct and solemn reference to the old mythology must of itself have ceased. Poetry, in times like those, required a strong foundation of faith, both in the poet and in his hearers; nor had men yet learned the art of appealing, by a play of the fancy, to assumed objects of worship which their reason renounced and despised. In our own days, Jupiter and Venus have, in legal phrase, a conventional *status*,—a hypothetical existence, as personifications ‘of all that’s great and fair,’ or allusions both innocuous and inoffensive. But to the Teutonic Christians of the dark ages, a song to Woden, in the simplicity and earnestness that then

* We are unwilling to dispel a pious and pleasing delusion; but we must observe that the word ‘God’ could not have been protected by its supposed connexion with the epithet ‘good,’ to which, according to every rule of Teutonic etymology, it has no affinity whatever. Its derivation is altogether obscure.

prevailed, would have been at least as revolting as a hymn in adoration of the Virgin to an audience of Presbyterians in the first fervour of the Reformation.

The same hostility might not exist to the heroic songs, though these must only have kept their place after being purged of their machinery, and of all mention or invocation of Pagan deities; and would in this way lose much of their character and meaning. Even thus mutilated, however, they cannot, generally, have been popular with the clergy. Apart from less laudable objections, their fierce and warlike tendency must have been condemned by men whose mission was to preach peace; and whose aim was to extirpate the ferocious and sanguinary dispositions which the religion of Woden permitted, if it did not encourage. We are told that Ulphilas, when translating the Scriptures, omitted the Book of Kings, from a desire not to incite the military propensities of his countrymen by an example so sacred. The story is apocryphal; but it indicates both the disease under which the Teutonic tribes were thought to labour, and the treatment recommended for their cure.

The newer poetry of the continental Teutonic nations, after their conversion, would at first show itself in a religious form, as inspired by the most engrossing subject which men of accomplishments, converted to a new faith, were likely to select. If other poetry was composed at all, it was probably not written out, or not carefully preserved by those to whom the art of writing was generally confined. The *Muspilli* in the ninth century, which is perhaps the latest alliterative German poem, seems to form a step of transition, and represents the horrors of the last judgment in colours that appear sometimes borrowed from the same palette as those of the *Edda*. The *Heliand*, the production of the north of Germany, and the *Christ* of Otfried of the south, both belonging to the ninth century, are comparatively free from any Pagan tinge, and are entitled to high praise as literary compositions. Otfried's work has the merit, if not of creating, at least of rescuing from barbarism the High German tongue; and compositions of that character must have greatly tended to supplant or weaken the influence of any poetical remains of the old mythology. We must now lament, but we can easily explain, the gradual extinction of those early heroic lays, which we know from many testimonies to have survived the introduction of Christianity, but of which so little has since been preserved, and of which, on the Continent, the beautiful fragment of *Hildebrand* seems almost the only remnant, and one alike interesting in itself, and as a sample of what we have lost. The antiquarian spirit that Charlemagne

displayed in collecting the *barbara et antiquissima carmina* of his nation, was not the characteristic of those times. It requires peculiar circumstances, and generally an age of refinement, if not of declension of taste, to create an interest in the past for its own sake, apart from its adaptation to the present. The great Frankish Emperor was above, and in advance of his contemporaries; and the generations that succeeded him were too busy with their own matters, or were looking forward too eagerly to future events, to turn a backward look on what was obsolete and out of date. New national combinations, and new languages, arose from a mixture of races; new cycles of heroes gained an ascendant, in connexion with chivalry; new forms and themes of poetry prevailed. The Crusades changed the whole current and character of men's thoughts; and the floating songs and traditions of Teutonic Paganism wore rapidly away, and, in a great degree, perished irrecoverably.

Such was the general and natural fate of Pagan literature, and of the chief memorials of Pagan character and customs over Europe at large. Amidst this extensive desolation, we instinctively turn to Scandinavia as the place where the monuments and memories of primitive Teutonism are sure to be found in their freshest integrity. The length of time during which it adhered to the old faith; its separation in the far north from the influences to which other nations were exposed; the unmixed purity of blood which its people maintained; and the native energy and enthusiasm of their genius, seem to afford an assurance that here, if any where, our curiosity will be gratified by an ample display of those treasures which we seek for in vain elsewhere.

It is singular, however, to observe, that if we were limited in our search to the continent of Scandinavia, our curiosity would remain ungratified. Except for the peculiar occurrence of the colonization of Iceland, the Scandinavian nations would, to all appearance, have afforded as few traces of their ancient literature, religion, and manners, as those of their neighbours who had been Christianized and received within the European pale some centuries before. Iceland, indeed, was not the birth-place of Scandinavian literature; and the most important portions of it are not of Icelandic growth. But, in that remote retreat, the language, traditions, and poetry of the Scandinavian continent found a refuge from the influences of chance and change, that would otherwise have been fatal to them; and so fully has this been felt, that the child has almost forgotten its mother; and has taken the name of the foster parent to whom it owes its preservation. If the Icelandic writings were out of the way, the remains of old Scandinavian literature would be as scanty as

those of any other country in Europe; and we should know its history and institutions chiefly through Adam of Bremen and Saxo Grammaticus, or through the chronicles and literary monuments of those Anglo-Saxons, on whom Mr Laing, in the book before us, seeks to throw so much obloquy and contempt. As it is, however, the case is widely different; and Icelandic literature, including those remains of old Danish or Scandinavian song which have been preserved in Iceland, presents us with specimens of the Pagan sacred poetry which no other Teutonic nation can parallel; and with fuller information as to the shape, features, and peculiarities of Paganism, than any other source can supply. Elsewhere we have only the *dissecta membra*, which we can with difficulty recompose. Here we have the complete body of the ancient times in their full form and pressure as they once existed. Elsewhere we have the fossil fragments scattered about; here a toe, and there a tooth, in disunion and confusion almost beyond the reach of a Cuvier to redress: here we have the mighty Megatherium himself stretched along in his full dimensions, and almost as he once was, when the earth shook beneath his tread.

The circumstances attending the colonization of Iceland were so peculiar, and its consequences have been so important to literature and antiquities, that it seems to deserve particular notice.

Other emigrations of the ancient Teutonic tribes were attended with danger and difficulty, and were fatal or injurious to the nationality of the emigrants. The Franks, and after them the Scandinavians, under the title of Normans, gave their name to the country they conquered, but surrendered their religion and language, with much of their laws and customs. The Goths were every where absorbed into the population which they overran; and many an Italian heart that beats high with Gothic blood, has been taught to hate the very name. Even the Anglo-Saxons, the most successful of all the Teutonic invaders, had many long years of sanguinary contention before their task was achieved. The settlers in Iceland embarked on their enterprise under different auspices, and accomplished their destiny without resistance or obstruction. The emigrant chief with his crew of adherents set sail with scarcely a fear or an anxiety; without concert with other associates, or preparation for any martial attack—carrying with him a peaceful freight—the few animals that were to stock his possession; a handful of the sacred mould on which his temple had stood at home, and which was to hallow his worship on another soil; some building materials for a new abode, including the hereditary pillars, carved with Runic letters or mystic devices, which surrounded the seat of dignity, appropriated to him as

master of the house; and a raven or two, solemnly consecrated to the important task of indicating by their flight, when let loose at sea, the vicinity and direction of land. As they approached their destination, any omen was followed that relieved the colonists from the trouble of choosing their place of occupation; and generally the posts of the household or temple throne were cast into the sea, and the settlement was fixed at the spot to which they drifted. They found no aboriginal inhabitants to resist their progress, or to neutralize the Scandinavian customs and character which they brought along with them. The few Irish or Hebridean Christians previously settled on the island disappeared before the new-comers; and left little other trace than that the name of Kolumkilli or Kolumbilli, as the Saint of Iona was corruptly called, came to be revered by the Icelanders as that of a heathen god. Though abounding at first in under-wood, Iceland never grew so much timber as to make it difficult to be cleared away; and little labour would be required to profit by the rich pasture of its green valleys; while every bay, lake, and river, and every sea-bird's nest, contributed a supply of food sufficient for the necessities of the settlers, till more regular sources of subsistence could be established.

To these peaceful and propitious circumstances must be added another remarkable feature of the Icelandic emigration, exhibited in the comparatively high rank of the leading colonists. The first great impulse to that movement was given by the successful issue of Harold Fairhair's usurpation of the sole dominion of his country, which consolidated under one King those co-ordinate powers that may be called the Norwegian Heptarchy; though both in Norway and in England these independent sovereignties exceeded in number what is indicated by that name. Some of the petty princes thus dethroned, sought, with the nobles who adhered to them, a refuge for their disappointed pride; and found it in that 'island in the boundless main,' of which conflicting rumours had recently before been brought by Scandinavian navigators. The stream, once turned in that direction, would be partly fed by the same causes which, during so many ages, have stimulated the outgoings of the Teutonic nations,—the *res angusta domi*; and that tendency to support the privileges of primogeniture, which now sends our younger sons into every avenue of exertion by which enterprise can work its way to fortune. But the wanderers to Iceland were mostly of superior birth, and the facilities attending the occupation of their settlements exempted them from the burden of carrying a host of vulgar retainers, such as were needed to swell the ranks of a colony that had to win its possessions by force of arms.

For many years, until avarice and ambition found their way even here, the life of the early Icelanders was perhaps as primitive and pure as Paganism could present to us; and was favourable to the expansion of such literary tastes as belong to men who have little use of letters. As wealth and influence accumulated, scenes of rapine and bloodshed of the worst kind ensued—resulting from the want of an executive to control the passions of proud and powerful men. But the picture, at an earlier period, was more peaceful. Individual acts of violence, and occasional frays and feuds, arising out of an ale-feast or a love story—a dispute about a fishing march or the division of a stranded whale,—would serve to vary the general uniformity of their career, without destroying its comparatively quiet character. The ease of a pastoral life must be favourable to intellectual exertion when the intellect is otherwise kept active; as could not fail to be the case where every Chief was a King and Priest in his own valley; enjoying high, and sometimes perilous privileges, and sharing largely in the general government, which was more like a confederation of patriarchal principalities than an ordinary republic or aristocracy. In connexion with these circumstances, it may be idle to ascribe much, but it seems impossible not to allow some importance to the peculiarities of Iceland, in point of latitude and climate. The length of the summer day, and of the winter night, exceeding so much the limits either of labour or of rest, must leave a large portion of leisure, which will be thrown away on dull or degraded minds, but will tend, in men of mental advancement and social affections, to encourage those enjoyments which develop themselves in the bright forms of song and story. At the quiet household hearth, and in the crowded hall, the skald or the saga-man would be ever a welcome guest; nor can we suppose that the pleasing pictures which modern travellers have given of a winter evening in Iceland, where the labours of the distaff and the needle are lightened by the reader's or reciter's voice, were without their counterpart in former times. At their sacrifices and sacred festivals, the cups to Odin, to Niord, and to Frey would be crowned with the commemoration of their feats and favours. At their marriages, and at their succession feasts, when the heir solemnly seated himself in his father's chair, their pedigrees and family histories would be proudly recorded. The melody of national songs sounds nowhere so sweetly as in the exile's ear; and the strains of Scandinavia would be more frequently repeated, and more fondly cherished amid the distant echoes of Iceland, than in the land which first became vocal to their beauty.

In some such way we may understand the oral tradition and

diffusion among the Icelandic families of the oldest Norse or Danish songs; and thus we may at the same time account for the poetical power which from time to time arose in that remote region, to make 'her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile;' and to crown her skalds with a reputation and influence that established them as the laureates of every Scandinavian court, and gave their ballads and battle-songs a universal currency throughout the Scandinavian continent.

Some other points must be referred to in the position of Iceland, as explaining how, in contrast with the course of events elsewhere, so much of the Pagan poetry came to be preserved in the country at the time of its conversion; which took place about A. D. 1000;—less than 130 years after its colonization.

The obstacles to the ultimate introduction of Christianity into Iceland seem to have been comparatively slight. But some of the circumstances which facilitated its establishment contributed to weaken its power when once established. The Icelanders, in fact, seem neither to have been very strict Pagans before their conversion, nor very strict Christians after it. The time apparently had come when the more intelligent among them must have had as much difficulty as the Roman augurs, in refraining from laughter at their own ceremonies. A spirit of scepticism or freedom of thought was abroad, undermining the old faith; and which, according to its source or direction, was destined to terminate in a species of impious rationalism, or a rational piety. Every one claimed a right to follow the devices of his own thoughts; and while some were content with the simple worship, if so it can be called, of a wood or a waterfall, several distinguished Icelandic settlers belonged to a sect that earned for itself the name of 'Godless,' by refusing to perform any sacrifice, and avowing that they believed and trusted solely in their own "might and main." Others had gone so far as to embrace Christianity, with which they had come into contact in their communications with other countries; but this step, amounting to a mere admission of the Christian Divinity into the heathen Pantheon, was not considered incompatible with an occasional recurrence to heathen observances. We read of one Icclander who professed himself a Christian, and, as an indication of his faith, gave his settlement on the seaside the name of Christ-ness; but in any crisis of difficulty, or peril of navigation, his invocations were still without scruple directed to Thor. Iceland has not latterly been accused of lukewarmness in religion; but mention is made of a parish church where, not long ago, a version of Pope's 'Universal Prayer' was in use as part of the psalmody. It is not

said whether, in the line 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,' the name of the heathen deity was translated by 'Thor,' as it might appropriately have been. But the idea would well enough represent the indefinite nature of those early notions to which we allude. At that period, independently of individual peculiarities, there were in Iceland general causes at work to weaken the devotion of the people to their native creed. With every effort to supply the place of local association, their removal from old scenes and memorials of religion must have produced its natural effect; and the absence of a great mass of plebeian population, would deprive their prejudices of that strength and depth of influence which ignorance lends to error; and of that protection which popular impulse is ever ready to afford when traditionary superstitions are attacked. The religion of the Icelandic aristocracy was more perhaps a sentiment of poetry or patriotism than a principle of action or belief; and when they felt themselves that things were ripe for a change, it required no great management to recommend it to their retainers.

The Christian Missionaries to Iceland found many of the inhabitants predisposed to their doctrines; and the establishment of Christianity, already effected in the mother country after much bloodshed and persecution, was a circumstance friendly to their enterprise. One incident is related, which might produce a favourable effect, where a crowd of wretched persons were rescued by one of the early Christians from a dreadful death, to which they had been doomed by a Pagan landholder at a period of famine. But ultimately the conversion of the island was accomplished, as a matter more of policy than of principle. The new religion was embraced, not from its divine character as a source of light or consolation; but as the best way of avoiding those dissensions which were admitted to be a political evil, and of which the destructive consequences had been exhibited in other countries. Christianity was, by a formal ordinance, established on this footing as the religion of the state, and the Pagan worship was publicly prohibited; but the private, or at least clandestine practice of it, was expressly declared to be innocent; while the use of horse-flesh, and the custom of exposing children, were allowed to stand on their former footing. Under this compromise, the people generally received the Sign of the Cross, and many of them were baptized. But others refused the ceremony from a feeling of shame; and those who submitted to it, insisted, with characteristic nonchalance, that it should be performed at the warm springs, as more comfortable than in cold water. The aristocracy seem soon to have been thoroughly reconciled to the new order of things, by finding that it made little change on their

power or position. The exactions previously levied by them for the maintenance of heathen worship, were merely transferred to Christian observances; and they enjoyed the benefit of ecclesiastical preferments, either in their own persons or in those of their nominees,—appointing often to the ministrations of churches dependents whose condition was little better than that of menials; and appropriating to themselves the higher offices of the priesthood, and the Episcopate itself, which they unscrupulously held without relinquishing their civil dignities.

A revolution so mildly effected, was not likely to exhibit the same hostility towards the monuments of Paganism as had elsewhere led to their destruction. The old heathen relics and ornaments remained undisturbed; the old mythology continued in use among the poets; and the names and histories of their Pagan forefathers retained the same place as before in public reverence and affection. The introduction of Christianity brought along with it the use of the Latin alphabet, as modified either by German or by Anglo-Saxon usages; and before a century had elapsed, the new art of writing was put to the important employment of recording and preserving the traditionary poetry of ancient times, and the historical recollections of the settlement of Iceland. The native origin of the clergy was favourable to this pursuit; and even such of them as sought their education in the southern countries of Europe, would probably, in the eleventh or twelfth century, learn to look upon the remains of Paganism with feelings more of wonder and curiosity, than of abhorrence or apprehension.

At this period, the rest of Teutonic Europe was in the course of undergoing essential changes in language, customs, and character, from which the remoteness of Iceland kept it comparatively free. A crowded succession of events, and new aspects of study and thought, threw the past history of Teutonism into the shade; and the unity of ecclesiastical discipline, as well as other bonds of sympathy in literature, law, and philosophy, produced that approximation of tastes and pursuits, which ever since has, more or less, prevailed in Western Europe. The development of the Romanized language of France, and the opening of a new vein of feeling and fiction, received a great impulse from the Norman conquest of England; while, in the Teutonic countries, a mixture of dialects and other obscure causes produced, in their forms of speech, what, in one view, may be termed a degeneracy; but in another may be considered a simplification of shape and structure, which rendered the older types of their language obsolete and unintelligible. English was in a state of slow formation from the fusion of Anglo-Saxon and French. The middle Ger-

man was moulding itself into softer tones and smoother combinations than the old ; and even the languages of the Scandinavian continent, Saxonized or Germanized by the influence of intercourse with other and more cultivated countries, were suffering their destined decomposition. It is probable that, as early as the ninth century, the cruelties of Charlemagne's attempts to convert Saxony, which drove many recusant Saxons across the Danish bulwark, had tended to alloy the purity of Scandinavian speech ; and it is certain that the conquest of England by Canute, in the eleventh, introduced in Denmark a large infusion of Saxonisms into the language of the Court as well as of the Country,—destructive of the character of the old Danish tongue, the corruption of which soon extended to Norway and to Sweden. From all these influences Iceland was exempt. Her language underwent no alteration of structure, and has undergone to this day as little change as the lapse of some hundred years can allow us to conceive. The modern Icelandic is certainly less different from that of the *Edda* or the *Heimskringla*, than the Greek of the Byzantine Empire was from that of Eschylus or Thucydides. The same exclusion of exotic influence affected the literature of Iceland in the middle ages. Her natives shared in the general cultivation of intellect which the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries produced ; but their studies took a direction, not into European channels, but towards the investigation of their own history and antiquities, or the commemoration of the passing events which their isolated position presented. Ari, the priest, laid the foundation of Icelandic history in the annals and statistics which his industry compiled. Sæmund, another priest, has the reputation of having collected the elder, or poetical *Edda*,—the most valuable and authentic record of Scandinavian mythology ; and before the end of the thirteenth century, a vast body of prose literature had been produced in Iceland, chiefly of a narrative character ;—embodying the old Scandinavian sagas, and including a host of family or personal histories, by writers of eminent ability ; which, besides affording the most useful aid to the Teutonic antiquary, may be placed by the side of the best modern Memoirs for clearness of description, if not for interest of incident. The prose compositions of Iceland, in the twelfth and thirteenth century, are unique in their character, and spring from the singular situation in which their country was placed. No parallel to them is to be found among the continental Scandinavians ; with whom, after the introduction of Christianity, it would seem as if native literature had sunk to a lower ebb than in any other country. Even the productions of their earlier poets, inestimable as we know them to be by their

accidental preservation, were suffered, apparently, to perish among them; and would have been lost to mankind, in their native shape, if they had not been compiled and copied by Christian writers of Iceland,—prompted by a reverential devotion for every relic of their original or adopted country, and profiting by the calm seclusion afforded in that *Ultima Thule*, from the disturbing cares and engrossing novelties of continental Europe.

Sturleson, whose work has led us into this discussion, was among the most eminent of the Icelandic writers of this period; and the *Heimskringla* is larger in bulk, and loftier in aim than the writings of any of his countrymen and contemporaries. It is founded on the prevalent sagas of his time, and on the traditional songs, of which so many fragments are preserved in it. As an example of Icelandic tastes and tendencies, compared with those of the continental Scandinavians, it deserves to be contrasted with the Latin history of Denmark by Saxo Grammaticus;—a work of great eloquence and antiquarian value, which has recently been receiving, in Denmark and Germany, the attention which, in several respects, it deserves. Saxo's history was written apparently less than fifty years before Sturleson's; and the two men may be fairly put upon a par in point of natural genius. The first eight or nine books of the *History* are founded, like the *Heimskringla*, on national sagas and songs, with which Saxo seems to have been singularly familiar; and which we have every reason to believe were faithfully transferred to his polished periods, or embodied in the respectable hexameters which he has expressly given as translations of vernacular poetry; and indeed, in some of his verses, we can trace an obvious correspondence with old Norse songs still extant. He tells us that he had consulted the compositions of Icelanders, and made them the foundation of a considerable part of his works; and he refers to their peculiar fondness for historical narrative, as connected with their local situation and national character, in such terms of high commendation as to form a valuable testimony to their merit. We do not know what Icelandic compositions were within Saxo's reach; nor is it certain which of the sagas were then in existence. But it is likely that he would have access to the best sources of information, whether oral or written, under the guidance of Arnold, a native of Iceland, who, like himself, was attached to the service of Bishop Absalon, and whose talents and powers of narration he praises highly. At the same time it is clear, that Saxo was also acquainted with purely Danish stories of the history and mythology of his countrymen; and as Denmark had not then been longer Christianized than Iceland in the days of Snorro, we doubt whether there has not been an undue disposition to exalt the Icelandic writer at the expense of the Dane.

Where the elder *Edda* speaks, that oracle should be conclusive : but in the absence of its responses, we are not satisfied that, on points of tradition, the authority of Saxo should be estimated at a much lower value than that of any Icelandic writer of a later date. In history, the two authorities are much on a level. Both, perhaps, are equally correct in matters near their own time ; and both equally apocryphal in events of an earlier date.

Of kindred tastes and equal abilities,—choosing nearly the same ground, and building with nearly the same materials,—it is singular that these two authors should have produced works so dissimilar. But the difference of their objects and aims will account for this. Snorro, a layman, a landholder, and a politician, sought to excel his countrymen in their own style, and to extend his influence and reputation within the narrow sphere of Icelandic and Norwegian society, where his heart and his hopes lay ; and he found in his native tongue an apt and efficient instrument for his purpose. Saxo, a Clerk, engaging in his work at the command of one Prelate, and dedicating it when completed to another, followed also the fashion of his class, and the dictates of his ambition ; and wrote for churchmen and men of learning throughout Europe, in the only language that could then command general attention, or that seemed to be privileged from decline or decay. This contrast between the Icelanders and the Dane deserves to be remembered in reference to some of Mr Laing's remarks as to the national predilection of Scandinavians for their vernacular tongue.

The literary genius of Iceland did not long survive the annexation of the country to Norway. The same causes that gave it so peculiar a character made it also shallow and short-lived. Separated from the main current of European interests, and unfed by tributary supplies, the stream held on its bright but brief course, and then dried up or disappeared. By the extinction of its wild independence, the importance of Iceland was infinitely lessened, and it was left more and more to the disadvantages of its natural situation. A few not unimportant works may be referred to the fourteenth century, but its golden age was then gone. Talent and intelligence have never been extinct upon its shores ; but when the slender fund of its native resources was exhausted, originality and character were seen no more. Its literature dwindled into translations of foreign authors, or imitations of its own ancient compositions. It ceased to command admiration for intrinsic excellence, and could only be sought after from its connexion with the past, or as matter of wonder that a country so situated should have a literature at all.

The glance we have taken at Scandinavian history and re-

mains, may help us to estimate their relative position towards those of other Teutonic countries. To borrow with some modification the image of a distinguished Scandinavian writer, the Northman does not come before us as the oldest but as the youngest brother of the Teutonic house—the last at least that left his father's roof, and that brings us the freshest news of family history, and the fullest recollection of those stories which the other sons left their paternal home too early to learn, or forgot amid the cares and conflicts of the world abroad. But even this Scandinavian branch would have lost its character, if, as we have seen, the unique position of Iceland had not counteracted the general tendency; first, by preserving at the introduction of Christianity the Pagan poetry and traditions which perished elsewhere; and secondly, by creating, after that revolution, a vernacular prose literature of an antiquarian cast,—such as on the Continent was excluded by European influences and events. It should be added, that we cannot be certain that the Scandinavian editions of the common themes are the oldest or the best; as even the length of time during which they continued to live in the form of oral tradition may have altered or added to their original texture. The Norse or Danish tongue, as preserved to us in Iceland, is not, as it has erroneously been called, a primitive pattern of the old Teutonic form of speech. Even as seen in its earliest records, its abhorrence of internal gutturals, and its numerous elisions and mutilations,—dictated as these may have been by a tendency to refinement,—show a degree of corruption already begun; and place it in point of purity not only far below the Gothic, but also in several respects behind the old High German, the old Saxon, or the Anglo-Saxon. But the extent of its use through so many centuries, and its continuance with so little recent change even to the present day, enable us better to understand it, and afford a more copious stock of words and forms for the study of its structure. In like manner the Scandinavian, and in particular the Icelandic mythology, is not necessarily the most correct and canonical code of the Teutonic belief: it may and must have undergone in process of time many corruptions and interpolations; but we know more about it, and with due cautions and allowances it throws the most useful light upon the scanty and fragmentary remains of religious history among the kindred races.

In thus speaking of the relative and adventitious value of Scandinavian literature, we would not wish it to be supposed that we think meanly of its intrinsic excellence. We have already noticed, with commendation, the prose compositions of Christianized Iceland, which possess great liveliness and force of

character, and a strong though somewhat monotonous interest. But of the old Scandinavian poems, whether religious or heroic, not composed but merely preserved in Iceland—those we mean that form the main portion of the elder *Edda*—it is necessary to speak in much higher terms. These venerable remains are not merely curious and interesting for their peculiar character and contents, but demand our admiration as works of genius,—abounding, where the subject is serious, in vigorous thoughts and sublime images; or, where it is lively, in pleasing and playful fancies, expressed throughout in language which, for force and condensation, is almost without a parallel. No one, we think, can boast that he has, in a catholic sense, completed the cycle of classic literature who is not conversant with the *Voluspa*, the *Havamal*, and the *Thrymsquitha*; and a new source of pathetic pleasure awaits those whose sympathies have still to be touched by the tearless sorrow of Guthrun, or by the words of the dying Brynhilda on the funeral pyre of Sigurth. We attach far less value to the poems of the Icelandic or Norwegian skalds, written in reference to their contemporary or recent history. They are often spirited and striking, but they are as often destitute of the simple force and earnest truth of the more ancient songs; and, latterly, they degenerate into a series of conventional common-places and stereotyped circumlocutions; such as clever men, accustomed to the trade, could string together with Lord Fanny's facility, even before such works as Sturleson's *Scalda* were written to assist them.

In awarding, however, to the Scandinavian compositions the highest meed of praise that they can claim, it is not necessary that we should depreciate the literature, much less that we should deny the genius, of other Teutonic nations. It is here that Mr Laing has greatly erred, and done manifest injustice. He is not content with extolling his own favourites, which is the general habitude of editors, but he must depreciate to the utmost all who have any competing pretensions. Not only are the Scandinavians the most distinguished among the Teutonic tribes; but all the others, including Germans and Saxons of every degree and denomination, are destitute of every merit, and disgraced by every disqualification. The contrast drawn between those members of the family who are Scandinavian, and those who are not, is extended to their general character and institutions as well as to their literature; and throughout the whole comparison the balance as held by Mr Laing exhibits on the same side an equally overwhelming and unjust preponderance.

He is ever anxious to distinguish the Scandinavians from all the other Teutonic tribes. He deprecates, generally, the

pre-eminence which ‘some German, Anglo-American, and English writers, with a silly vanity, and a kind of party feeling, claim for the Anglo-Saxon race among the European people.’ The claim thus made is, as he phrases it, the echo of ‘a bray,’ first heard in what he describes as ‘the forgotten controversy about the authenticity of Ossian’s poems.’ After observing that this conceit has been revived of late in Germany and in America, he continues thus:—

‘If the superiority they claim were true, it would be found not to belong at all to that branch of the one great northern race which is called Teutonic, Gothic, Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon; for that branch in England was, previous to the settlements of the Danes or Northmen in the tenth and eleven centuries, and is at this day throughout all Germany, morally and socially degenerate, and all distinct and distinguishing spirit or nationality in it dead; but to the small cognate branch of the Northmen or Danes, who, between the ninth and twelfth centuries, brought their Paganism, energy, and social institutions, to bear against, conquer, mingle with, and invigorate the priest-ridden, inert descendants of the old Anglo-Saxon race.’

Again, after other observations in the same tolerant strain, and a somewhat promiscuous enumeration of the Icelandic sagas, including several that can rank no higher than the commonest story-books, he endeavours to show that no *nationality* of character whatever is to be found in the literature of the Saxon or Germanic tribes; all of whom, he assumes, were regardless of national sympathy, and cultivated such literature as they possessed solely for the clerical classes:—

‘This separation of the mind and language,’ he continues, ‘and of the intellectual influence of the upper educated classes, from the uneducated mass of the Anglo-Saxon people, on the Continent as well as in England, by the barrier of a dead language, forms the great distinctive difference between the Anglo-Saxons and the Northmen; and to it may be traced much of the difference in the social condition, spirit, and character of the two branches of the Teutonic or Saxon race of the present day. It is but about a century ago, about 1740, that this barrier was broken down in Germany, and men of genius or science began to write for the German mind in its own language. With the exception of Luther’s translation of the Bible, little or nothing had been written before the eighteenth century for the German people in the German tongue.’

We conceive that Mr Laing has here fallen into errors and exaggerations of a marked and serious kind. We intend presently to consider apart the case of the Anglo-Saxons. But in the first instance we have something to say as to the Continental Germans, including those Teutonic tribes that are not Scandinavian. Is it true that, on the Germanic portion of the

Continent, there has been this separation of mind and language that Mr Laing refers to, as distinguishing the two branches of the Teutonic race? Is it true that, with the exception of Luther's Bible, little or nothing has been written before the eighteenth century for the German people in the German tongue? We think there is some great delusion in these statements. It may be that, during a period of comparatively late date, and particularly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, complaints were justly made of want of nationality among German writers; and it may be a question whether their men of greatest genius, who have since arisen, have always adopted the best tone to become nationally popular. On this ground we shall not enter. The question with Mr Laing is, whether in the middle ages, the period of which we now speak, and in comparison with the Scandinavian, the Germanic tribes had or had not a vernacular literature, fitted to reach and influence the national mind. To doubt this fact as to Germany is, we conceive, to overlook some of the most prominent aspects of literary history. In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, that is, at the very period when the Saga school of Iceland was flourishing in its greatest luxuriance, the poetical genius of Germany was in full bloom, and putting forth beauties not less abundant, and infinitely more striking, than any that Scandinavia produced. At this time the Nibelung's Lay was rising from its ashes in renewed dignity and beauty; and the Songs of the Love-singers, anticipating the grace and the tenderness of Petrarch, were moulding the expressive strength of the High German tongue into the most melodious measures; and awakening within the hearts of high and low the long silent chords of generous affection for female loveliness, and genial sympathy with natural beauty. We are not fond of comparisons in the odious sense of the word, nor is it necessary to seek the solution of questions that may never occur. But if we were asked to choose between the literature of Iceland, and of Upper Germany, during the three centuries we have mentioned, our literary predilections would struggle sorely against our antiquarian propensities; and we should scarcely feel so great a pang in parting with the rough vigour and rambling gossip of Snorro Sturleson, as in losing the polished and pathetic strains of Walther von der Vogelweide. Luckily we are not called upon to make our choice between them, and are at liberty to possess and prize both after their several kinds.

But the Minne songs of that age were but a small part of German literature, as it was then developed. The German vernacular poetry of this period extended also to the most celebrated themes of romance; treated in a manner that could not fail to be

popular at home, and which probably had no small influence on the Anglo-Norman or even English writers of the same school. Indeed, the period from the twelfth to the fifteenth century may be said to swarm with German poems of every possible description, and of every varying degree of merit; and the very copiousness of its poetry, combined with the continual succession of one theme of interest to another, *velut unda supervenit undam*, tends to explain how the memory of the older traditions was so much effaced and so nearly washed away. Narratives, both sacred and secular, of apostles and saints; of Alexander, the siege of Troy, and the Roman emperors; marvellous fictions, both home-grown and imported, of the old mysterious recollections of Goths, and Huns, and Burgundians; the new-found adventures of Arthur and his knights, Charlemagne and his peers; lays to the Virgin; love songs to the ladies; anthologies of apologues, jests, and stories gathered from every quarter of the opening world; with moral sayings and satires, sufficient, if read with due docility, to inspire every virtue and extirpate every vice;—the vast body of literature thus exhibited, even as it is to be found in common collections, will, we believe, bear a comparison with what any other part of Europe can show during a corresponding period. Much of it, no doubt, seems to us but indifferent; while much also that was good appears to have been lost; but of what remains, there is enough to show that genius had then a home in Germany as well as elsewhere; and one or two names occur in her annals of that age, that may take their place with those of any poets of the time; with the exception always of one name in Italy, and one in England, who have not even yet found rivals. That the literature of which we speak was meant ‘for the people’ in the best sense of the word, and went right to the people’s heart, is apparent from several circumstances; and by the fact, among others, that some of it even then made its way to Iceland, and furnished the subject of Icelandic sagas. The absurdities, too, of the Master-singers, prove, that at least the strains of their superiors, whom they copied, had been extensively popular; and if no other proof existed of the nationality and homely character of this early German literature, it would be found in the genius and success of that shoemaker of Nurnberg, (a pupil in the school of the Master-singers,) who in the sixteenth century, and on the isthmus, as it may be considered, of modern and middle age literature, poured forth with such power and profusion the rude creations of his honest and manly mind. If ever a poet was popular with his countrymen, it was Hans Sachs; and we may be sure that his influence betokens both the previous existence of a national

literature to inspire him ; and the popular diffusion of literary sympathy to acknowledge so eagerly the self-taught excellence of the humble artisan.

From causes not easily assigned, the literature of Lower Germany proper, during the period of the Icelandic sagas, was either not so prosperous, or has not been so well preserved as that of the upper division. Traces, however, of its existence and popularity are to be found in various indirect allusions, or obscure indications. But the case is different with the district of the Netherlands, which in that age, and in this question, must be considered as wholly a Germanic country. At the time when the Icelandic sagas were most flourishing, or perhaps even a century earlier, there appeared in the north-west of Europe a Teutonic poem in the Flemish dialect, which, after every allowance for the influence of French or other foreign suggestions, must be considered of German growth, as well as of genuine merit and originality. We need not say that we allude to the epic fable of *Reinart de Vos*, now ascertained to be a production of the twelfth or thirteenth century ; and not unworthy of the intelligence and prosperity then developed in the Low Countries, to which its birth, in its mature shape, must be assigned. This singular poem has never taken deep root in England ; but not only in the locality for which it was written, but all over Germany, it has attained a degree of popularity surpassing that of all the Icelandic sagas put together. Prompted, perhaps, by a spirit of opposition, running counter to the courtly and chivalrous compositions then in fashion, *Reynard the Fox* appealed in the plainest and most palpable shape to the love of the marvellous ; and to that kindly and curious sympathy which links the human heart to the lower tribes of living beings, and makes us gaze with a strange mixture of ridicule and interest upon their characters and habits—seeing in them almost the image of our very selves, or at least of our neighbours, as in a distorted glass, or an uncouth caricature. The ingenuity and liveliness of the incidents, the bright glimpses of men and manners, the passing touches of satirical allusion, and the consistency of the characters depicted in it, will in themselves account for the popularity it so soon acquired, and has so long maintained ; and which, if not now so strong as at first, is still supported by the mass of information and illustration it affords of middle age customs, of legal forms, and clerical ceremonies. But, in truth, there lies in this remarkable volume a deeper moral, and a sterner truth, than a mere glance at the surface can show us and which genius, or an instinct equivalent to genius, could alone produce. We see in the Fox and the Wolf, the ever enduring

struggle of mind with matter, carried on indeed in a shape neither dignified nor desirable, but yet too truly an emblem of what the nature of man often shows us, and, above all, too true a picture of life in the middle ages. It is the struggle, not of good against evil, but, what is oftener met with, of fraud against force, of the cunning of the weak against the stupidity of the ferocious; and considering that there does not seem to be a grain of morality in either scale to turn the balance, we almost wonder to find ourselves so much on the side of the clever knave against the brutal savage. The country which produced so imperishable a poem of its kind, so essentially fitted for, in its day, all orders of men, cannot surely be accused without injustice, of having done nothing for the people in the popular tongue.

The Germanic literature, of which we have been speaking, was embodied in a poetical form, and differs in this respect from the Saga literature of Iceland. It is not, perhaps, easy to assign the causes of this diversity, or to explain generally the growth of prose composition in any country. Of nations it may be said, as regards the infancy of their literary life, that they lisp in numbers. It seems natural for them to dress their thoughts with the ornaments of measure or rhyme, wherever they are deemed at all worthy of being put together as compositions; and the same contrivances which make them more acceptable to the hearer, make them also better remembered by the reciter. An elaborate prose narrative cannot well form a part of mere oral or traditional literature. The art of writing must be far advanced before such an effort can be thought of; and other circumstances also must concur to dispense with the more effective attractions of versification. Homer and Hesiod preceded Herodotus; and a high cultivation of taste and understanding must be presupposed to explain the influences under which the Nine Muses lent their name and nature to a prose history; while the assembled intelligence of Greece listened for hours with wonder and delight to a composition which had the power of poetry without its form. In modern literature, perhaps Boccaccio is the only writer—and he is certainly the most remarkable and the most successful—who has ventured, at an early stage in the progress of a language, to supply by the graces of expression the want of poetical embellishment. In other countries the attempts at prose diction have been slow and gradual; and in this respect the Germans in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, like the English for some time afterwards, were nations whose form of speech was still in its infancy or youth. European influences had swept away their old language and literature, and they had begun on a new score. The Ice-

landers were in a different position. Their literature was not in its crescent state, but in its wane. Their poetry had sung itself to sleep. A statistical and matter-of-fact tendency had partly taken its place; and even as to things marvellous, the curiosity and thirst for information which belonged to their character could only be fully gratified by the unfettered details of a prose recital. The fact, however, that the German literature took almost exclusively a metrical form, causes no abatement of its merit, and could not at that period be any obstacle to its popularity. *

We have, we think, said more than enough to show that Mr Laing has greatly erred in claiming for the Scandinavian literature of the middle ages a monopoly of *popular* genius and sympathy. If there was any such monopoly it was not enjoyed by Scandinavia as against the rest of Teutonic Europe, but by Iceland as against the rest of Scandinavia;—a limited privilege which may sink the continental Scandinavians below the level of their Teutonic kinsmen, but cannot possibly raise them above it. But even the Icelanders of that age can scarcely rival, and cannot pretend to surpass, their Germanic contemporaries.

Mr Laing is not satisfied to claim for Scandinavia a monopoly of literature. He insists that she had also a monopoly of liberty. All the free institutions of the Teutonic nations are, with him, to be traced to the Northmen:—

‘We have only,’ says he, ‘to compare England and the United States of America with Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, or any country calling itself of ancient Germanic or Teutonic descent, to be satisfied, that from whatever quarter civil, religious, and political liberty, independence of mind, and freedom in social existence may have come, it was not from the banks of the Rhine or the forests of Germany.’

Again, he avers, in stronger terms, that

‘The German people, the true unmixed descendants of the old Saxon race whom Tacitus describes, never from the earliest date in modern history to the present day, had a single hour of religious, civil, and political liberty as nations, or as individuals; never enjoyed the rights which the American citizen or the British subject, however imperfectly, enjoy in the freedom of person, property, and mind, at the present day in their special condition.’

We have observed this heated manner of writing with both regret and wonder. That the German people, among whom Mr Laing includes all the non-Scandinavian portion of Teutonic Europe, during the wide range of time embraced in his assertion, ‘have never had a single hour of religious, civil, and political liberty, as nations or as individuals,’ is a pro-

position either palpably extravagant, or implying a misuse of historical language that deprives it of all authority, and even meaning. Deeply should we grieve, and reluctantly should we utter the opinion, if we thought it true, that one hour of liberty had never in modern times been enjoyed by that great nation to whom modern liberty owes the Press and the Reformation! To treat in this manner the country from which, at different periods, and in different provinces of human thought, such men as Luther, and Leibnitz, and Lessing, have sprung, is an attempt that may be left to work out its own frustration. Firm in our belief that free institutions are the only lasting safeguards of freedom, we may regret that Germany does not possess more of popular rights than she has preserved amid the vicissitudes of her chequered progress. But we are not such Puseyites in Politics as to exclude all from the pale of practical liberty whose constitutional forms are not modelled according to our own creed; and there have been lovers of liberty as ardent as Mr Laing, who have, in the old Germanic system of government, seen much to admire and prize as contributing to the social advancement and security of those who lived under it. Portions of the population may have been unequally favoured in comparison with others; but we should have thought it impossible to dispute that the municipal constitution and privileges of the noble commercial towns on the Elbe and the Rhine, had contributed not a little by their example to the independence of our own burghs, and to the invaluable counterpoise thus furnished against the weight of that feudal power which Norman influences had such a tendency to increase.

But the fallacy of Mr Laing's assertions comes to be peculiarly apparent, when we consider that, according to his views, we must include among the Germanic people, as partaking of the older Teutonic or Saxon character, the countries both of Switzerland and the Netherlands. His object is to contrast the Scandinavian Teutons with those that are not Scandinavian. In this division, Switzerland, as well as Holland and Flanders, belongs indisputably to the Germanic side of the line. The Swiss are of as old German blood as can any where be found. They are, in truth, High Germans; and both in their language and their historical connexion with the rest of Europe, are removed from the Scandinavians as far as it is possible to conceive two kindred nations can be. And have there been no manifestations of freedom in Switzerland? The Dutch and Flemish, again, are, of all the lower Teutons, the most opposed to the Scandinavians, both in language and in character. Nowhere, perhaps, is a more striking contrast to be found than in the extremes

of the Scandinavian and the Low Country character. A Dutch Burgomaster seems about the very antipodes of a Norse Viking; and yet it cannot be doubted that a greater share of political and personal liberty has been enjoyed in Holland than in Denmark or Sweden; and that riper and richer fruits of civil and religious independence have been brought forth in the towns only of Flanders, than has ever been generated on the whole soil of Norway.

In Mr Laing's argument on this point, he does not venture to compare German or Saxon liberty and institutions with those of Scandinavia proper. The political history of either Denmark or Sweden would prove rather embarrassing in any comparison of the Continental constitutions; while the liberty of Norway has but little to boast of, whether we look at its effects in promoting national or individual eminence, or consider the causes to which it is ascribable, and the means by which it appears to have been maintained. According to Mr Laing, Norway owes its independence less to the character of its people, than to accidental and as it seems to us inadequate causes. He attributes it partly to the emigration of its nobility to Iceland and elsewhere, and partly to the accident of its geological structure. The first circumstance could only be temporary, and could not be favourable in other respects. The second might be more permanent, but appears to be a very inappropriate and unsatisfactory element of political history. Mr Laing thinks that from the want of any practicable stone for building, wood came to be almost the sole material available to the Norwegians for constructing houses; and that the absence of strong castles in which an aristocracy could intrench themselves, placed them at the discretion, or threw them on the good opinion, of the people at large. We confess we do not highly prize that kind of freedom which the opening of freestone quarries would endanger or destroy. In our view, wood or stone, or the want of either, is not 'what constitutes a state:' but 'men' who in all ranks assert their own rights and respect those of others—among whom the peasant does not grudge the peer his palace, but is resolved that his own cottage shall be itself a castle, as impregnable to lawless approach as the proudest fortress of the most powerful baron. The subdivision into small properties, in which the freedom of Norway finds its security, or develops its effects, appears, as a general system, to be open to much difference of opinion. It may exclude some sources of unhappiness, and enlarge the dead level of a dull and monotonous respectability; but it is dangerous to many of the charities of life, and fatal to all the high results that spring from honest and energetic

ambition ; and to all the culture, both physical and moral, which proceeds from increased wealth and refined leisure.

The limited or questionable nature of that freedom of political government which modern Scandinavia enjoys, seems to have deterred Mr Laing from referring to its institutions as a subject of comparison with those of Germany. He compares German liberty not with that of Denmark or Sweden, but with that of England and the United States. This, however, in as far as the argument is concerned, is a *petitio principii* ; since it must first be determined whether the liberty and national character of England are Scandinavian or not, in the great and essential features by which they are distinguished.

On this question Mr Laing pronounces an unhesitating and unqualified decision. All that is good in English character or institutions is the result of Scandinavian influences, through which we have been rescued from that degenerate and degraded condition into which the Anglo-Saxons had long sunk :—

‘ The spirit, character, and national vigour of the old Anglo-Saxon branch of this people, had evidently become extinct under the influence and pressure of the Church of Rome upon the energies of the human mind. This abject state of the mass of the old Christianized Anglo-Saxons, is evident from the trifling resistance they made to the small piratical bands of Danes or Northmen who infested and settled on their coasts. It is evident that the people had neither energy to fight, nor property, laws, or institutions to defend, and were merely serfs on the land of nobles, or of the church, who had nothing to lose by a change of masters. It is to the renewal of the original institutions, social condition, and spirit of the Anglo-Saxon society, by the fresh infusion of these Danish conquerors into a very large proportion of the whole population in the eleventh century, and not to the social state of the forest Germans in the first century, that we must look for the actual origin of our national institutions, character, and principles of society, and for that check of the popular opinion and will upon arbitrary rule which grew up by degrees, showing itself even in the first generation after William the Conqueror, and which slowly but necessarily produced the English constitution, laws, institutions, and character.’—Again : ‘ Our civil, religious, and political rights ; the principles, spirit, and forms of legislation through which they work in our social union, are the legitimate offspring of the kings of the Northmen, not of the Wittenagemoth of the Anglo-Saxons—of the independent Norse viking, not of the abject Saxon monk.’

Mr Laing’s depreciation of the Anglo-Saxons also extends to their literature, which he thus unfavourably contrasts with that of Scandinavia :—

‘ It is not the literary or historical value, or the true dates or facts of these traditionary pieces called sagas, written down for the first time

within those hundred and twenty years, that is the important consideration to the philosophical reader of history; but the extraordinary fact, that before the Norman conquest of England here was a people but just Christianized, whose fathers were Pagans, and who were still called barbarians by the Anglo-Saxons; yet with a literature in their own language diffused through the whole social body, and living in the common tongue and the mind of the people. The reader would almost ask if the Anglo-Saxons were not the barbarians of the two—a people, to judge from their history, without national feeling, interests, or spirit; sunk in abject superstition, and with no literature among them but what belonged to a class of men bred in the cloister, using only the Latin language, and communicating only with each other, or with Rome. If the same period in which the intellectual powers of the Pagans, or nearly Christianized Northmen, were at work in the national tongue upon subjects of popular interest, what was the amount of literary production among the Anglo-Saxons? Gildas, the earliest British writer, was of the ancient British, not of the Anglo-Saxon people, and wrote about the year 560, or a century after the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons in England. Gildas Albanus, or Saint Gildas, preceded him by about a century; and both wrote in Latin, not in the British or the Saxon tongue. The *Historia Ecclesiastica Venerabilis Bede*, was written in Latin about the year 731; and King Alfred translated this work of the venerable Bede into Anglo-Saxon, about 858, or by other accounts some time between 872 and 900. Asser wrote *De Vita et Rebus Gestis Alfredi* about the same period, for he died 910. Nennius, and his annotator Samuel, are placed by Pinkerton about the year 858. Florence of Worcester wrote about 1100; Simeon of Durham about 1164; Giraldus Cambrensis in the same century. The *Saxon Chronicle* appears to have been the work of different hands from the 11th to the 12th century. Roger of Hovedon wrote about 1210; Matthew Paris, the contemporary of Snorro Sturleson, about 1240. These are the principal writers among the Anglo-Saxons referred to by our historians, down to the age of Snorro Sturleson; and they all wrote in Latin, not in the language of the people, the Anglo-Saxon.

We had not anticipated, after what has been written on the subject, the necessity of vindicating the Anglo-Saxon character from attacks of this nature, made by a writer of ability and intelligence. Independently of our own recent historians, and the publications of our own scholars, we had thought that any such question was set at rest by the opinions of foreign writers; and above all, by the profound and judicious work of Lappenberg, of which a long-expected English translation has lately appeared, from the able hand of Mr Thorpe. Mr Laing, perhaps, may consider the testimony of a German witness more exceptionable even than that of an English one. But we are satisfied that no unbiassed enquirer can consider the mass of valuable materials that have lately been brought together in this department of knowledge, without feeling that the Anglo-Saxons were no unworthy ancestors of their English successors; that their social

and intellectual character was of a noble order; and that they had not only attained an advanced position among the countries of Europe in learning, piety, and refinement, but were active and instrumental in diffusing those blessings among neighbouring nations, and might claim as their own work no small proportion of European civilization.

The Anglo-Saxons, indeed, during the important part of their history, differed materially from the people who are so much the objects of Mr Laing's fantastic admiration. They had embraced Christianity; they had renounced idolatry and horse-flesh; and these differences, together with the peculiarities of their local position, led to other distinctions of a collateral or consequential kind. The Saxons had accepted the Gospel—that religion which, at its first announcement among them, proclaimed a Sabbath to the slave; which sought to still the din and assuage the misery of public and private war; and which opened the gates of mercy, not to the wealthy and the warlike as such, not to the proud or powerful, but to the meek and lowly, the penitent and the pure in heart, whatever their rank or outward condition. Such a creed, cordially received, must have wrought a great change in the character and condition of a people composed of warriors and conquerors, scarcely firm in the seats which they had won. War and bloodshed could no longer be the universal preference of the nation; and, as Christianity brought in its train the charities of social life, and the refinements of taste and letters, there was a risk that these pacific tendencies might exceed their due bounds; and that too many of the better spirits might be drawn off from those warlike and worldly pursuits which the exigencies of the times required.

We are far from supposing Mr Laing to be one of those whose piety 'would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona;' but for the monasteries of Saxon England he seems to have little sympathy; and he would scarcely, we fear, have joined in Canute's command, to row near to the monks of Ely that their song might be heard. Yet from these centres of civilization,—from Wearmouth and Jarrow, from Melrose and Malmesbury,—many a ray of useful light found its way through the surrounding gloom, and penetrated even into distant lands to cheer and guide those who walked in error and ignorance. We should be loth to utter a word in praise of Monachism in an abstract or absolute sense; but the liberal spirit of the present times teaches us to view all past institutions with a charitable allowance; to construe them along with the context, and to look for their bright side and their true perspective. The monastic life was the overstrained effort of religion and learning to correct the vices of

heathenism and ignorance; and it was perhaps necessary, or at any rate advantageous, for a time, to collect together and shield from the rude blast of external violence the feeble and struggling sparks of that holy fire of Christian civilization, which was ultimately to blaze into a flame, and glow on every hearth. In those retreats, men of intellect found a new opening for their energies as well as their ambition. The weak and weary found shelter and repose; and those whose hearts were sick, or whose consciences were burdened with the miseries or crimes of a wild or worldly life, sought there relief from their disgusts, and atonement for their errors. The monks and churchmen of Saxon England present us with instances of learning and energy, which amply redeem the national character from any reproach of slothfulness or degradation. It would be impossible to turn over any of those volumes on this subject, which are well known to all readers of our history—we would mention, in particular, Mr Wright's valuable summary of Anglo-Saxon biography—without seeing that, though the direction of their exertions was changed, the same vigour of character continued to distinguish the Saxon-English after their conversion as before it. The names of Wilfred, Benedict Biscop, Aldhelm, Wilbrord, Bede, Winfrid—better known by the name of Boniface—Willehad, Alcuin, and Ælfrie, cannot but be revered as those of eminent benefactors, not only of their own country, but of mankind. Their talents were certainly as strong, and as beneficially employed, as those of any of the Scandinavian skalds or vikings who may have been their contemporaries. They were engaged, indeed, not in celebrating or inciting 'strand-hugs' and sea-robberies, but in conducting contests and incursions of another kind—in carrying light through the darkness that existed among the remaining Pagans of their own country—in spreading the knowledge of Christianity in other lands—or in enforcing its practice in those already converted, whether abroad or at home.

If we consider how completely the piety and learning planted in Britain by the Romans was rooted out at the Saxon occupation of the country, we must wonder at the rapidity with which a new, a richer, and a hardier growth of the same blessings sprang up under other hands. Within little more than two centuries after their landing, the English Saxons were not merely converted to Christianity, but had turned their energies to the conversion of their old kinsmen on the Continent; and had attained a high place among the Christian nations of Europe. The existence of such a man as Bede in a Northumbrian cloister, is perhaps, in the seventh century, a fact to be more

justly proud of, than the influence of Alcuin in the counsels of Charlemagne in the eighth. The position and labours of Boniface in the intermediate period, as the apostle of the Germans, and his manifest superiority in reputation and influence, as well as in piety and purity of character, over the mass of the Frankish clergy, present, if possible, a still more gratifying picture. But it is, most of all, honourable to England, that these men were not prodigies among their countrymen, but owed their eminence to the ordinary superiority of individual genius, aided by the common institutions and general spirit of the nation to which they belonged.

The accusation that the English Saxons were sunk in abject superstition, must mean either that they were more superstitious than the rest of Christian Europe, or that they were more superstitious than the Pagan Scandinavians. To neither of these propositions can we accede. The ages in which the Anglo-Saxons flourished, were marked by a general spirit of credulity. The laws of nature and Providence were imperfectly understood, and even Christians were ignorant that the rarity of miracles, and their limitation to the events which inspiration has recorded, are essential elements in the evidences and scheme of Christianity. The English Saxons were in no respect more credulous or corrupt than their neighbours. They had been converted by the Romish Church, and they naturally adhered to her doctrine and discipline. But neither was that church so corrupt at that time as she afterwards became; nor did the Anglo-Saxons embrace implicitly all the errors which even then had tainted the Romish system. Monasticism, indeed, prevailed among them, as it long did over all Christian Europe; and it served some beneficent purposes, worthy, we may hope, of the holy and humane motives which had a share in producing the error. Pilgrimages are another part of those observances among the English Saxons which may be considered as partaking of superstition, and as leading to moral abuses. But those religious expeditions were probably neither better nor worse before the Conquest than after it; and if persons of lax principles found in them in the earlier period a license for their irregularities, they were merely anticipating those characters of which the *Wife of Bath* was afterwards the faithful representation. Many of the other superstitions of our Saxon forefathers were the results of their Pagan creed, of which, to use the common illustration, they had brought part of the shell along with them when they left the nest. The ordeals which the church adopted or allowed were of Pagan origin; and the

Cosmogonies and Theogonies of the old belief, were a fit preparation for the reception of those legends and unauthorized imaginations with which the pure gold of the Gospel came to be so largely alloyed. It is but fair to say that the better class of lives of the early Saxon Saints have less appearance of unequivocal fraud or falsehood than has sometimes been inferred. In Bede's life of St Cuthbert, most of the miraculous narratives may, with a small stretch of charity, be explained by supposing them to contain those erroneous or exaggerated accounts of natural coincidences which are too often turned to a similar account in the biographies of all missionaries and martyrs, ancient and modern, Popish or Reformed. The Catholic crow that brought food to St Cuthbert in Lindisferne, was scarcely more marvellous than the Protestant hen that every day for a fortnight laid an egg in a garret for John Brentius's dinner; and kindly consented to abstain from cackling, that the place of her deposit and of his concealment might remain undetected.

The superstitions, indeed, of the Christian Anglo-Saxons differed in no material respect from those which the Scandinavians themselves adopted when they were Christianized. Canute, one of the greatest men that Scandinavia produced, had no disinclination to the monastic system; and his successors were proud to choose their prelates and friends from the Anglo-Saxon Church even in its state of decline. The Norman conquerors were as devoted to the superstitious practices of the age as those whom they subdued; and if the battle of Hastings was lost or won by religious influences, it was not from superstition on the part of the English, who are said to have passed the preceding night in reckless revelry,—a contagion suspected to have been caught from Danish habits; while the invaders were preparing themselves for the combat by masses and litanies, and went forward to battle amid the benedictions of their priests, and strong in the authority of the Pope himself.

But neither can it be said that the superstitions which then sullied Christianity were worse than those which belonged to the Paganism of the unconverted Teutons. Scandinavia, to whose mountains so many mists of superstition still cling even in the meridian light of Christianity, could not be free from them at a darker period. Witchcrafts, sorceries, human sacrifices, idolatries of all kinds, were prevalent among the Pagan enemies of England; and, notwithstanding the adage against the corruption of good things, we may affirm that the worst superstitions of Popery were not so bad as the best of Paganism. We deprecate, indeed, any disposition that would exaggerate the errors or

dispute the usefulness of the Pcpish church in its own time and sphere. Even at the present day, we see at home as well as abroad a goodly amount of superstition around us; but while we may deplore the errors of some of our countrymen and neighbours, we do not, on that account, deny that they possess, or wish that they possessed no longer, the essential belief and blessings of Christianity.

In one respect, the labours of the Anglo-Saxon monks were eminently hostile to superstitious influences. Their diligent study of the Scriptures appears in all their writings, and in all the accounts that have been left of the most eminent among them. There is something most primitive and pleasing in the picture which Bede gives of St Cuthbert's intercourse with the venerable Boisil of Melrose, then on his deathbed. Believing that he had but a week to live, Boisil proposed to his young friend to devote it with him to the perusal of John the Evangelist. 'I have a copy,' he said, 'containing seven sheets; we can, with God's help, read one every day, and meditate thereon as we are able.' 'They did so, and accomplished the task; for they sought only that simple faith which works by love, and did not handle profound questions. After their seven days' study, Boisil died of his disease, and entered into the joys of eternal light.'

Of a congenial character were the life and the death of Bede himself. The study of the Scriptures was the never-failing employment of every hour that could be withdrawn from other duties; and the sternest denouncer of monastic habits must somewhat relax his severity, when he reads, in Bede's simple and sincere language, the description of his pious occupations:—

'Cunctum vitæ tempus in ejusdem monasterii habitatione peragens, omnem meditandis Scripturis operam dedi; atque inter observantiam disciplinæ regularis et quotidianam cantandi in ecclesia curam, semper aut discere, aut docere, aut scribere dulce habui.'

Such a life, adorned as it was by many valuable contributions to religion and science, was worthily closed by the devotion of his dying breath to the conclusion of a translation of St John's gospel,—that portion of Scripture for which so many good men have evinced their special predilection. But the exertions of this excellent monk in this beneficent field, were not insulated or solitary. We believe it may be justly said, that the Anglo-Saxon language contained far more translations from the Scriptures than that of any other nation of the period, or long after it, could boast of.

To the Anglo-Saxon clergy, we think we are indebted for two distinguishing and commendatory qualities, which, amid

other peculiarities, became finally naturalized amongst us—a strong taste for classical learning, and a deep attachment to scriptural Christianity. We know of no more generous or salutary tendencies in a nation's character or habits; and the combination of the two elements produces probably the highest and happiest admixture of qualities that our nature admits of. The fair edifice of Christianity, raised upon the elevations of Greek refinement and Roman virtue, exhibits the noblest object of attainment that can be presented to us. The English have ever been too practical a people to apply themselves much to abstract or theoretical study; but amidst all the revolutions of system and government that have visited us, the love of classical learning has continued for a thousand years to exert its ennobling and invigorating influence on the minds of our educated youth. For the same period, and with a still stronger and more extended power, the knowledge and love of the Scriptures have held a place in the hearts of Englishmen, amid all the corruptions of ecclesiastical error. The spirit that was in Bede and his associates revived in Wicliffe; and ultimately, with no small help from Anglo-Saxon examples, asserted in the Reformation, the birthright of every Englishman, never hereafter to be impaired—to read his Bible by his own hearth with reverence towards his clerical teachers, but with a higher reverence for the spirit breathed from the book itself.

These heritages we do not certainly derive from any Danish invaders; and their value demands our gratitude towards those to whom we owe them. We firmly believe; that the greater the length of time for which knowledge, piety, and civilization prevail in a country, the more they accumulate, and overflow into every channel; and in that view it is no small advantage to us, that we are in any respect the descendants of a people so early converted to Christianity, and so early imbued with European literature; and amongst whom, therefore, the best social influences have been at work with more or less activity, for so long a period, without any serious relapse or appearance of degeneracy.

If the classical or biblical partialities of Anglo-Saxon students have deprived us of a few secular ballads that might have been the fruits of time and talents differently employed, we ought, we think, to be reconciled to the sacrifice. The admirable *History* of Bede, and the various translations of the Scriptures, would well repay the loss of whole reams of scaldic rhymes, such as the latter ages at least of the Scandinavians present to us. But it is certain that no neglect or contempt of their own tongue prevailed among the Anglo-Saxon rulers, or leading men. Their translations of the

Scriptures, their use of English as a church language in their prayers, creeds, and confessions, and the promulgation of their laws in a similar form, affording indeed the earliest examples of written legislation in a Teutonic language—these alone would prove their desire to disseminate among the people all needful instruction, whether of a sacred or a secular character. But, in point of fact, there can be no doubt that their learned men were warmly attached to their native speech as a vehicle of poetry. Bede, it is true, wrote his *Ecclesiastical History*, as Saxo with less cause did his *Civil History* some centuries afterwards, in the language that would secure it the widest and most lasting celebrity. But the one was not indifferent, any more than the other, to the indigenous poetry of his country. Bede is expressly stated by his friend Cuthbert to have been learned in his own language and poetry, and to have composed on his deathbed those simple Anglo-Saxon lines which Cuthbert has given us, and which, as we meet with them also among the manuscripts of St Gall, must have been generally cherished either for their own merit or the name of their author:—

‘ For that inevitable road
That leads him to his last abode,
None can too well prepare,
Or weigh too wisely ere he go
The good or ill his soul must know,
When brought to judgment there.’

Aldhelm, somewhat before Bede, had shown the same respect for his vernacular tongue; and was extolled by Alfred himself as unrivalled, both in the composition and in the recitation of English poetry. The reputation of Alfred as a lover and patron of Saxon song is well known; and although we do not quite adopt the story of his visit as a minstrel to the Danish camp—since we are not told the language that he used, and think it improbable either that he could sing Scandinavian verses, or that the Danes could appreciate English ones—yet it is fair to view the tradition as founded on some verisimilitude in the manners and feelings of the age. Many other indications remain of the wide diffusion of popular poetry among the Anglo-Saxons. Even Dunstan seems to have been well skilled in the national poetry, and to have incurred obloquy in his clerical character on that account. The English, on the eve of the battle of Hastings, employed themselves over their cups in singing the old ballads of their country; and many native compositions now lost, seem, from their greater buoyancy, to have survived for some time the general wreck of Saxon nationality which the issue of that contest occasioned.

In judging of Anglo-Saxon literature, it is necessary to con-

sider how far it has been fully or faithfully handed down to us. From causes already indicated, we cannot expect that the Pagan hymns of the people should have survived the introduction of Christianity; and even much of their early heroic and popular poetry must have perished. They had no distant and undisturbed colony, where it could find a cover from the storm; and when we remark how complete has been the wreck of similar compositions in Germany, and on the Scandinavian continent, prior to the eleventh century, we shall only wonder that so much has been preserved of the compositions of a people whose language and sovereignty had perished at that period. We know from undoubted testimony that much of their national poetry existed, of which no relics now remain; and eminent men are handed down to us as the authors of vernacular compositions, who are only known as writers by their Latin works. The ravages of the Northmen were notoriously directed to the Saxon monasteries, and must have been fatal to the manuscripts deposited in them; and the taunts of a Scandinavian at the small remains of Anglo-Saxon poetry, are uttered with about as good a grace as that of a descendant of Omar sneering at the paucity of books in the libraries of Alexandria.

Other influences must be taken into view of a more modern date. In no Teutonic country has the language undergone so great a change as in England; and to no people is the acquisition of the speech of our forefathers so difficult as to ourselves. The native of Germany is still practised enough in artificial inflections and genders to see the principles of the older philology; and is led, almost by easy transitions from his everyday speech, to the language of the middle ages, and thence to that of a darker period. The Icelanders have even less difficulty in going back; and, as far as words are concerned, can understand the old Norse more easily than we can learn Chaucer. An Englishman, though he may recognise its roots as familiar to him, has every thing to learn in the grammar of Anglo-Saxon; and, until a few years ago, when Scandinavian and German analogies were brought to our aid, many of our English Saxon scholars did not know a masculine from a feminine noun, or an accusative singular from a genitive plural. A great gulf divided our English speech in the one period from the other; and the bridge that connects the two is not even yet practicable to the multitude. For several centuries, Anglo-Saxon literature was neglected and unknown; and after it first began to be studied, the pursuit was confined to partial objects, and was satisfied with a superficial view. Nor can it be said that it attained a comprehensive and critical character until within

the last twenty years. It is thus probable that between the eleventh and the seventeenth centuries many Saxon manuscripts have perished, from a total indifference to their contents and ignorance of their value.

It is most unreasonable, therefore, to look for Anglo-Saxon literature except in an imperfect and fragmentary form. But it is still more unreasonable to expect in it compositions of a class which were foreign to the circumstances and situation of the time. Mr Laing contrasts its barrenness in prose narrative with the prolific vigour of Icelandic talent in their sagas and chronicles. But he forgets that the Anglo-Saxon government and language were at an end before the tendency to such compositions had come to develop itself either in England or in Scandinavia. When the battle of Hastings was lost and won, the two men who first put pen to paper, or rather to parchment, in Iceland, to any good purpose, were unborn, or were mere children—Sæmund being born in 1056, and Ari some years later. The pure Saxon tongue was silent for ever before a line of Scandinavian prose had an existence; while the Icelandic sagas are two centuries later.* We do not blame the Augustan age for not producing as pleasant and perennial a stream of fictitious narrative as that which flows in our own day from so many pens. Nor should we condemn the contemporaries of Bede or Alfred for not possessing the tastes of the Icelanders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which even their kinsmen, the continental Scandinavians, did not share with them.

In running rapidly over the list of those relics of Anglo-Saxon literature which adverse events have spared to us, we have no intention of comparing their merit with other compositions either of classical or of modern times. It is not to be expected that the borders of the Baltic or the North Sea should produce such refinements of thought or style as the happier shores of the Ægean; and in wisdom and sublimity, it has been the fate of Greece to excel by its heroic poetry every other heathen people. The sole question we are considering is, whether the Anglo-Saxon literature as we now have it, and due allowances being made, indicates the existence or the absence of intellect and energy in the nation to which it belongs.

The noble romance of *Beowulf* is generally considered to exhibit to us the oldest existing specimen of Northern heroic poetry; and perhaps in the whole range of Teutonic literature its original form is only second in antiquity to the *Scriptures* of Ulfilas.* Its bibliographical history is a remarkable illustration of the backwardness of our old national studies. Though partially communicated to us before, in the pages of Mr Turner and Mr

Conybeare, the first edition of *Beowulf* was that which the late Dr Thorkelin published at Copenhagen in 1815; and we venture to assert that a more presumptuous or ignorant attempt at editorship was never exhibited. Such a book, so far from promoting the knowledge of the subject, was calculated greatly to retard it; and it was only within these few years that Mr Kemble's labours for the first time put us in possession of the text in a correct and authentic form; at a distance probably of about a thousand years after it had been committed to writing among our ancestors. It is truly remarkable that a poem of so much merit and interest should have remained latent so long; and it is to be lamented that even now it should be darkened by so many obscurities, and defaced by so many corruptions and mutilations, both of the manuscript and probably also of the poem itself, before it assumed a written shape. It is certain that in its original structure it must have been composed in times of Paganism, if not even at a date anterior to the Saxon settlement of England. But all traces of the higher Pagan mythology have been carefully effaced, and adventitious allusions to Christianity introduced. A large part of it has obviously been lost, and much of it has been written by a scribe who had a very imperfect comprehension of its meaning; while, even where it has not been corrupted, the allusions are obscure, and not fully elucidated by any other records of the Teutonic traditions. With all its imperfections, however, we see the genuine gold shining through the rust of ages. The hero Beowulf presents a characteristic picture, of a Teutonic warrior of the highest grade—something far above the vikings of a later age—one whose valour and superhuman strength are devoted, not to causeless contests or unjust aggressions, but to wars with demons, dragons, and all evil things,—labours for extirpating the enemies of mankind, whether fabulous or mythical;—labours which, though sometimes degenerating from so high a standard, have always held a favourite place in Teutonic story, and which, in earlier times, gave glory and immortality to the Grecian Hercules and his companions. The representations of the fiendish monsters, 'wet and dry,' with which Beowulf contends single-handed—their submarine or subterranean abodes and mystical treasures, the terrors of the combat, the glories and rejoicings of the triumph, the gentleness and goodness throughout of the victorious chief, though so mighty a 'beast of war,' his ultimate death in the midst of a victory over the pestilential 'worm' that had desolated his people, the tender attachment which bound to him in his last perils the faithful Wiglaf alone among all his followers, and the grief with which his subjects consigned him to the funeral

pile—all these are depicted with truth and earnestness, and in a spirit of chivalrous magnanimity, and of that true poetry which cannot fail to flow from a clear vision of noble things. Even in Mr Kemble's literal translation, made purposely, with a philological object, as close to the original as possible, a careful and intelligent eye will see those beauties which the few alone can fully appreciate in the original.

The remarkable poems which pass under the name of Cædmon, appear to us to merit the admiration they have received. Whether they are the genuine remains of that celebrated person it may be difficult to determine; but if they are not, we must add another, though a nameless man of genius, to the list of Anglo-Saxon poets. A literal and linear version, such as Mr Thorpe's purpose required, affords a very inadequate means of estimating the true dignity and force of the composition; but even through the dim haze of such a medium, we think the brightness of the original must strike upon the eyes of those who know how to look for it, and the few passages translated by Mr Conybeare will help them in their estimate. If these fragments had related to a Pagan theme, they would have been more admired; but we cannot allow their merit to be depreciated because they are founded on the book of Genesis; which, among a people recently Christianized, had the additional interest of novelty to recommend them. In some points, the originality of the poems may be thus diminished; but this remark is not universal in its application. In his account of the rebellious angels, and of the fall of man, we do not sufficiently know the sources from which the poet derived those details which have been engrafted on Scripture; but which, both in their substance and expression, indicate a power that has been justly termed Miltonic. Indeed, we cannot help thinking that the light of Cædmon's poetry was in a great measure lost in the blaze of Milton's glory, which, by a singular accident, rose upon the world about the very period at which Cædmon was first introduced, by Junius, to the few antiquaries who had eyes to see his beauty. If Milton had not now made the subject his own, and thrown every other effort to illustrate it into the shade, men would turn, we think, to Satan's words and Satan's character, as presented to us by the Anglo-Saxon poet, with a deep and fearful interest, and a genuine veneration for his powers. Mr Conybeare's version of a few passages, though not critically correct, is sufficiently near the truth to afford ordinary readers an opportunity of judging on this point for themselves,—if at least they have that spirit of liberal allowance which is called for in every estimate of poetry, formed through the intervention of a translation.

The fine poem of Judith, might deserve more to be said in its praise than we have here room to afford it. The subject, from the strong and striking contrasts which the character and situations present, seems excellently fitted for poetry as well as for painting; and we think it has been well and worthily treated by the Anglo-Saxon writer. The loud and licentious revels of the heathen tyrant, so soon doomed to die; the firm and fearless piety of the Hebrew maiden, (for the Anglo-Saxon story does not seem to recognise her as a widow;) her prayer for faith and strength as her appointed victim lay surk in the sleep of drunkenness before her; the murder and the escape; her reception among her people, her announcement of their deliverance, and her exhortation to immediate action; the attack on the infidel camp, and the despair of its inmates at discovering their leader's death; the conflict, and the victory that crowns it—all these situations and occurrences are forcibly and feelingly set before us in noble and graceful language, and with much bold and beautiful imagery. It has been said by a competent judge, that 'this fragment, perhaps more than any other composition, leads us to form a very high idea of the poetic powers of our forefathers. The entire poem, of which it probably formed but an inconsiderable portion, must have been a noble production.'

The poems recently discovered in the Vercelli manuscript, seem next to require our notice. Two alone of these relics have been published—consisting of a *Legend of St Andrew*, and the story of *Elene*, the mother of Constantine, which bears the name also of the *Invention of the Cross*. They are both unquestionably of great value, and are impressed with a very characteristic stamp. If the subjects had been of native origin, they would have been of higher interest; but the apocryphal traditions of Christian martyrs and proselytes had become the sagas of all Christendom; and except for the serious drawback not then understood, of their confounding truth with falsehood in things too sacred to admit of such a mixture, they were as well calculated to exert the talents of the poets, and to excite the interest of the people, as any themes drawn from secular sources. In the compositions to which we refer, the subjects are indeed exotic, but the treatment of them is original and indigenous. The *Andreas* has been printed and translated by Mr Kemble among the invaluable publications of the Ælfrie Society. The *Elene*, which seems superior to its companion, was only printed in this country for the Record Commission; but has appeared, though without a translation, in an excellent edition of both the poems by Grimm, with valuable notes and an admirable introduction,—presenting, as we think, a just and impartial view of the character and merits of Anglo-Saxon poetry.

Some are apt to look at these legends with contempt or dislike ; but their value and influence as embodied in early national literature, demand a more indulgent and favourable sentence :—

‘ It is true,’ as Mr Kemble well says, ‘ that they are of little interest in their Latin or Greek forms, except in as far as they may have influenced the universal mind of Europe at the commencement of our modern civilization : in the early German translations, however, they have remained to supply the most important materials for the history of the thoughts, feelings, and mind of the Teutonic races. For, partly through the strong nationality of the Anglo-Saxons, partly through the existence of a peculiar language devoted to a particular use, the classical original becomes an equally original Germanic poem in all but the subject, and having so become, bears in very many of its details the strong impress of early, and even heathen tradition.’

Several legendary poems, but of unequal, and generally of inferior merit, are to be found in the *Codex Exoniensis*, of which, after some tantalizing glimpses, and partial specimens, the public is now in full possession in the edition of Mr Thorpe. The same collection, however, contains many miscellaneous examples of the poetry of our ancestors ; some of them entire and intelligible,—among which the *Phoenix*, and the smaller moral poems are the best ; others, in a detached or fragmentary form, calculated to excite both our admiration of what remains, and our regret for what is lost. Of these last, *The Ruin*, as Mr Thorpe has called it, is the most remarkable ; and although a mere remnant, enough of it, as he conceives, is left ‘ to show that in its entire state it must have been one of the noblest productions of the Anglo-Saxon muse.’ It describes a rich and wondrous city laid low, yet bearing in its prostration the tokens of its former gladness and glory. The picture reminds us strangely of the very language and literature of which it is a relic. The speech of our forefathers has crumbled into fragments. Their poetry, ‘ the work of giants,’ lies mouldering in the dust ;—its splendour obscured, its dignity decayed, its proportions mutilated, and its very meaning and purpose but dimly perceived,—till men have even dared to doubt whether joy and intelligence could once have been seen and heard amidst its now desolate abodes.

We have not attempted a full enumeration of all the minor compositions of merit which might be noticed in Anglo-Saxon poetry ; nor shall we now dwell on those pieces,—such as the *Traveler's Song*, and the *Battle of Finnesburgh*, which have more of antiquarian than of literary interest ; though even these shed abroad some bright gleams of antique glory. Nor do we touch upon others of a more recent and historical character, though it would be impossible to omit all mention of the *Death of Byrhtnoth*,—a

fragment, of which the beauty and spirit have been long known through the notice and partial translation of it given in Mr Conybeare's illustrations. After all that we could say, Anglo-Saxon literature must be regarded and judged of at present as a literature that has been very imperfectly preserved; and is therefore entitled to every equitable presumption in its favour. But looking to what has occurred within our own day, we cannot help cherishing, with Mr Thorpe, the belief, that much of it 'may yet exist among the half-explored manuscript treasures of this and other countries;' and that ere long still further, perhaps more favourable specimens, than any heretofore known, of the poetry of our ancestors may be brought to light.

It is impossible to deny the difficulty of the study of Anglo-Saxon poetry. But thanks to the skill and industry of the few labourers engaged on it, the path is becoming every day more smooth, and the results to which it leads more satisfactory. We have disclaimed all comparison with the poetry of other periods or countries. But to all who desire to look upon the native development of genius and intellect,—to all to whom the history of the Teutonic, and still more of the English mind, is interesting, the poetry of the Saxons of England ought to be familiar. To those who are not bigoted to fixed forms, or warped by stubborn prejudices, the task will be its own reward. That poetry possesses a character of a decided and superior kind. Dignified and stately, perhaps sometimes pompous and tumid; highly imaginative and metaphorical, though using often the language of metaphors as mere conventional phraseology; simple in purpose, unsullied in purity of thought, and elevated by a strong fervour of devotion; delighting to dwell with mystical awe on the great elements and objects of nature,—the sun, the sea, the clouds, the stars, the storms; dreaming in a confiding spirit of the agency and visible presence of superhuman powers and principles, whether good or bad; of fiends and giants leagued against God and man, or of white-robed angels travelling on missions of kindness between earth and heaven; rejoicing with the inborn enthusiasm of a warlike people in visions of battle and bloodshed, in the triumphs of victory, and in the banquet of birds and beasts of prey upon the unhappy slain, yet tempering this ferocity with a pious and generous spirit, that wars only in a righteous cause—these are some of the most striking features of Saxon poetry, and which make it not unworthy of the land which Spenser and Milton were afterwards to glorify.

Of the prose works of the Anglo-Saxons we have much less to say. We have already shown that their literature had not then reached the stage at which popular interest or admiration

was sought for in that form. Their prose compositions are chiefly of a didactic kind, and, generally speaking, are either homilies or translations from Latin works. It must be said, however, that the writings of Alfred, even where they profess to be mere translations, contain much that is excellent and original. And the homilies of Ælfric, now in course of publication by the Society which bears his name, will, for purity of language, for piety of feeling, and even for good taste and judgment, stand a comparison with many of the better writings of a much later and more lettered age.

Having given so much room to other topics, we cannot here attempt any detailed answer to Mr Laing's imputations as to the deficient courage or independence of the Anglo-Saxons, evinced in their having never made a vigorous resistance to the incursions of the Danes. It was not wonderful that after two centuries of security they should have been taken by surprise by those attacks, coming over them like a cloud, maintained with such desperate perseverance, and occurring at a period when England was but ill consolidated under a new form of government. But history shows that there was no serious or permanent prostration of the English spirit until the very beginning of the eleventh century, under the wretched reign of Ethelred the Unready; whose policy, in at one time attempting a massacre of the resident Danes, and at another paying tribute to the invaders, exhibited a melancholy compound of cruelty and cowardice. Neither shall we stop to examine Mr Laing's statistical estimate of the relative numbers of the Danes and Saxons in England, immediately before the Conquest. The subject is attended with difficulty, but we believe a candid enquiry would show that the numerical importance of the Danish inhabitants was inconsiderable; and that the traces of their direct influence on our language, laws, and institutions, are comparatively slight. The universal conversion of the Pagan invaders favours the opinions we have expressed; and the conduct and policy of Canute appear to us to afford important evidence on the same points;—as showing both the predominance of the Saxon language and manners in England, and that admiration of Saxon institutions which led him—certainly not a man of small gifts—to become so entirely English himself, and to seek an extension of the English character and constitution to his own country.

In vindicating our Saxon forefathers from the reproaches which Mr Laing has poured upon them, we shall not retaliate by disparaging their Scandinavian kinsmen, or calling in question the justice of his eulogiums on their glory and greatness. We might easily, here and there, fasten upon some exaggerated

pictures, and recall the memory of vices and defects which Mr Laing has softened or forgotten. But we write, not in the spirit of a party or sect, but as the friends of liberality and right feeling; and we readily sympathize in those glowing representations which have a foundation in truth, and derive their high colouring from generous and patriotic emotions. We would wish indeed that all the tribes of Teutonic kindred, embracing, we believe, a hundred millions of mankind, should look on each other with a kindly partiality,—not excluding from their love those other nations to whom they are bound by more distant ties, but glorying with a natural pride in the common honours of their Teutonic ancestry. Of none of the children of the house, whether Goth or Frank, Saxon or Scandinavian, have the others any reason to be ashamed. All have earned the gratitude and admiration of the world, and their combined or successive efforts have made England and Europe what they now are.

The length to which our general observations have extended, will allow us only to bestow a few sentences on the particular work which, as here presented to us, suggested, and seemed to call for them. The *Heimskringla* possesses high merit in its own class. It does not contribute much to correct historical narrative, and it leaves chronology as confused as before; but it has a pictorial vigour and vivacity which may enliven and illustrate the dulness of more accurate recitals. We see the old Northman precisely as he was, when history first speaks of him; or, what is nearly the same thing, as he was believed to be in the times that immediately followed. We breathe in another scene the spirit of kindred men, whose home was on the deep, and who were proud to relinquish their share of a rocky heritage on shore, for their chance of what the sea and its adventures might yield to their energy and enterprise. We mix with Kings and leaders that could not match in wealth or influence with an English squire or a Scottish chief, but who show us the early elements of our social life in their most disunited state. We meet with examples of insecurity, and scenes of violence and disorder, that reconcile us to the tame tenor of peaceful subordination: and again, amidst anarchy and bloodshed, we find those redeeming features of kindness and better feeling, which tell of the mingled principles that war within our nature for the mastery. Touches of tenderness, or traits of beauty, we are rarely or never presented with; but in their place we have much that is true and valuable,—the representation of actual and energetic life depicted by one whose eye and hand did full justice to his love of his subject.

Mr Laing's translations of the old strains, and snatches of

poetry interspersed in the narratives of the *Heimskringla*, are, on the whole, tolerably successful. But we must own that we scarcely at first recognised, in the following somewhat fantastic verses, the simple rhythm and manly force of our old acquaintance the *Biarkamál*, as sung at the Battle of Stiklestad :

‘ The day is breaking—
The house-cock, shaking
His rustling wings,
While priest bell rings,
Crows up the morn,
And touting horn
Wakes thralls to work and weep :
Ye sons of Adil cast off sleep !
Wake up ! wake up !
Nor wassail cup,
Nor maiden’s jeer,
Awaits you here.
Hrolf of the bow,
Hare of the blow,
Up in your might ! the day is breaking ;
’Tis Hildur’s game that bides your waking.’

We venture to subjoin a simpler and soberer version, which we think less distant from the mark ; and we add below the original Icelandic, to facilitate the task of those who are inclined to make a comparison.*

‘ The day is up ; the cock’s proud plumes make a resounding din ;
The hour is come when thralls at home their weary work begin :
Awake, arise, and yet again, companions dear, awake,
Ye who with me in Athil’s train an honour’d place would take.

‘ Hår of the hand that gripes so hard !—Hrolf that can bend the bow !
All men of good and gallant blood that fly not from a foe ;
I wake you not to wine, my friends, or woman’s whisper’d vow ;
’Tis Hilda’s rude and ruthless game to which I wake you now.’

* ‘ Dagr er uppleominn, dynia hana fiadrir, Mál er vilmögum at vinna erfið. Vaki æ oc vaki, vina höfuð, Allir enir ædsto Adils of sinnar.	Dies jam exortus est, galli plumæ sus- urrant, Tempus est ut serui ad labores se con- ferant. Vigilant, iterumque vigilant cara ca- pita, Omnes præstantissimi Adilsi comites.
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‘ Hår hinn hardgroipi, Hrolfr skio- tandi, Aettum godir menn, their er ei flya. Veckat ec ydr at víni, ne at vífs ránum Heldr at hördum Hildar leiki.’	Hare, manu fortis, Hrolfe jaculator, Genere nobiles viri, qui non fugitis. Ad vina vos non excito, nec ad puel- larum colloquia, Sed ad durum Hildæ (Bellonæ) ludum,
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Mr Laing may not succeed in one object, which he tells us he proposed to himself in his present undertaking—that of producing a work that shall be attractive ‘for the common man.’ The *Heimskringla*, we fear, has too many strange names and obscure allusions; assumes too much knowledge of distant scenes, events, and manners; and, what is a greater obstacle, has too little moral or imaginative attraction to be ever popular with the ‘general gender.’ But he has nevertheless done excellent service to English literature by this translation, which sets before us a vivid picture of characters and customs connected, and yet contrasted, with our own; and we therefore strenuously recommend its racy delineations to the perusal of all students of the early history of our country and countrymen.

ART. II.—1. *Actenmassige Darstellung Merkwürdiger Verbrechen.*

VON ANSELM RITTER VON FEUERBACH. (*Narratives of Remarkable Crimes, compiled from the Official Records.* By ANSELM VON FEUERBACH.) Giessen: 1839.

2. *Strafgesetzbuch für das Königreich Bayern.* (*Penal Code of the Kingdom of Bavaria.*) Munich: 1838.

ANSELM VON FEUERBACH was one of the most remarkable men whom Germany has recently produced. He was eminent in practice and in theory, as a judge, as a legislator, and as a writer. He long and worthily presided in the highest criminal court of Bavaria; he was the principal framer of the Bavarian penal code; his exposition of the general criminal law is a textbook throughout Germany; and the last of his works (mentioned above) places him in the first rank as a narrator and as a psychologist. Of some portions of this work, and of the system of procedure which it exemplifies, we propose* to give a short account.

We must warn our readers, however, not to expect a German trial to afford to them the same sort of instruction, or the same kind of mental exercise, which they have been accustomed to find in the reports of English criminal proceedings. An English report is a drama in which the reader, unconsciously perhaps, becomes one of the principal actors. He unavoidably assumes the character of a jurymen, and, with the exception that he reads the evidence instead of hearing it, he has all a jurymen's means of arriving at a verdict. He has before him the opening speech

of the counsel for the prosecution, which states what is expected to be proved ; the examination and cross-examination of the witnesses ; the defence by the prisoner's counsel ; and the recapitulation and commentary of the judge. Each set of appearances and of conflicting inferences, is explained and enforced by an advocate, and they are then weighed before him, against one another, by an impartial and experienced moderator. A more instructive exercise in the great business of life, the balancing of probabilities, can scarcely be imagined. But if, after having ascertained the prisoner's guilt, he wishes to account for it ; if he wishes to inquire what were the accidents of natural disposition or of education which predisposed him to the commission of crime, or the circumstances which supplied the place of such a predisposition ; if he wishes, in short, to make the prisoner a subject of philosophical inquiry, he gets no assistance from the English courts. The only question submitted to the jury, and the only question on which, therefore, evidence can be received, is, did the prisoner wilfully commit the act of which he is accused ?

A bright light is endeavoured to be thrown on his conduct, immediately before and immediately after the occurrence which occasions the trial ; but, with the rare exception of the cases in which insanity is the defence, all the rest of his history is left in darkness. Even as to the narrow question which alone is allowed to be investigated, the reader must often be struck by the inadequacy of the means employed. A trial resembles one of those games, in which the problem is to effect a certain object, complying with certain conditions imposed for the express purpose of creating difficulty, and giving room to chance. That the accused, and those who are his judges, should be clearly informed what is the offence with which he is charged, or, in other words, that the trial should be preceded by an indictment, is proper ; but is it rational that the omission of some technical word, which neither the prisoner nor the jury would have remarked or have understood if it had been present—or the variance of the fact laid, from the fact proved, in some utterly unimportant circumstance—should at once stop the proceedings ; and exempt a man whose guilt is manifest, not only from immediate conviction, but sometimes even from further inquiry ? Again, it is quite right that the investigation should not be unnecessarily prolonged, that the accused should not be broken down by an indefinite imprisonment, or harassed by repeated and abortive trials. But the English rule that the trial, when once begun, should be continuous—that the unexpected absence of a witness, or some unforeseen want of proof, should produce an immediate acquittal,

though perhaps a delay of a few hours would have remedied the defect—is a superstitious adherence to a useful regulation. Again, the more heinous accusations are those as to which it is most difficult to obtain direct evidence ;—neither premeditated murder, nor robbery, nor arson, is often committed in the presence of third persons. The proof, therefore, is almost always circumstantial—that is to say, it consists of appearances which can be accounted for only, or most easily, by supposing the prisoner's guilt. The most obvious, and generally the most effectual, mode of ascertaining the truth or erroneousness of this supposition, is to examine the accused. If it be false, the clearness, consistency, and veracity of his answers will assist in establishing his innocence. If it be true, he must afford evidence as to his guilt by confession, or by silence, or by falsehood. But, in an English trial, not only is such examination forbidden, but the prisoner is allowed, indeed recommended, to leave his defence to his counsel, and to remain himself a mere passive spectator. Again, where several persons are suspected of having concurred in a crime, the admissions by one must often supply proof against the others. But the confession of a prisoner is not supported by his oath ; though it be received against himself, therefore, it is not allowed to be evidence against any one else. It would seem that, to avoid this difficulty, the persons suspected might be tried separately, and those who are not yet under accusation might be summoned as witnesses. But this expedient is rendered useless by the rule, that no man is required to answer questions when he chooses to believe, or to assert that he believes, that his answer might render himself liable to legal punishment. He may be required to give evidence which may ruin his fortune or destroy his character ; but if it would expose him to a chance, however slight, of any penal infliction, however trifling, he has a right to say, I refuse to answer. As a last resource, the accomplice, whose evidence is to be used, is allowed to bargain that he shall not be prosecuted himself. As the price of his betraying his associates he obtains an impunity, mischievous to society and disgraceful to the law, which disgusts those who can comprehend its grounds, and perplexes those who cannot.

We will illustrate some of these remarks by a reference to one of the most solemn legal proceedings which has occurred in England during the present century. The Earl of Cardigan was accused of having shot at Captain Tuckett with the intent to kill, to maim, or at least to injure him. The trial took place before the highest court in the empire, the House of Lords. A great officer was created to preside over it. The judges were summoned to give their advice. All the foreign ministers and the most

eminent of the British public constituted the audience. Nothing could be more impressive than the ceremonial. To the unlearned, the proof of the prisoner's guilt appeared to be complete. The duel was fought about two hundred yards from the Wandsworth windmill. The miller, from his elevated position on the stage of the mill, saw the party approach and take their ground. While he was hurrying to interfere, he saw the principals receive pistols from their seconds and fire once, and receive fresh pistols and fire again. One of them fell wounded as he came up. The wounded man gave to him his card, engraved with the name Captain Harvey Tuckett; the other admitted himself to be Lord Cardigan. Captain Tuckett was allowed to be removed. Lord Cardigan was taken to the police-office; and, as he entered, told the inspector that he was his prisoner; that he had been fighting a duel, and had hit his man. There was, therefore, the testimony of an eyewitness, and the confession of the accused. What more could the court want? What they wanted was *to know the second and third Christian names of the wounded man*. The indictment stated his Christian names to be Harvey Garnett Phipps. The card omitted the two latter. A Mr Codd, who acted as Captain Tuckett's agent, was examined, and proved what were his Christian names; but, as he was not present at the duel, could not identify his Captain Tuckett with the wounded man. But it was supposed that Sir James Anderson, a physician, who had been on the ground to give professional services, could add the information that was wanted.

This was his examination:—

'*Lord High Steward.*—"Sir James Anderson, I think it my duty to inform you, that you are not bound to answer any question which may tend to criminate yourself."

'*Mr Attorney-General.*—"Are you acquainted with Captain Tuckett?"

"I must decline answering that."

"Were you on that day called in to attend any gentleman that was wounded?"

"I am sorry to decline that again."

"Can you tell me where Captain Tuckett lives?"

"I must decline that question."

"When did you last see Captain Tuckett?"

"I decline answering any question that may tend to criminate myself."

"And you consider that answering any question respecting Captain Tuckett may tend to criminate yourself?"

"It is possible that it would."

"Then the witness may withdraw."

Such being the state of the proof, the counsel for the prisoner maintained that no case was made which required a defence; and Lord Denman, as Lord High Steward, proceeded to state what he thought ought to be the decision of the House.

The charge was, that Lord Cardigan had shot at Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. The defect of the proof was, that it was not shown that the person shot at bore all these names.

‘It is proper,’ said Lord Denman, ‘to observe that the law requires such proof to be given. The law gives no countenance to the opinion, that where the injury itself is, in fact, well established, the names borne by the injured party may be considered as immaterial. *There is little hazard in asserting, that no year passes without some examples of acquittals taking place in some of the courts by reason of mistakes or defects of this kind.* In the present case, the simplest means of proof were accessible. If those who conduct the prosecution had obtained your Lordships’ order for the appearance of Captain Tuckett at your bar, and the witnesses of the duel had identified him, Mr Codd might have been asked whether that was the gentleman who bore the four names mentioned in the indictment, and his answer would have been conclusive. If this were an ordinary case, the judge must hold the objection well founded, and the jury would at once return a verdict of acquittal.’ In compliance with this recommendation, Lord Cardigan was unanimously acquitted.

If the object of the English procedure were to arrive at the substantial truth, would it have been suffered to be insulted and defeated by this solemn trifling? Would the prosecutor have been required to prove any thing so irrelevant as the second and third baptismal names of the injured party? Would a witness have been allowed to refuse information, merely because he feared, or affected to fear, that it might expose him to punishment? What would be easier than to remove this excuse, if it be one, by enacting that his evidence given in court shall not be received against himself? If a link in the evidence is wanting, why should not the court have the power of adjourning (in Lord Cardigan’s case a day, perhaps an hour, would have been sufficient) until it can be procured?

The explanation probably is, that the discovery of truth was not the sole, or even the principal purpose, which the rules of English criminal procedure were intended to effect. They have grown up in that long contest between the crown, the aristocracy, and the people, which has produced, and continues to produce, the constantly varying institutions, forming what is called the Constitution of England. Until the Revolution, they were,

in many respects, unjust to the prisoner. He had no counsel, nor any means of compelling the attendance of his witnesses. They were not allowed to be sworn; and yet the jury was always reminded that their mere statements ought not to be listened to, when opposed to the oaths of those for the crown. The penal law was frightfully sanguinary and oppressive; it inflicted death and forfeiture with almost wanton profusion; and supplied weapons, from which no one who had a public or a private enemy could feel safe. The rules to which we have alluded, and many others, which are equally effectual to screen the guilty, were invented in order to shield the innocent. The judges sympathized with the accused. They acted as European captives have done, when they have been forced by a barbarous conqueror to serve his Artillery against their own countrymen. They withdrew the balls, or misdirected the pieces. And the rules which were thus introduced, have, as is usually the case, long survived their original motives.

The Penal Code of Bavaria, the country from which Feuerbach's narratives are taken, bears a general resemblance to the criminal law of the other portions of Germany. Its procedure, and its rules of evidence, are far more faulty than those of England; but the defects are different, and indeed often opposite. Strictly speaking, there is nothing in Bavaria analogous to an English trial. There is no jail delivery; no day on which the prisoner must be acquitted or convicted. The whole trial, if it can be called one, is a long inquiry; first, before the local judge of the district in which the events constituting the supposed crime took place; afterwards, by the superior criminal tribunal, which, after perusing all the documents and the decision of the inferior court, pronounces sentence; and lastly, in grave cases, by the high court of appeal, which adopts, modifies, or reverses that sentence, or directs a further inquiry.

On the occurrence of any such event, the *Untersuchungs richter*, (which may be translated Examining judge,) a functionary acting both as prosecutor and as judge, sets to work to ascertain, in their minutest detail, all the facts constituting the supposed crime, and all the grounds for suspecting any individual as concerned in it. Those against whom the judge thinks that there is a plausible suspicion, are placed in prison, and there must remain until the court is perfectly convinced of their guilt or of their innocence, or of its own inability to ascertain either the one or the other. We have compared an English trial to a drama; and it is a drama in which the unities of action and of time are observed with a pedantry which would satisfy the most servile French critic. The German judicial inquirer is bound

by no such fetters. He hunts up every collateral fact or suggestion which may possibly influence the decision or the sentence. For the purpose of ascertaining the *à priori* probability of the prisoner's guilt, he unravels his whole history from earliest childhood. As that history approaches the time of the supposed crime, he endeavours to make it a perfect chronicle of all the prisoner's actions, and even words. By means which we shall mention hereafter, he obtains from him, on all these points, the fullest statements that can be wrung from him, and then investigates, as separate inquiries, the truth of every detail. If doubt is thrown on the testimony of any of the witnesses—whether by general imputations on character, or by defined charges, or by discrepancy even as to immaterial points—this doubt is to be cleared up, and the general inquiry waits until the credibility of the witness has been established or broken down. The original subject of investigation, or, to use the language of the English law, the issue between the Crown and the Prisoner, is like an Indian fig-tree. It can send out suckers, which become trees as large as their parent, and have the same powers of reproduction.

Such an inquiry cannot be defeated by mere formal errors. There can be no flaw in the indictment; for, in fact, there is no indictment. The prisoner is not tried for having committed a specified crime; but the two inquiries, whether any and what crime has been committed, and whether the prisoner had any and what share in it, go on simultaneously. He cannot escape because, at a critical point in the proceedings, the prosecutor has omitted to prove a link in the evidence, or because a material witness is not produced. There is no critical point in a German trial. No one hurries himself, or allows others to hurry him, in that tranquil country. What is not proved to-day may be proved to-morrow, or, more probably, six months hence. If the witness is not forthcoming, the inquiry waits until he appears. Justice prides herself on being sure, and is utterly indifferent to the reproach that she is slow. One year, two years, five years, or even seven years may elapse before the final decision is obtained. And this decision may be, that the evidence being deficient, the prisoner shall be detained, either in actual confinement, or in an appointed place of residence, under the inspection of the police.

In Germany, again, not only is the English rule, that a man shall not be required to criminate himself—a rule which perhaps excludes more evidence than all our other technical rules put together—unheard of, but the whole procedure is based on the opposite principle. The evidence given by a man against him-

self, being the most satisfactory of proofs, is the proof which the judicial prosecutor is most anxious to extort. Until a period within the present century, it was generally obtained by torture. The principal use of other evidence was to lay a ground for placing the prisoner in the torture-chamber, and if he came out of it without having confessed, he was entitled to his discharge. Feuerbach tells us that he never was forgiven by the old Bavarian judges for having contributed towards depriving them of a process so simple, so convincing, and so economical of time and trouble. And when he adds, that, since the abolition of torture, the constant endeavour of the courts has been to obtain for it a substitute as nearly as possible resembling the original, he might refer to the works mentioned at the head of this Article, as proving the truth of the statement.

Nothing at first sight appears more remarkable than the constant confession of the accused. In England, any admission of guilt, however casual or indirect, is evidence. It may have fallen from the prisoner years before the trial, or have been made to the constable who arrested him, or to one of his companions in prison; or, where there are accomplices, a spy may be placed, as was the case with Mr Steele's murderers, to overhear and report their conversation. And yet nothing is rarer than conviction founded on confession. Those who confess, confess only when the trial is over, and the majority die protesting their innocence. In Bavaria, a confession is not received unless it be deliberately made in the presence of two witnesses, or to the judge. And yet, with the exception of one or two persons arrested on slight suspicion, and clearly innocent, there is scarcely one among the accused, whose stories Feuerbach relates—different as they are in sex, in age, in rank, in knowledge, and in character—who is not convicted on his own confession. In one or two cases the confession is guarded, so as to avoid the circumstances which would make the offence capital; but generally it is complete and circumstantial. Even to Feuerbach himself, accustomed as he was to it, this circumstance appeared to require explanation; and he has given that explanation in an interesting chapter on confessions. He holds the principal motives to confession to be five, viz.—*First*, remorse; the stings of an irritated conscience, and the desire to soothe them by the sort of amends which a full confession affords. This, however, he adds, experience shows to be one of the rarest phenomena in criminal procedure. For one criminal who confesses from no motive but remorse, there are a thousand who scarcely know that such a feeling exists. *Secondly*—and this, he says, is the prevailing cause—the prisoner's inability to resist or elude the cross-examination

of the judge. He cannot reconcile the inconsistencies of his narration; he is ashamed to persist in an evident lie; he is fatigued by having to invent stories which the judge immediately proves to be falsehoods; he knows that every such detection sinks him lower and lower in the estimation of the judge; and he hopes that by frankness he may obtain some approach to sympathy. A *third* and very frequent source, is the desire to escape from the agony of suspense—an agony which, in the solitary unemployed days and sleepless nights of a German prison, may often be severer than any punishment short of death. A *fourth* is stupid sluggish despair. The prisoner has not the spirit or the energy which are necessary to play out a losing game. He gives himself up at once for lost, and saves himself the trouble of a defence. And, *lastly*, every prisoner feels that he is in a great measure in the power of the examining judge. He knows that the examiner can aggravate or relax the rigour of his present imprisonment, and that his report must influence the final sentence of the Court, and may decide the question of pardon. Whether he make a confession or not, he expects to be convicted; he sees the judge's eagerness to obtain one, and he yields in the hope of propitiating him.

The part of the Bavarian criminal code which contains Criminal Procedure, consists of four hundred and eighty-two articles, contained in thirty-two chapters. Two whole chapters, containing sixty-two articles, rather more than one-eighth of the whole, are devoted to the examination of the accused. Except in the case which we shall afterwards mention, of *confrontation*, the only persons present are the inquiring judge, (*untersuchungs richter*,) the accused, and a notary. The judge informs the accused that it is his duty to tell the truth, and that, even if he be guilty, a frank confession may mitigate his punishment. He then asks him whether he knows why he has been summoned or arrested.* If he protest his ignorance, or do not assign the real ground, he is to be told that he is not telling the truth, and that the judge is well aware that he knows about the matter much more than he pretends.† If he persist, the examination is to be immediately closed for that day. At the next examination, he is to be reminded of the duty of truth, and of the evil which he may bring on himself by falsehood,‡ and then to be questioned as to facts bearing on the imputed crime—beginning with those more remotely connected with it, so as gradually to lead him into denials inconsistent with innocence, or into admissions inconsistent with an invented defence. It is only after all attempts to

* Art. 157.

† Art. 158.

‡ Art. 165, 167.

lead him to avow his knowledge have failed, that he is to be told, not precisely the crime, but the sort of crime of which he is accused,* and not a word is to be said of the evidence.

If, on the other hand, he states the real cause of his summons or arrest, he is to be desired to relate all that he knows on the subject, and his narrative, however improbable, is not to be interrupted. When he has told his story, he is to be examined as to all its details, so as to make it as circumstantial as possible.† And he is to be again and again examined, at intervals, on the same points, and his answers compared.‡ Irrelevant questions are to be mixed with those which are relevant, and unimportant facts with those that are important; so that the prisoner may not know whether the answer which he is giving is material or not.§ Wherever it is possible, he is to give an immediate answer, and not to have time to invent a false one.¶ Great anxiety is manifested throughout the Code, that until the case against him has been completed, the prisoner shall know as little as possible about it. He is allowed no communication with the external world. Not only are all the witnesses examined in his absence, but all their depositions are concealed from him, nor is he allowed any copy of his own statements. The judge is directed to be careful that the questions shall not enable him to suspect the nature or the amount of the evidence against him.

When we found that the Code contained a chapter on *confrontation*, we supposed it to be one of the aids given to the defence. We supposed it to be an opportunity given to the prisoner and to his counsel to cross-examine the witnesses for the crown. We found it, however, to be merely one of the instruments of attack. When all other means, says the law, have been tried and have failed, the judge may, at his discretion, endeavour to surprise the prisoner into confession by unexpectedly producing before him any one or more, either of the witnesses against him, or of his accomplices who have already confessed. For this purpose the witness is to be prepared by reminding him of his former statements, and to be asked ¶ he will repeat them in the presence of the accused. If he refuse, he must state the grounds of his refusal, the sufficiency of which, the court must decide. If he consent, whether willingly or by order of the court, those portions of his evidence which are to be concealed from the prisoner, are to be selected, and he is to be strictly enjoined not to repeat or to allude to them.†† The prisoner

* Art. 167.

† Art. 161.

‡ Art. 173.

§ Art. 175, 176.

¶ Art. 178.

|| Art. 175.

** Art. 219.

†† Art. 222.

is then to be re-examined; the improbability or the inconsistency of his denials or of his statements is to be pointed out to him; he is to be again and again urged to tell the truth; and if he be still obstinate, the witness is as unexpectedly as possible to be produced, and re-examined, so far as the judge thinks it expedient, in the prisoner's presence. The prisoner is not to put any question, but is allowed, and indeed required, to give his own statement as to the facts deposed to by the witnesses. If more than one person is to be confronted with the prisoner, each is to be introduced separately, reserving the most material as the last. The judge, says the Code, must watch the countenance as well as the answers of the prisoner, and snatch every occasion of leading or driving him to confession; and if he succeed, the *confrontation*, having served its purpose, is to be immediately closed, and the judge's whole attention given to the completion of the confession.

If the prisoner refuse to answer, or try to evade answering merely by referring to some previous answer, he is to be punished by imprisonment, on bread and water; and, if that fail, by blows—of which, however, not more than twenty can be inflicted in one day. All other modes of arriving at the truth are then to be used, and if they are unsuccessful, he is to be detained in prison as long as his obstinacy continues.*

The importance attached to obtaining a confession is explained, when we consider the rules by which the efficacy of all other evidence is encumbered and impaired.†

Witnesses are divided into incompetent, suspicious, (*verdächtig*), and sufficient, (*vollgültig*). Children under the age of eight years, those who have accepted any reward or promise for their evidence, those who have an immediate and certain interest in the success or failure of the prosecution, those who have been accused of calumny, of giving false information or of perjury, and have been convicted or not fully acquitted, and those who, in any material part of their evidence, have been guilty of falsehood or of inconsistency, are all *incompetent* witnesses. Their evidence is to be rejected *in toto*. Persons under the age of eighteen, the injured party, informers, (unless officially bound to inform,) accomplices, persons connected with the party for whom they depose, by blood, by marriage, by friendship, by office, or by dependence—persons opposed to the party against whom they depose, by strife or by hatred, those who may obtain by the result of the inquiry any remote or contingent benefit, persons of

suspicious character, persons unknown to the court, and those whose manner gives the appearance of insincerity or of partiality—are all *suspicious* witnesses.

The testimony of two sufficient witnesses, stating not mere inferences, but facts which they have perceived with their own senses, amounts to proof. That of one sufficient witness amounts to half proof.

Two suspicious witnesses, whose testimony agrees, are equal to one sufficient witness. Therefore the testimony of two suspicious witnesses agreeing with that of one sufficient witness, or the testimony of four suspicious witnesses by themselves, amounts to proof.

When the evidence on each side, taken *per se*, amounts to proof, the decision is to be in favour of the accused. In other cases, contradictory testimonies neutralize one another. So that if there be two sufficient witnesses on one side, and two suspicious witnesses on the other, it is as if there were a single sufficient witness, and consequently a half proof. But if the number of sufficient witnesses had been three, it would have amounted to proof—the two suspicious witnesses merely neutralizing the evidence of one of the three sufficient witnesses, and therefore still leaving the fact proved. So the testimony of seven suspicious witnesses, opposed only by three similar witnesses, amounts to proof—that of six to half proof. Circumstantial evidence amounts to proof when each fact of which it consists is fully proved, (that is to say, by two sufficient witnesses, or by one such witness and two suspicious ones, or by four suspicious ones,) and when these facts cannot be rationally accounted for on any hypothesis except that of the prisoner's guilt.* If any other explanation is possible, though it may be improbable, or if the facts are imperfectly proved, the circumstantial evidence is imperfect.† The Code does not state with its usual arithmetical preciseness, the gradations in value of imperfect circumstantial evidence. It seems, however, that it may amount to half proof; for (by Art. 324,) if it coalesce with direct evidence amounting to half proof, the mixture amounts to whole proof. The most complete circumstantial evidence, however, does not authorize the infliction of death.‡

Let us see how such rules may work. A man meets two others in a path through a wood. Soon after he has passed and lost sight of them, he hears screams. He turns back, and finds one of them lying senseless on the ground, and sees the other

* Art. 328.

† Art. 327.

‡ Art. 330.

running away. He overtakes him, and finds on him the purse and watch of the wounded man, who, by this time, is dead. The murderer and robber, unless he will confess, must escape. In the first place, the evidence is only circumstantial—no one saw him give the fatal blow; and secondly, as there is only one witness, there is only a half proof even of the circumstances to which the witness deposes. We will suppose, however, that the wounded man revives, and deposes that the prisoner demanded his watch and purse, and on his refusal struck him down, and took them. Even then the prisoner, unless, we repeat it, he will confess, cannot be convicted even of the robbery. For the only direct evidence is that of the injured person, and he is, as we have seen, a suspicious witness; his testimony, therefore, amounts to only half of a half proof; and as that of the other witness amounts to only a half proof, the prisoner must be discharged for defect of evidence. Well might Feuerbach say, that unless a man choose to perpetrate his crimes in public, or to confess them, he need not fear a conviction.

Even a confession is not conclusive. It has no resemblance to the English plea of Guilty. In the first place, it is evidence only of the prisoner's acts, not of any inferences from those acts. Therefore it is no evidence of the '*that-bestand*,' the *corpus delicti*, the fact that a given crime was committed.* Thus, if a prisoner confess that he shot a man, his confession is evidence that he loaded a pistol, directed it towards the person in question, and pulled the trigger. But it is not evidence that these acts occasioned that person's death. That must be proved by inspection of the body. 'The only cases in which a confession is allowed to assist in proving the '*that-bestand*,' is when the following requisites concur: First, the impossibility of fully proving the '*that-bestand*' in any other way must be shown. Secondly, the prisoner must be proved to be a person from whom the conduct which he confesses may be expected. Thirdly, there must be other evidence of the '*that-bestand*,' sufficient to exclude any rational doubt, though not legally complete.† Fourthly, in cases of murder, the acts confessed by the prisoner must be such as necessarily occasion death; or, in the opinion of professional witnesses, must have occasioned death in the case in question.‡

We shall see hereafter the difficulties occasioned by these rules.

And, in the second place, a confession does not amount to proof, even of the acts which it confesses, unless it be made to the *untersuchungs richter* at a formal hearing, which must have

* Art. 268

Art. 267.

‡ Art. 271.

taken place on a day subsequent to that of the first examination. No conviction can be founded on a confession made by the prisoner during his first examination.* An informal confession formally proved, that is to say, a confession made in the presence of two sufficient witnesses, but not to the *untersuchungs richter*, amounts to half proof, and therefore justifies conviction if it can be assisted by another half proof, such as conclusive circumstantial evidence, or the direct evidence of one sufficient eyewitness, or of two suspicious eyewitnesses, provided that those witnesses are not also the witnesses who prove the confession.†

We will finish our account of the criminal procedure of Bavaria, by a short outline of the law, so far as it respects the defence and the sentence.

With respect to the defence, the *untersuchungs richter* is directed to seek and produce evidence establishing the innocence of the prisoner, as diligently as he does that which proves his guilt. The prisoner, however, is not allowed to interfere until the judge has exhausted all his own means of investigation. When this has been done, the prisoner is offered, and in some cases required to accept, the assistance of a legal defender. He now, for the first time, knows what is the evidence against him, and perhaps, for the first time, knows of what he is accused. The whole of the proceedings are exhibited to the defender, and he is allowed to visit the prisoner in private, having previously sworn not to become a party to any unrighteous defence.‡ He is then to designate to the *untersuchungs richter* the points as to which the prisoner is entitled to further investigation.

It does not appear from the Code that the prisoner, or his defender, can summon any witnesses; but it is probable that a demand that they be summoned is seldom refused. Nor does it appear that the prisoner, or his defender, can examine any witnesses for the defence, or personally examine those who have been already examined. We find no exception from the general rule (laid down in Art. 207,) that every witness is to be examined in the absence of the prisoner. The prisoner or his defender is, lastly, to give a minute (*Zum Protocolle geben*) of his objections to the course of procedure, to the force of the inculpat- ing evidence, and to conviction or punishment; and is allowed, but not required, to develop this minute by a written defence, (*Vertheidigungs-schrift*.)

The whole of the proceedings are then sent by the *untersuchungs richter* to the immediately superior criminal court of deci-

* Art. 162.

† Arts. 332, 333, 334.

‡ Art. 145.

sion, (*Kriminal Gericht*.) This court refers them to one of its members, who has to report,

1. Whether the case is ripe for decision ?

If it be, 2. Whether the accused is guilty, and if so, of what crime ?

If he be, 3. What punishment ought to be inflicted ?

The court decides on all these questions by majority. If the first question be decided in the negative, the case is sent back to the court of inquiry for further investigation. If it be decided in the affirmative, the court proceeds to give judgment; which may be,

1. That the accused is innocent ; or,

2. That he has not been proved to be guilty ; or,

3. That the inquiry is abandoned for want of evidence ; or,

4. That the accused is guilty of a crime, which must be specified in the judgment, and ought to suffer a punishment, which must also be so specified.

When the punishment is death, or imprisonment for life, or for not less than twenty years, the sentence must be sent for revision to the high court of appeal. In other cases, an appeal does not take place, unless it be demanded by the accused on the one hand, or by the president of the court of decision (*Kriminal Gericht*) on the other. The court of appeal, if it think the inquiry insufficient, may remit the case to the same or to a different court of inquiry ; or, if it think the decision wrong, to the same or to a different court of decision ; or it may, of its own authority, alter the judgment of the inferior court, either to the advantage or to the disadvantage of the accused, or it may simply confirm it. Ultimately, of course, a final decision is obtained ; and it is then to be carried into effect, if it be favourable to the prisoner, immediately ; if it be unfavourable, within twenty-four hours after it has been announced to him.

We will now illustrate the working and the results of this system by some of the most remarkable of Feuerbach's narratives.

The small farm called Thomashof, in the village of Lauterbach, between Ratisbon and Landshut, was inhabited in the year 1807 by a family, consisting of Francis Riembauer, the Roman Catholic Curate of the parish, and also the proprietor of the farm, and a widow named Frauenknecht, and her two daughters, Magdalena and Catherine, one aged nineteen, and the other eleven years. The Frauenknecht family had been the former owners of the farm, and had sold it to Riembauer ; and being on terms of great intimacy with him, continued to reside there. All enjoyed in a high degree the esteem of their neighbours. The widow and her daughters were respected for their integrity

and industry, and loved for the softness of their manners, and (we use the words of Riembauer) ‘the angelic kindness of their dispositions.’ The younger daughter, Catherine, showed an intelligence far beyond her age. Riembauer himself passed for a model of apostolic fervour, charity, and simplicity. He was born in 1770, and therefore was in his thirty-eighth year at the commencement of our narrative. He was the son of a day-labourer, a station lower in that country, where almost every one has some land, than that of an English farm-servant. The first years of his boyhood he passed as a shepherd’s boy; but before he was thirteen he felt the power and the ambition to rise higher. With the assistance of some instruction from his clergyman, he obtained admission to the public seminary of Ratisbon, and in 1795 was ordained. For the ten following years he served in the ministry in several of the neighbouring parishes; and in 1805 became curate of Pirkwang, of which Lauterbach is a hamlet. He had a fine person, was an eloquent preacher, was zealous, active, and kind in his intercourse with his parishioners, and was honoured, says Feuerbach, as a half-glorified saint. It was believed, indeed, and he encouraged the belief, that he had strange communications with the spiritual world. Souls from purgatory visited his chamber, implored a mass from him, and were released as soon as it had been said. He saw them himself fluttering towards heaven in the form of doves. Sometimes, when he was abroad at night in the duties of his cure, they danced before him like fiery exhalations,—in the hope, as he supposed, to receive his benediction; and ranged themselves on his right or on his left as he extended his hand. Until his purchase of the Thomashof farm he had avoided all worldly engagements, and dedicated his leisure to literature and spiritual exercises. After that period he devoted much of it to the labours of the farm, which he appears to have performed himself, with little assistance except from the widow and her daughters. Against the few persons who thought it unbecoming that a priest should act as a ploughman or a groom, he defended himself by the decisions of the council of Carthage, and the authority of Saint Epiphanius; and his parishioners in general thought it a proof of apostolic humility. To his humility also it was attributed that he never looked any one in the face; and walked with a sunk head, downcast and half-closed eyes, and hands folded over his breast. In June 1807 he passed in Munich, with great distinction, the examination which candidates for ecclesiastical preferment undergo in Bavaria. In the beginning of 1808 he obtained the benefice of Priel, some miles from Lauterbach, sold the Thomashof farm, and removed with the

Frauenknecht family, mother and daughters, to his new parsonage. In June 1809, the mother and the elder daughter died within a few days of one another, after short illnesses.

The situation of a *Pfarrköchin* (minister's cook) appears to rank in Bavaria above ordinary menial service. She is generally the only domestic of the Priest, and in a country where, among those who are not noble, there is comparatively little inequality of rank or fortune, she is often his principal companion. Magdalena, the elder daughter, had filled this place in Riembauer's household, and on her death he earnestly endeavoured to persuade Catherine, the younger daughter, now about thirteen, to supply her place. She refused, left the parsonage, and lived as a servant, first with his brother, and afterwards in several other places. All those with whom she lived were struck with the contrast of her general cheerfulness and her occasional anxiety and gloom. As she grew older, her periods of disturbance became more frequent and more terrible. She could not bear to be alone. She spoke sometimes about a female whose recollection haunted her, and whose figure pursued her wherever she went. She could not sleep by herself; frightful appearances visited her if she attempted it. At length she confessed to one of her fellow-servants that she was oppressed by a dreadful secret, and was advised by her to consult her Priest. She followed this advice, and revealed to her spiritual director that, some years before, Riembauer had murdered a woman. That the only witnesses were herself, her mother, and her sister, and that since their death Riembauer and herself had become the sole depositories of the secret. The Priest consulted several of his brethren, and, by their advice, directed her to be silent, and to leave Riembauer to the punishment of God. But silence was too painful, and she had recourse to another Priest, to whom she repeated her story, and to whom she told also that Riembauer had appropriated the whole fortune of her family. His advice was also to say nothing. But he endeavoured to obtain restitution of the fortune, by sending to Riembauer an anonymous letter in Latin. The letter produced no result, but must have seriously alarmed Riembauer, since he was able, many years afterwards, to repeat its contents. We copy it from his confession:—

‘Habeo casum mihi propositum quem tantummodo tu solvere potes. Vir quidam, quem tu bene nosis, debet alicui personæ 3000 florenorum circiter. Si conscientia tua vigilat, solve hoc debitum. Nisi intra quatuor hebdomadas respondeas, horrenda patefaciet ista personâ. Hannibal ante portas.’

Catherine's intellect was too clear to be clouded by the sophistry or the *esprit de corps* which must have seduced her spiritual

teachers. In 1813, when she was seventeen years old, she laid her statement before the tribunal of Landshut; but, as the Bavarian law did not allow her to be sworn until she was eighteen, no proceedings seem to have followed during that year. In 1814, having attained the age to which that law ascribes veracity, she repeated it on oath, and a regular judicial inquiry was founded on it. From the minuteness with which the details are related, and from the scenic effect given to many of the occurrences, we have no doubt that the *untersuchungs richter* was Feuerbach himself.

The following are the material parts of Catherine's deposition:—

‘In June 1807, when Priest Riembauer and my sister were in Munich, the one to pass an examination, the other to learn cooking, a woman, about twenty-two years old, of large powerful make, and exceedingly handsome, came to our house, and enquired for the priest, whom she called her cousin. Finding him absent, she went into his room, behaved there as if she had been mistress of it, and looked through all the drawers in search of money. She spent the night with us, and left a sealed letter directed to him. When I mentioned the circumstance to him on his return, he said that she was his cousin, and that he owed her money. A few months after, on the evening of the 1st of November 1807, (the day was ascertained as being that of the great Catholic Feast of All Souls,) the priest and my sister were in the house, and my mother and I were returning from field work. As we approached we heard a noise in the upper room inhabited by the priest, and scarcely knew whether it were laughing or crying, but it sounded more like crying. At the door we met my sister running down the stairs, and she told us that a strange woman had come to visit the priest, that they had gone into his room, that she had looked through the keyhole, and had seen him come behind the woman as she was seated, and draw her head backwards and attempt to cut her throat. While my sister on the steps was telling us this, the crying continued, and we heard the priest say, “My girl, repent your sins, for you must die,” and we heard another voice say, “Frank, do not do it, leave me my life, I’ll never come to you again for money.” My mother and sister ran into our room below. I ran up-stairs, and saw through the keyhole a woman lying on the ground bleeding and convulsed, and Riembauer sitting or kneeling by her, and pressing her throat with both his hands. I ran down into our room, and told my mother and sister what I had seen; and while they were doubting whether they should call in the neighbours, the priest came down-stairs to us, his apron covered with blood, with a razor also bloody in his hand. He told us that this woman had borne him a child, that she had asked him for between one or two hundred florins, and threatened him, if he refused it, to denounce him to his ecclesiastical superiors, and that, as he could not furnish the money, he had killed her. I ran into his room, and found the woman, whom I recognised as our visitor in the summer,

lying in her blood, her throat cut through and lifeless. My mother protested that she would tell all, and when the priest fell on his knees before her, said that her silence would do no good, since the neighbours must have seen the stranger and heard the noise. He now threatened to destroy himself, took a cord from the stable and ran into the wood. My mother and sister followed him, and believing that he really would hang himself, and that his suicide would only make the misfortune greater, they at length promised concealment. He proposed to bury the body in a small room adjoining an outhouse which he had lately built; and accordingly, between twelve and one at night, dug the grave there, dragged the body down-stairs, threw it, clothed as it was, into the grave, and covered it with earth. One shoe fell off by the way, and I saw our house-dog tearing it the next morning. Riembauer did not begin to wash out the blood in his room until the next day, and then it had sunk in too deep to yield to water. I borrowed a plane, therefore, from the next cottage, and he endeavoured to plane out the stains. To the neighbours who asked what had occasioned so much noise and crying in our house all night, we answered, by Riembauer's order, that we had been lamenting our father's death, and some loss of property which had followed it.'

She went on to say, that after this event Riembauer did not live happily with her mother and sister, that her sister had often threatened to leave him, that he was in constant fear of their betraying him, and that finally he had destroyed their evidence by poisoning them. Her grounds for this belief were the suddenness of their deaths, his having suffered no priest or medical man to approach them, and her sister's death having immediately followed her taking a draught from his hand. She was sure, too, that he had intended to destroy herself. Her sister told her that Riembauer had said that he would give three or four hundred florins to get rid of Catherine, for she was getting cleverer every day, and in time there would be no buying her silence. He had promised her an enormous sum if she would stay with him; and when she told him, at her departure, that she had forgotten nothing, he had replied, 'You will not get the best of it if you betray me. Your mother and sister are dead, and I shall say that it was they who murdered the woman.'

Such a charge, brought by a mere girl against a man of Riembauer's respectable station and high character, obtained at first little belief. It was supposed to be the strange and frightful product of a diseased imagination. This accounts for the absence of any judicial inquiries during the long period between the first and second information. The accuser, however, showed so much calmness and intelligence; the story, with all its strangeness, was so clear, consistent, and detailed, that when, after the interval of a year, it was repeated, the court could not refuse to act on it. And as Lauterbach is at a considerable distance

from Priel, the first steps could be taken without exciting the alarm, or affecting the reputation of the accused. The outhouse was found, the small room by its side, and in that room, very little below the surface, a female skeleton complete, except that the bones of the hands were wanting. All the teeth were perfect, and remarkably beautiful. No clothes, except a single shoe, are mentioned. Stains were found in Riembauer's room, which, as soon as they were moistened, showed themselves to be blood; and in many parts of the floor there were marks of a plane, which had been applied by an unskilful hand, and had pared away the planks unevenly.

Riembauer was now arrested, and taken to Landsbut. On his first examination, he admitted his knowledge of the skeleton, and gave his own version of the murder and the burial. The bones, he said, were those of Anna Eichstaedter, a person whom he had known when he was curate of Hirnheim, who had deposited with him fifty florins, her savings, and whom he had promised to take as his cook when he should obtain a benefice. From the time that he left Hirnheim, until her death, he had never seen her, though he had corresponded with her about her money; and had understood that when he was in Munich, in the summer of 1807, she had visited Thomashof, and had grieved the Frauenknecht family by telling them that he had promised to make her his cook.

‘One evening,’ said Riembauer, ‘in the beginning of November 1807, I returned from a funeral, and went straight to my room. The door was open, and a figure was lying on the floor. I called out, received no answer, felt it, and, to my horror, found it to be a dead body. I ran below to the sitting-room, where the mother Frauenknecht and her daughter Magdalena were clinging to one another, and shaking like aspen leaves. They seized me by the hands, and half-crying, half-screaming, implored me not to betray them. Their story was, that the person who had visited Thomashof the preceding June, (and whom I knew to be Anna Eichstaedter,) had returned; had told them that she was to be my cook, and that they would have to remove; that this had produced a quarrel, in the heat of which Magdalena had seized one of my razors and cut the woman's throat. I told them that I must leave Thomashof; but they entreated me to stay with them, and promised to allow me any reduction which I might wish from the purchase-money, which I had not yet paid to them. I was persuaded to stay, and moved my bed down to the ground floor. The next morning I went out early, and when I returned in the evening, the body was still in my room. The mother and daughter said that they thought of burying it in the little room next the outhouse. I said that they might do as they liked, I would not interfere. They buried it that night. As the misfortune was remediless, and it might be hoped that, if they were allowed to live,

they might atone for it by repentance, I thought it my duty, as charged with their salvation, to conceal the whole matter.'

We have seen that, until a late stage of the enquiry, a German prisoner knows nothing of the depositions against him. Riembauer, therefore, could not tell what had been Catherine's evidence. But Feuerbach remarks, that if he had heard every word of it, his own statement could not have been more skilfully framed. Ordinary criminals, when they are first examined, deny every thing. Intelligent ones endeavour to assume the frankness of innocence. In order to give credibility to their denials and explanations, they admit what they know must have been proved, so far, at least, as such admission does not amount to pleading guilty to the whole charge. There can be no doubt, indeed, that his story was ready prepared. For six years the chance of detection had been before him. He must have decided what he should do, and what he should say, in every contingency. And his decision had been, not to pretend any thing so improbable as ignorance of the whole matter, but to admit both the fact of the murder, and that the widow, her daughter, and he himself, were privy to it. The catastrophe and the *dramatis personæ* remained unaltered; all that he did was to transpose the characters. He converted Magdalena from a witness into a perpetrator, and himself from a perpetrator into a witness. He endeavoured also, but apparently without success, to suborn some of his friends to swear that Magdalena had confessed to them that she was the murderer. Most of his letters were intercepted. One of them is given by Feuerbach. It is addressed to a priest, and implores him to give the requisite testimony in consideration of their mutual affection, of the grief with which his conviction would fill his friends, of the reproach which it would throw on the clergy, and of the scandal which it would be to the believers among the laity.

The inquiry was now directed towards Anna Eichstaedter. It was soon proved that there had been such a person—that she had been remarkable for her tall powerful figure, and handsome features, and particularly for the beauty of her teeth; that she had lived as cook in the parsonage of Hirnheim in 1803, when Riembauer was curate there; and that she had borne him a daughter, who was still living. Riembauer, it appeared, supported the child, and had contributed to the support of the mother until the beginning of 1807, when the purchase of Thomashof, and his buildings and improvements there, embarrassed him. This occasioned her visit to Lauterbach in June. In consequence of the letter which she left for him, Riembauer soon afterwards went to Ratisbon, gave her some money and

promised more, but strictly enjoined her not to come near him at Lauterbach. He was unable, however, to keep his promise, and she engaged herself to a priest residing at P——, about fifteen or sixteen miles from Lauterbach; but requested leave, before finally entering his service, to visit her friends. In the afternoon of the 1st of November 1807, she left her new master's house, taking with her an umbrella with the priest's initials, P. D., engraved on the handle. From that time she had never been heard of. Until the discovery of her remains, it had been supposed that she had been drowned in one of the torrents which cross that mountainous country, and her body swept into the Danube; or that she had been destroyed by a notorious brigand, who at that time infested the neighbourhood of Ratisbon, and was executed the next year. A few days after her disappearance, the priest of P——, suspecting her to be at Thomashof, wrote to Riembauer, and begged him to tell her that, if she had changed her mind as to entering his service, he wished to have his umbrella returned to him. Riembauer's answer was, that he knew nothing about her or the umbrella. It was found, however, in his possession, still marked with the initials of its original owner. It was further ascertained that Riembauer had lived a very dissolute life, and that his profligacy, and the necessity of concealing it, had led him into expenses far exceeding his lawful means, and supplied therefore by fraud and extortion. One of Catherine's accusations, that he had been the active cause of the deaths of her mother and sister, was not substantiated. It was proved, indeed, that during their illness Riembauer had kept them secluded, and had allowed no priest or professional man to approach them, but when their bodies were disinterred no decisive traces of poison were found. The better opinion seemed to be, that they had caught from an Austrian soldier, whom they had received and nursed in the parsonage, the military fever then raging in Bavaria, and had died naturally, though perhaps for want of attention and medical treatment.

In England the matter would now have been ripe for decision. That on the 1st of November 1807, Anna Eichstaedter was murdered at Thomashof would have been considered as proved. All that a jury would have had to decide was, whether they believed the statement of Catherine or that of Riembauer. There was no physical improbability in Catherine's story. Anna Eichstaedter was indeed a vigorous woman, but Riembauer was a powerful man, and probably exceeded her in strength as much as she exceeded the generality of women. It was, without doubt, morally improbable that a man of reputation for piety should have been guilty of a frightful crime; but against this were to

be set far greater opposing improbabilities. In the first place, there was a physical difficulty in Riembauer's narrative. Magdalena was small and weak ; it seemed impossible that she could have overpowered a tall strong woman. Then her mildness and softness of disposition were as remarkable as Riembauer's sanctity. In her case, too, there was almost an absence of motive. She could have had no hatred of Anna Eichstaedter, for she had never seen her before, and she could not have hoped to retain her place in Riembauer's household by committing a murder almost in his presence. On the other hand, Eichstaedter's death relieved Riembauer from an enemy who threatened to ruin his reputation, stop his advancement, and perhaps destroy his means of existence. The subsequent conduct of the parties, too, is consistent only with the theory of Riembauer's guilt. At first sight indeed it seems strange, on that supposition, that the widow and her daughter should have continued to live with him. But they had venerated him up to that time ; he had subjected their minds by the ascendancy of his station, talents, and knowledge ; he was their spiritual director, and he had made himself master of their property. On the other hand, if he were innocent—that he, a man, as he represented himself, of scrupulous piety, should have shielded a murderess and her accomplice, should have allowed them to bury in his own outhouse the body of his murdered friend, and should have retained them till their deaths as his sole domestic associates, is inconceivable.

He would probably have been tried at the first assizes after Catherine's information was laid ; the proceedings could scarcely have outlasted one day ; and unless there were some technical flaw, unless the copyist perhaps left out in the indictment the words 'then and there,' or wrote Eichstaedter's name Hannab, instead of Anna, or Mary instead of Maria, the judge would have summed up unfavourably, and the jury would have convicted him without leaving the box.

Such a decision, obtained by balancing conflicting improbabilities, however deeply the preponderating scale may incline, does not satisfy a German jurist. In the first place, the proof of the *that-bestand*, the physical fact of the murder, was imperfect. The wound, which had caused death by dividing the arteries of the neck, had reached no bone. The skeleton, therefore—and, after six years, only a skeleton remained—showed no injury, and the *that-bestand*, as we have seen, ought to be proved by inspection. And secondly, Catherine was only a single witness, and her evidence, therefore, only a half proof. The *untersuchungs richter*, therefore, who had no more doubt as to Riembauer's guilt than an English juryman would have had,

directed his whole energy, and his whole skill, to the leading or drawing him to a full confession. But he had to deal with a man as determined, and perhaps as sagacious as himself, who had long meditated his defence, and was resolved that neither fatigue, nor shame, nor despondency, nor even the horrors of an indefinite imprisonment, should force him to assist in his own condemnation. For four years the contest continued. Riembauer endured ninety-nine formal examinations; besides confrontations with separate witnesses which Feuerbach calls innumerable. The depositions filled forty-two folio volumes. Still little progress was made. The accused generally acted the part of a persecuted Christian, who hears with patience the falsehoods and the misrepresentations by which he is assailed. If he sometimes broke into the sudden anger of a calumniated man, he instantly apologized, and relapsed into the mild tone and half smile which marked his usual demeanour. Sometimes, indeed, in a confrontation, he assumed the dignity of a preacher, and rebuked the witnesses for their perjury; sometimes he burst into laughter at the absurdity of their inventions; and sometimes he wept over his own oppressed and defenceless state—a prey to all his own enemies and to all those of the church, inspired and directed by Satan himself; and sometimes he had recourse to the most vehement asseverations. ‘If he stood on the scaffold,’ he said, ‘with a thousand devils before him, he could only repeat with his last breath his former story. His heart,’ he assured the judge, ‘was as spotless as snow. He only wished that his bosom were transparent. How was it possible that a priest could commit murder, and continue his priestly functions, knowing, as he must know, that the murder made him *ipso facto* irregular and excommunicated, and guilty of a fresh and mortal sin whenever he administered the sacraments? Was it conceivable that any man in his senses would touch the divine elements with hands stained with innocent blood, and incur the probability of temporal punishment and the certainty of eternal damnation?’

Feuerbach has given us, at some length, part of one of these examinations. It began at four in the afternoon of the 1st of November, the anniversary of the murder. From that time until midnight, the judge strove to convince his understanding, by showing the separate and the cumulative force of the evidence against him, and to rouse his conscience, by urging the wickedness as well as the folly of persisting in falsehood. For eight consecutive hours he remained apparently unaffected. At length the judge suddenly raised a cloth, under which lay a human skull. ‘This,’ he said, ‘is the skull of Anna Eichstaedter, still remarkable by these rows of beautiful teeth.’ Riembauer

sprang up from his chair, looked wildly at the judge, but immediately resumed his composure and his fixed smile, placed himself so as to avoid looking at the skull in front, and answered, 'My conscience is at ease. This day eight years, as I returned from Pirkwang, I found that skull, and the body of which it formed a part, lying dead in my room. If it could speak, it would say, Riembauer was my friend, not my murderer. You see that I breathe freely in its presence. I am not a criminal, but a victim.' When the whole of that long day's examination had been read over and signed by him, the judge again led him in front of the skull, and again exhorted him to repent and confess. He was not unaffected, but soon resumed his tranquillity and his smile, and exclaimed, addressing the skull, 'Oh! if you could speak, you would prove my veracity.'

At length, on the 26th of October 1816, the inquiry was terminated, and the papers were sent to Munich for the decision of the superior court; the court which inquires, and that which decides, being, as we have seen, always distinct. On the 1st of October 1817, (the date is material, as showing the pace at which justice moves in Germany,) the matter came on for discussion by the superior court. How long that discussion would have lasted, or what would have been the decision, we do not know; for on the eighth day it was interrupted by a communication from the court at Landshut. On the 13th of October, the prisoner had asked for an audience, and had declared that he had prayed to the Holy Ghost to assist his memory, and was now convinced that the story in which he had persisted for four years was incorrect; and that in fact it was the widow Frauenknecht, not the daughter, who had committed the murder. It was obvious that his resolution was giving way; his appetite had begun to fail, and on the 26th he asked for another audience, on the ground that he feared his mind was becoming disturbed, and hoped that a frank confession might give him ease. In that audience he threw himself on his knees before the judge, implored that his trial might be brought to an end, said that he was tired of life, and driven almost wild by spectral appearances. Visions of those whom he had known, and of others whom he had not known, appeared in his cell, and for three nights following, immediately after the Ave Maria, he had heard a dull awful sound, resembling that of a muffled drum. But he still could not bring himself to confess. When the judge remarked, that the length of the inquiry, and the consequent injury to his mind and body, were his own fault, he answered, that his misery arose not, as the judge seemed to hint, from consciousness of unrevealed guilt, but from sleepless nights—and that he had already told all that

he knew, and all that he believed. But there was something in his manner that induced the judge to return to the attack. He again went over all the improbabilities, the inconsistencies, and the detected falsehoods of the prisoner's story—again reproached him with the folly, the wickedness, and the degradation of persisting in untruth, and again urged him to relieve his conscience by a full confession. Feuerbach was a man of great powers, both of reasoning and persuasion, and Riembauer, broken down, both physically and mentally, now gave up the contest. 'Yes,' he said, 'Mr Commissioner, you are right. My health is sinking every day, and I feel that the best thing that I can now do is to admit my guilt. But while I take this decided step, let me implore the royal protection for my innocent children. And now you may take down my confession. Catherine's evidence is essentially true. It was I who deprived Anna Eichstaedter of life.'

The confession lasted through thirteen audiences. The material facts of that portion which Feuerbach has reported, are as follows :—

'The letters that I received from Anna Eichstaedter filled me with terror. Unless I would provide for the child, and receive her into my house, she threatened to denounce me to my ecclesiastical superiors. The result of my visit to her at Ratisbon increased my alarm. I explained to her my pecuniary embarrassments, and the impossibility of my receiving her, but she would listen to no excuses, and could be convinced by no arguments. My honour, my position, my powers of being useful, all that I valued in the world was at stake. I often reflected on the principle laid down by my old tutor, Father Benedict Sattler, in his *Ethica Christiana*, * a principle which he often explained to his young clerical pupils—"That it is lawful to deprive another of life, if that be the only means of preserving one's own honour and reputation. For honour is more valuable than life; and if it be lawful to protect one's life by destroying an assailant, it must obviously be lawful to use similar means to protect one's honour." My case appeared to me to fall precisely within this principle. I thought if this wicked woman should pursue me to Lauterbach, and do what she threatens, my honour is lost. I shall be disgraced throughout the diocese, the consistory will remove me, and my property will perish for want of my superintendence. Father Sattler's principle became, therefore, my *dictamen practicum*; but though, from the time of my return from Ratisbon until the perpetration of the

* We have not seen this work. Feuerbach describes it as consisting of six large volumes, containing almost a caricature of the sort of morals and casuistry usually called Jesuitical. He adds that it is a favourite text-book in many places of ecclesiastical education in the south of Germany.

act, it was never out of my thoughts, I had not arranged any plan for carrying it into execution.

‘The day of payment of the allowance for the child arrived and passed, and I could not send it. I had it not, and was unable to borrow it; and I lived in constant terror of Eichstaedter’s appearance. At length, on the evening of All Soul’s Day, as I was returning to my house with Magdalena, I saw a woman enter before us, whom I recognised as Eichstaedter. I overtook her in the passage, and took her up-stairs. Sattler’s precept rushed on my mind; I was tempted to throw her down from the landing-place. And even now I cannot tell what prevented me. Perhaps it occurred to me that she might not be killed by the fall, and then matters would be worse than before. When we got into my room she renewed her demand, that the child’s maintenance should be paid, and that I should take her into my house; and I showed to her again and again, that neither the one nor the other was possible. Finding her deaf to all reasoning, I left her on some pretext, went down-stairs, and armed myself with a knife and a razor. In doing this, I scarcely think that I was a free agent. Perplexity for the present, and terror for the future—horror at the necessity of acting on Sattler’s principle, and inability to find any other means of extrication—so confused me, that I hardly knew what I was about. When I came back, she began again to storm and to threaten; and I came behind her as she was sitting, and tried to stab her in the throat with the knife. It was too blunt, and I let it fall and attempted to strangle her. It was then that I told her to repent, for that she must die, and that she prayed so earnestly for her life. I failed again, and then took the razor from my pocket, and made a deep cut in her neck. I immediately saw that this wound was mortal. She remained standing for an instant or two, and I said, “Anna, I beg forgiveness from God and from you. You would have it so. Pray to God to forgive your sins, and I will give you absolution.” And I gave her absolution—this being a *casus necessitatis*. She was now beginning to fall, and I supported her under the arms, and laid her down softly on the floor. I knelt by her side, and gave her spiritual consolation until her breath was flown. Two days after, I buried her; and as the hands had stiffened in an attitude of entreaty, they rose above the grave, and I was forced to remove them.* I have nothing more to relate about this melancholy event, except that I have frequently applied† masses to her soul, and that her death has always been a source of grief to me, though the motives which led me to effect it were praiseworthy. These motives—my only motives—were to save the credit of my honourable profession, and to prevent the many evils and crimes which a scandalous exposure must have occasioned. Had I not stood so high with my people, I would have submitted to that exposure. But if

• This accounts for the bones of the hands having been the only parts of the skeleton deficient.

† The use of the technical word ‘*applicirt*,’ ‘applied,’ is remarkable.

the faults of a priest, revered as I was, had been revealed, many men would have thought that my example justified their sins—others would have lost confidence in their clergy—and some, perhaps, might have thought religion a fable. As these calamities could be prevented only by the getting rid of Anna Eichstaedter, I was forced to get rid of her. The end was good—her death was the only means. Therefore I cannot believe that it was a crime. The same motive induced me to endure, year after year, the misery of a dungeon. As soon as I had reason to believe it to be the will of God that I should myself reveal what I had done, I made a full confession.’

So corrupt, indeed, was Riembauer’s moral sense, that he believed even his hypocrisy to have been a virtue. ‘My failings,’ he said on another occasion, ‘so far as they were failings, were the incidents of my position. They were the failings of celibacy, (*caelibatssuenden*.) They never disturbed my conscience; for I could defend them, both by reasoning and by examples taken from ecclesiastical history, and I think that I deserve credit for having so managed my conduct as to give no public offence.’

On the 1st of August 1818, more than five years after the trial began, and about eight months after it might have been supposed to have terminated by Riembauer’s confession, judgment was pronounced. He was declared guilty of murder, and sentenced to indefinite imprisonment in a fortress.

As the regular punishment of murder is death, it was necessary that grounds should be assigned by the court for this mitigation. These grounds were, that the *that bestand*, the fact that a murder had been committed, was not sufficiently proved, the skeleton showing no marks of mortal injury. And that this defect was not supplied by the prisoner’s confession, as that confession was not supported, as the Code requires, ‘by other well-established facts, showing the accused to be a man from whom the crime imputed to him may be expected.’*

Feuerbach admits, that if Riembauer’s confession were rejected, the fact that a murder was committed (the *that-bestand*) was insufficiently proved. It is true that Anna Eichstaedter was never seen alive, except by the inhabitants of Thomashof, after she left P——, on All Soul’s Day, 1807—that the umbrella of the priest of P——, marked with his initials, which he had lent to her that afternoon, was found in Riembauer’s possession—that just below the floor of the outhouse, which had then been in

* *May be*, not *might have been*. *Kann*, not *könnte*. The difference is material.

Riembauer's occupation, was found a skeleton which was recognised as hers—that the floor of Riembauer's room was still stained with blood, and still retained the marks of the plane which had been used for the purpose of effacing it—that her death rescued Riembauer from exposure, disgrace, and ruin; and lastly, that he was privy to it, and had concealed it at a frightful risk. These facts, certainly, did not exclude the physical possibility that she might have died naturally; but they rendered it so improbable, that no one can doubt that they would have been sufficient to produce his conviction from an English jury, or indeed from any tribunal not fettered by irrational rules of evidence. Then came Catherine's testimony, who, though she did not see the wound inflicted, heard Riembauer's threats, heard the cries of his victim, and saw him come from the place where the death had occurred; his clothes, and the razor which he held, covered with blood.

Feuerbach, however, admits that all this amounted only to a half proof, or *semiplena probatio*; but he strongly censures the court for not having considered every defect supplied by Riembauer's confession. He first objects to the law which refuses credibility to a confession, unless the crime confessed agree with the previous conduct of the accused. 'How often,' he says, 'are men proved to have committed acts inconsistent with their previous character? How often does a judge, while he convicts, say to himself, "who could have expected such a crime from such a man?" And is a man who confesses his crime to escape its appropriate punishment, because, up to the time of committing it, he had sufficient hypocrisy to conceal his real disposition, or the good fortune not to meet with an adequate temptation?' He goes on to object to the application of the rule to the case before him. The rule, he says, is expressed in the present, not in the past tense. The confession is to be rejected, unless the crime confessed *may be*, not *might have been*, expected from the prisoner. Riembauer certainly was not a man from whom, *when he was first arrested*, the conduct which he confessed would have been expected. His real disposition and his real opinions were then unknown. He betrayed, or, to speak more correctly, he displayed them during the progress of the inquiry. He acknowledged principles of action, of which the crime which he confessed was a consequence almost inevitable, as soon as the appropriate temptation occurred. And so utter was his moral depravity, that neither experience nor the reflection of nearly five years of solitary imprisonment seems to have led him to doubt the soundness of his system; or, in the Christian sense of the word, to repent (*μετανοειν*) that he had obeyed it. 'Such a man,'

says Feuerbach, and we agree with him, 'is a man from whom a crime like that confessed by Rimbauer *may be expected.*'

An English reader, however, is far more revolted by the conclusion drawn from the premises, than by any error in the premises themselves. That the same sentence should declare a man guilty, and mitigate his sentence on account of the insufficiency of the proof, appears to us a contradiction. We admit no gradation of proof. If there be any rational doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, he is to be acquitted. But when once the verdict has been pronounced, the question of proof has been disposed of; it is assumed to have been perfect, and consequently it would be a contradiction in terms if its quality were to affect the sentence. The Bavarian law, as we have seen, proportions the punishment, not only to the nature of the crime, but to the nature of the evidence. And so many are the requisites to perfect proof, that unless there remain, up to the time of the trial, traces of the crime, not merely visible but indubitable—unless it were committed in the presence of more than one witness—unless it be confessed by the accused—and unless he be a man of previously bad character, he generally escapes the punishment awarded to his offence by the law. He does not, indeed, escape altogether. It seems scarcely possible that a man really guilty can elude the dogged perseverance of an *untersuchungs richter*—unconfined as to the duration of his inquiry—restrained in its progress by no technicalities—allowed to collect evidence from hearsay and from accomplices, and to extort it by the moral torture of unremitting cross-examination, and the torture, both physical and moral, of solitary imprisonment. The German public escapes the evils which frequently arise in England, from the acquittal of a man whose guilt is undoubted; but, on the other hand, it often witnesses the inconsistency of a conviction on the ground that the crime has been proved, and a mitigation of punishment on the ground that the proof has been defective.

Rimbauer's crimes appear to have arisen from the predominance of his will and of his intellect. He had a strong wish for all the objects of human desire—for power, for fame, for wealth, and for pleasure. The energy of his will enabled him to attain these objects in a degree which is very remarkable, when we recollect, first, that he started in the race at the utmost disadvantage; and secondly, that, in the course which he was forced to take, the objects themselves were almost incompatible. At the age of thirteen, without education, or friends, or money, the son of a day-labourer—a person who, in Germany, ranks between an ordinary peasant and a beggar, but approaches nearest to the latter—he conceived, and in a great measure

executed, a plan which would have raised him to the highest ecclesiastical dignities. He obtained the first elementary instruction by imploring it, to use Feuerbach's expression, on his knees. The rapid progress which, beginning so late, he made in a single year, procured him admission to the public college of Ratisbon. Feuerbach tells us, that he was there an *unverbeserlicher student*—a student who in every respect, in conduct, in diligence, and in intelligence, answered the utmost wishes of his instructors. A praise scarcely ever merited even by those who have enjoyed almost every advantage, was obtained by one who had to encounter almost every obstacle. If the Church of Rome had not prescribed celibacy to her priests, he would probably have been, to all outward appearance, one of her ornaments. But when he found the discipline of his Church opposed to his passions, the vehemence of his will impelled him to endeavour to elude restraints to which an humbler mind would have submitted. He engaged in the most fatal of attempts, the attempt to deceive his conscience; and his ingenuity and his casuistical knowledge and experience enabled him to succeed in that unhappy contest. He persuaded himself that what the rest of the world calls profligacy, was necessarily incidental to his priestly profession. His relations with his different mistresses he considered as temporary marriages; and he satisfied their scruples and his own by solemnizing them with the rites of his church. Catherine saw him go through this ceremony with her sister Magdalena. His numerous illegitimate children he appears to have provided for to the utmost extent of his means. The event, indeed, showed that only on this condition could he escape exposure; but while he could do this their birth did not disturb him. 'I considered,' he said, 'the matter often and deeply. I thought on the remark of Saint Clement of Alexandria, that man is never so obviously the image of God as when he assists God in the creation of a human being. To do so cannot be against the will of God, since thereby the number of the elect may be increased; nor against the will of the Church, since it adds one to the number of her communion; nor against that of the State, which gains a citizen and a subject. My conscience, therefore, gave me no uneasiness.'

We readily believe that it gave none. He was able to extract from what has been called the oracle within the breast, whatever responses he wished for. And this is the most instructive part of his story. He is the most remarkable instance that we know of the power and the danger of self-deception. Other men have committed crimes as atrocious and as premeditated as those of Riembauer, and with as little remorse; but their conscience has

been made torpid by ignorance and brutal unreflection, or has been seduced by example, or has been perverted by the flattery and apparent sympathy of those around them. The great mass of uneducated criminals belong to the first or the second class; tyrants, whether royal or revolutionary, to the third. Riembauer had not the sluggish disposition which does not hear the remonstrances of conscience, nor the carelessness which does not heed them. The nature of his actions and their consequences, not only in this world but in the next, seem to have been among his habitual subjects of meditation. He was not the victim of example or of sympathy. He knew that the moral code which, with the help of the modern casuists and the ancient fathers, he had constructed for himself, would not be accepted by the society in which he lived. His worst crimes, indeed, arose from his belief that if his general conduct were known he would be despised and degraded. He had no external aid in his contest with conscience; yet so complete was his victory that he forced her to admit the most glaring sophistry, and to sanction the foulest crimes—profligacy, robbery, perjury, and murder. We are inclined to believe, indeed, that if a man sets seriously to work to argue with his conscience, there is scarcely any error into which he cannot seduce her. Under no circumstances does she appear to be an infallible adviser; but when she opposes, she is generally a safe one. She frequently is mistaken when she actively approves, still more frequently when she barely acquiesces; but when she yields after a struggle she is almost always wrong.

It may be interesting to compare Riembauer's crime with one of perhaps still greater atrocity, perpetrated by persons who in almost every respect—in talents, in knowledge, in disposition, and in habits—were not merely dissimilar to him, but almost opposite. For this purpose, we shall avail ourselves of Feuerbach's history of the Schwartz-muhle family.

The scene of the remarkable events which we shall relate, was a valley in the Fichtel Gebirge, the mountainous plateau separating Franconia and part of Lusatia from Bohemia. Several causes have contributed to render the Fichtel Gebirge one of the rudest parts of Germany. The climate is uncertain, but generally severe; the inhabitants, when we visited their country, described to us their year as consisting of nine months winter and three months bad weather. Sharp frosts are frequent even in the latter end of June. Although there are fertile strips in many of the valleys and by the sides of many of the streams, the greater part of the soil is unproductive, either intrinsically, or from its height or steep inclina-

tion. Even now, when all Germany is bent on improving its communications, the roads are few and bad. At an earlier period they must have been almost impassable, except in hard frost, or after long dry weather. Under such circumstances, the population is thin, and more pastoral than agricultural; and they have frequently engaged in other pursuits which have not improved their character. The difficulty of the country, and its central position, filled it for some centuries with robber knights, who converted the granite peaks of the hills into almost inaccessible fortresses, and had at their mercy a great part of the transit between the north and south, and the east and west of Germany. The annals of the neighbouring towns, Eger, Wunsiedel, Hof, and Baiereuth, are filled with narratives of contests with the freebooters, and of the expeditions by which they were all ultimately extirpated. A small wood among the roots of the Schneeberg, through which the road from Nuremberg to Eger winds, between the castles of Rudolphstein and Waldstein, became so dangerous as to receive the name of Hell (*Holle*;) a name which it still retains, though the robber castles were destroyed—the one by an expedition from Nuremberg, the other by the burghers of Eger, two centuries ago.

Then followed the search for mineral wealth. The mountains are generally metalliferous, and are supposed to have been the first scenes of mining operations in Germany—operations which continued for many centuries. The *detritus* of the streams, which of course are very numerous, afforded tin in considerable abundance, and was supposed to yield precious stones; and in many of the rivers, a mussel is still found which contains an inferior pearl. The tin washings, however, have shared the usual fate of metallic washings, and have become exhausted—the mines have been ruined by the rivalry of richer districts, or by the admission of water during the wars of which a frontier country is often the seat; and the pearls are no longer worth the expense of obtaining them.

Another industry, however, arose during the last century, and still continues to prosper—that of the smuggler. Half a dozen different states had their frontiers and their custom-houses among the roots of the Fichtel Gebirge; and although exchanges of territory, the absorption of the smaller sovereigns, and, above all, the union of Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, in the Zollverein, have legalized trade between the north and the south, the blind prohibitory system with which Austria was cursed by Joseph, and from which she is scarcely beginning to extricate herself, renders Bohemia an attractive market for contraband Saxon, and even French and English manufactures. The Austrian government is too poor to watch adequately her

enormous frontiers. We have ourselves entered by the Fichtel Gebirge without showing a passport, or meeting a custom-house officer, and in a carriage which (without our knowing it) was almost filled with prohibited goods. And there are some Bohemian products, particularly glass and porcelain, which supply the smuggler with a return cargo.

When we add that there are few towns, and no resident gentry, and that the clergy are raised but little by birth, or knowledge, or habits, above their flocks, the existence of an ignorant and superstitious population may be inferred.

Brownies are still found who do the housemaid's work. Dwarfs inhabit the clefts of the rock until they are driven away by the noise of the forges, and the profane language of the work-people. Kobbolds, and other malicious spirits, dwell among the ruined forts and heathen places of sacrifice,—mislead the traveller, destroy the cattle, and foretell misfortune by voices and screams in the night. Sometimes they flutter above the fields in the shape of ravens or of owls, and shed an evil influence on the crops over which they hover. An exorcist, therefore, (*geisterbanner*;) is to be found in almost every district, and at certain periods the whole population turns out against their unseen enemies. On St John's eve fires are lighted round every village, and the young people jump over them to preserve the flax from frost. On May-day eve they smack whips in the streets to frighten away witches, who, it seems, cannot abide that noise.

The most prevailing superstition regards the existence of hidden wealth, and the means of detecting and possessing it. They believe that the Pagan priests, who made the Fichtel Gebirge their last stronghold, and were not completely extirpated till the twelfth or even the thirteenth century, concealed vast treasures in their mountain fortresses and their Druidic temples. Others were buried by the robber chiefs, when they saw that their own destruction was imminent. Some of these have been discovered; but in general they are protected by spells. Our guide to the Louisenberg showed us, in the Alte Schloss, one of the most remarkable points on that mountain in ruins, the spot under which one of these treasures still lies. It consists of a copper chest three feet square, full of golden florins, above which is a vessel, also of copper, containing a crown covered with diamonds, of which a king was robbed in the heathen times. It is to be won on the Epiphany by a monk dressed in black, dwarfish, and limping, by means of ceremonies which our guide could not or would not reveal. Indeed, the failure of many attempts to perform them leads to the suspicion that the tradition has been lost. The riches, however, still concealed in the virgin recesses of the

mountain, under the custody of the spirits of the earth, far exceed, as might be expected, all that have passed into the dominion of man. From time to time, human eyes have been dazzled by a glimpse of them. On the summit of the Ochsenkopf, immediately opposite to the church-tower of Bischofs-grun, on the other side of the valley, is a *geister-kirche* (a church for the use of supernatural beings,) adorned with unutterable wealth. The entrance is by a fissure in the rock, which begins to expand when the church-bell rings at Bischofs-grun, is wide open when the priest begins to read the gospel of the day, and closes with a crash as soon as he has finished. Several persons now living at Bischofs-grun are believed to have entered it, and to have taken away some of its treasures; but they would scarcely be safe if they were to talk about it. Some years ago, a new-married couple were wandering on their wedding-day over the mountain, and found a cave, from the roof of which pure gold hung in fringes. They gathered as much as they could carry, and at the foot of the mountain examined their spoil; but the instant they began to exult over it, it changed into mere gold-coloured moss.

In this wild region, on the side of the deep rocky glen through which the Sittenbach flows, stands a solitary corn and saw-mill, called the Schwartz-muhle or Black Mill. It was inhabited in 1817 by the Kleinschrot family, consisting of a father, about sixty years old, his wife, five years younger, two sons, Konrad and Frederic, aged twenty-eight and twenty-four, and two daughters, Margaret and Kunigunda, the first twenty-three, and the second eighteen. The only neighbouring building is a cottage within the yard, which was then inhabited by a labourer, Wagner, and his wife and children. With the exception of the father, the Kleinschrot family were eminently popular among their neighbours; they had a high reputation for integrity, industry, and friendliness. They had naturally indeed but little industry, and that little had not been much cultivated; they were therefore very ignorant and superstitious. But such were those around them, and their moral excellence more than made up for their intellectual deficiency.

The father, however, was in every respect a contrast to all the rest of his family. He was a man of considerable talent, and, for that country, well-informed, but almost as bad a man as can be conceived. He was indeed a regular church-goer, and a regular communicant, but these observances seem to have formed the whole of his religion. He had been an unnatural son—had threatened, and almost attempted his father's life, and forced him to protect himself by converting his bedroom into a kind of fortress. At the time of the events to which we proceed, the

door-posts retained the marks of the efforts made by the son to break into it. His wife he had so long and so frightfully ill-treated, as seriously to impair her mind. His children he seems to have hated from their birth. As they grew up, he made them his servants—for his temper was so violent that no one else could be hired to live with him—and rewarded their diligence by curses and blows, and by scarcely affording to them the necessities of life. More than once, when one of his sons, from his ill-treatment, was incapable of leaving his bed, he would not allow him to be fed. No one, he said, should eat who could not work. To complete the picture of a thoroughly selfish domestic tyrant, while he half-starved his family, he was wasting his property, the greater part of which he had derived from his wife, on his own unlawful pleasures. The neighbouring villages were full of his mistresses and of his illegitimate children.

The cruelties and threats of their common enemy, and their own affectionate dispositions, created the closest union between the rest of the family; and from the time that the sons were old enough to afford some protection to one another, and to their mother and sisters, the Schwartz-mühle became the scene of unintermitted domestic war between the father on the one side, and the mother, sons, and daughters, on the other. The latter several times endeavoured to obtain redress from the local authorities; but the answer of the landgericht, or provincial magistrate, always was, ‘Nothing is to be done for you—you have a bad husband and a bad father, and there is no cure for it while he lives.’ But of his death there seemed no chance; and both his profligacy and his ferocity increased as he grew older. He took a low woman into his house, and threatened to make her the mistress of it; he attacked his wife with an axe, wounded her severely, swore that he would kill her, and probably would have done so, if his younger son, Frederic, had not rescued her, at the cost of serious injury to himself. For some nights after that event, both mother and son slept in the stable, as they thought their lives in danger in the house. At length the family rose in open rebellion. They seized the keys, assumed the direction of the mill and farm, and in fact deposed the elder Kleinschrot. It was now his turn to invoke the law, and he did so with success. The court ordered the wife and children to restore to him the control over his own household; and, on his complaining that the order was disobeyed, commissioners were sent to the mill to enforce it. An apparent submission was yielded; but the mutual hatred of each party broke out, even in the presence of the commissioners; and the family expressed a settled determination to obtain redress for the profligacy, extra-

vagance, and cruelty of the father, and protection against his threats and violence.

This occurred in June 1817. In the following October, Barbara Kleinschrot, the mother, stated to the provincial magistrate, that on the 9th of the preceding August her husband had disappeared, taking with him all the money that was in the house. She prayed that he might be publicly summoned, and that orders for his arrest might be sent to all the neighbouring towns. This was done; and, as no result followed, a committee of his estate was appointed. A year passed not only without his appearance, but without any trace of the direction in which he had fled. No one had seen or heard of him since the 9th of August 1817. A rumour now spread that he was dead, and that his own family had been concerned in his death. It owed its origin to some remarkable expressions of Wagner the labourer. He had said to one of his fellow-workmen, 'If you knew what I know, you would be astonished. If I were to tell what I can tell, the mill would be shut up, and all the family in prison. If I want money, they must give it to me. If I want to be the owner of my cottage, they must give it to me.' A formal inquiry was set on foot. Wagner and the mother and sons were examined, but all protested their ignorance. A witness deposed, that during the hay harvest of 1817, Kleinschrot had employed him to accompany him to a neighbouring town, and to carry a bag of money, which, by its weight, must have contained more than 2000 florins. It seemed most probable that he was still alive, wasting in profligacy the property which he had carried off. Several years passed without his reappearing, or any trace being found of his fate. The mill and the estate were managed by the widow and her sons and daughters, whose wealth and high character rendered them the principal persons in their immediate neighbourhood. And but for a concurrence of remarkable accidents, they would probably have been now living, the objects of general esteem and regard.

In the autumn of 1821, the provincial judge of the district—the magistrate before whom all the legal proceedings which have been mentioned took place—was accused of malversation, and suspended. A member of the superior court, whom we believe to have been Feuerbach himself, was sent down to instal the successor, and to superintend the delivery of the records of the office. On the night of his arrival, a fire broke out in the archive-room, which destroyed a great portion of the documents, and was very near consuming the whole. Circumstances pointed out the suspended magistrate as the incendiary, and it was inferred that the archives must contain matter inculcating him. They were,

therefore, accurately examined, and among them were found all the proceedings relative to Kleinschrot and his family. It appeared to the judge that the inquiry as to the circumstances attending Kleinschrot's disappearance had been abruptly discontinued—so abruptly as to lead to a suspicion of bribery; and the four years which had now passed without his being heard of, rendered the story of his flight very improbable. He resolved, therefore, to recommence the investigation, and began by examining, separately, Wagner and his wife, Anna. Wagner's first examination produced no result. He merely repeated his protestations of ignorance. But the wife acknowledged her belief that Kleinschrot had been murdered by his sons, with her own husband's help, and even indicated the spot where the body was to be found. The judge now returned to Wagner, and re-examined him, with the usual success. He confessed that one morning in September 1817, the elder son, Konrad, told him that the whole family—mother, sons, and daughters—had determined, that in self-defence they must that night put to death the elder Kleinschrot, and had asked his assistance, which, after much hesitation, he had promised. That the thing had been done the same night, and the body at first buried in the saw-mill, and then among the rocks. This examination took place on the 6th of December 1821. Wagner and his wife were detained; and the next day, the magistrate, with his attendants, went to the mill, found the whole family assembled at evening prayer, and, as soon as that was finished, put them under arrest, each in a separate room. The mother and sons were examined, but confessed nothing. All they knew was that Kleinschrot had been absent and unheard of for several years.

The next day Wagner was required to point out the spot where the corpse was to be found. He led the party up the precipitous side of the ravine in which the mill is situated, and then along the table-land at the top, until they came to a cleft in the rocks, into which he said that the body had been thrown, and covered with moss and leaves, over which stones had been heaped. Accordingly, after some loose stones had been removed, they found a layer of leaves, earth, and moss. 'Now,' said Wagner, 'we shall soon come to the body.' And immediately below appeared, mixed with some remains of linen, a skull, several ribs and vertebræ, and some thigh and shin bones, which the accompanying surgeon declared to be those of a man, and which Wagner recognised as those of Kleinschrot, not only as having been present when they were thrown there, but from the remarkably fine teeth, which still remained uninjured, in the lower jaw. The bones were now arranged close to the cleft in which they had

been found, and the children were led to them, each separately. Konrad, as soon as he saw them, without waiting for a question, exclaimed—‘That is my father—but I was not the person that did it!’ Frederic, the younger son, looked at them without apparent emotion, and to the question if he knew whose remains they were, answered, ‘I see some bones, but whether they belonged to a brute, or to a man, I cannot tell. I know nothing about the bones of men, or of brutes.’ The younger daughter, Kunigunda, cried out, ‘I know about my father, but nothing about what happened up here. I am innocent, quite innocent.’ All that the eldest daughter, Margaret, said, was—‘I am innocent of the act. I knew nothing about the matter, till I heard my father’s scream—and then it was too late. Since then I have never had an hour of peace. Good God, what will become of us!’

The secret which had been kept for so many years, and, but for the indiscretion of Wagner, and the frankness of his wife, might have lasted for ever, was now revealed. A father of a family had fallen under the hands of an assassin, hired, and probably assisted, by his own wife, his own sons, and his own daughters.

The prisoners seem to have belonged to the class which Feuerbach states to be a very large one,—those who, when they see that detection is probable, give up all hope, and by a full avowal escape the labour of defence, and the anguish of doubt. Their different confessions contain few discrepancies, and those immaterial, and we extract from them the following narrative :

The remark of the magistrate, that they had nothing to hope while Kleinschrot lived, sank deep into the minds of his wife and children. It seemed to justify their desire for his death, and encouraged them in dwelling on it among one another. Among persons whose range of thought was narrow, this one idea became predominant. They ventured even to express it to strangers. About a year before the murder, one of the sons said to a neighbouring forester, that he wished some one would mistake his father for a deer; and the mother added, that a sportsman who had made such a mistake would never have to buy meal during his life. Similar expressions escaped from them in the presence of other persons; but the mother and sons, while they admitted the language, denied that it ever amounted to a serious proposal. They would have been glad if the thing could have been done, but were not prepared to be active in procuring it.

While they were in this state of mind, a tempter was thrown into their way. Wagner, the labourer, entered their service in the beginning of the year 1817. He had been born in the same

village, and was then aged about forty years, of which he had passed nearly twenty-five as a soldier, first in the Bavarian, and afterwards in the Prussian service. Of his military life, nothing more is known, but it was recollected that, as a boy, he had been remarkable for childish cruelty. One of his favourite amusements had been to catch birds, put out their eyes, and turn them free again.

Feuerbach himself, accustomed as he was to all the forms of depravity, seems to have been struck by his utter insensibility. He seems to have been without pity, or shame, or remorse, or even fear. Familiarized, by his long military service, to the infliction of death, and to the endurance of danger, he was as ready to undertake a murder as any other piece of task-work, provided the pay were equal to the risk. The year 1817, in which he entered the service of Kleinschrot, was the dreadful year of famine, which all Germany recollects with horror. Wagner had married a widow with two children, and two more had been born during the marriage; he had, therefore, six persons to support, and, as he was neither a skilful nor a diligent workman, his earnings became inadequate. He and his wife and children sometimes passed a day without food. Their common labours threw him and Konrad, the elder son, constantly together. He heard his bitter complaints of his father, and his wishes for his death. He knew how easily this could be effected, and he foresaw that, if he could make the family his accomplices, he should obtain not merely the nominal price of his services, but an indefinite command over their property. He seems to have begun the work of temptation on the 1st of May. On the evening of that day, as Wagner and Konrad were at work in the mill, Konrad complained that his father had left the house the night before, taking with him all the ready money, and that the family scarcely knew how they should manage till his return. 'It is a pity,' said Wagner, 'that somebody did not follow him, knock him on the head, and take the money. It would have been easy to catch him in the *Hinter Hof*, (a dark ravine, about two miles from the mill,) and bury him among the rocks.'—'Could you do such a thing?' said Konrad.—'Certainly I could,' answered Wagner. Konrad then objected that a murdered man, especially so wicked a man as his father, would not rest in his grave, and that they should be haunted by his ghost. To which Wagner replied, that he knew a way to keep ghosts quiet. It appears from Konrad's confession that the subject was often recurred to, and in time became the habitual subject of conversation whenever he was alone with Wagner. The only objections that he made were the fear of failure, or of being

detected, or of being haunted. ‘ All which Wagner treated with contempt.

It is probable that, finding Konrad unprepared for direct violence, Wagner thought that he could lead him to it gradually by engaging him in an indirect attempt on his father's life. The whole family supposed Anna Wagner to be a witch. Fredric assured Feuerbach, that with his own eyes he had seen her bewitch a haystack, and send it flying through the air. Acting on this belief, Wagner proposed to Konrad to get rid of Kleinschrot by witchcraft. For this purpose the mother, who thoroughly approved of the scheme, gave Anna Wagner one of her husband's stockings. The witch muttered some words over them, hung them in the smoke of her chimney, and promised that, in four weeks, Kleinschrot should wither away and die. Four weeks, however, and more elapsed, and Kleinschrot retained his usual health. To Konrad's complaint Wagner answered— ‘ Well, since this has failed, I will get rid of him for you in *some other way.’ The ready acquiescence of the mother and sons in this attempt at incantation, and their regret at its failure, showed that their consciences offered no opposition to Wagner's temptation. They felt that the father's existence was a source of constant misery and danger to all concerned with him, and up to the last hour, up to the time when all trace of them is lost in their own civil death, they believed that they had a moral right to put an end to it.

Their fear of detection, however, and of the ghost of a murdered man, was unremoved; and it seems doubtful whether it would have been overcome by the mere continuance of Kleinschrot's ill treatment. But he took new measures, which filled them with well-founded terror. He proposed to use the right—we believe, on the whole, a mischievous one—which a German father possesses, of sending out his sons on *wanderschaft*; that is to say, to travel for three years, supporting themselves by work or by alms. The sons indeed, as regarded themselves, would have been ready to seize any means of escape from their domestic prison; but it was obvious that the mother and daughters, and especially the mother, would be utterly at his mercy; and his threats and his conduct had shown, that not merely would all the means of comfort which his brutality had left to her be destroyed, but that even her life would be in danger.

Kleinschrot, first verbally in June, and afterwards in July, requested the local authorities to compel his sons to travel; and having received a dilatory answer, employed himself for several days in the beginning of August, in writing what his family suspected to be a formal petition requiring the immediate interpo-

sition of the court. Early on the 9th of August, Frederic crept into his father's room, found the paper on which he was employed, and took it up-stairs, and read it to his mother and Konrad. It was destroyed after the murder, and no one at the trial could accurately state more of its contents, than that it was a requisition to the court to remove the sons. As soon as it had been read, the mother and Konrad declared that the time for getting rid of the husband of the one and the father of the other was now come. Which of them first gave utterance to their common feeling was forgotten at the time of the trial, but it was admitted that the other instantly assented. Frederic was not prepared for such an extremity. It would, he said, be a dreadful mischief, (*ein rechter Unheil*—there is no English equivalent;) but when he was reminded of the state of destitution and danger in which his mother would be left if her sons were forced to travel, he replied, 'Well, if you say it must be so, let it be so. I agree 'to every thing.' The means were then considered, and it was decided that the thing should be done by Wagner that very night, and that Konrad should go and engage him. The two sisters now came into the room, and Konrad told Margaret, the elder, that it was intended that their father should be got rid of by Wagner that night. Like Frederic, she objected. Their father, she said, was a bad man, but it would be better to leave his punishment to God and to his own conscience. Konrad's answer was, that it was quite true as far as their father was concerned, but what was to become of their mother when her sons were driven away? Then she said that Wagner was a wicked man, and would ruin them all if he could get any money by it. To which Konrad replied, that Wagner could not ruin them without ruining himself at the same time. Here the conversation seems to have ended. Kunigunda, the other sister, merely listened in silence, and Konrad went out to hire Wagner. Their bargain was very short. Konrad asked him if he was ready to kill Kleinschrot that very night. Wagner said that he was. Konrad then offered him two hundred florins for the job, and Wagner accepted the terms without remark. In the afternoon they met again, but Konrad's fears had returned. He asked Wagner if he really thought that he could do it, if he was sure that the ghost would not haunt them, and if he was certain that it would never be found out, and begged him to consult his wife. Wagner satisfied him on all these points, and they proceeded to arrange the details. Kleinschrot's bedroom opened into the kitchen. It was decided, that as soon as he went to it, which he usually did at ten at night, Wagner should be summoned by Konrad, and should post himself, armed with an axe,

in the kitchen, beside the bedroom door ; that all the rest of the family, except Frederic, should go to bed, and that Frederic should go into the mill and ring the mill-bell. The sound, it was supposed, would immediately draw Kleinschrot from his bedroom, and, as he entered the kitchen, Wagner could strike him down with his axe. In the course of the evening this resolution was known to all parties. Frederic at first objected to the part assigned to him. His father, he said, always visited the mill in the course of the night ; why could not Wagner wait till then ? At length, however, he consented. The elder daughter maintained, in her examinations, that she had endeavoured to persuade Konrad to abandon the whole scheme ; and the younger daughter, that she had objected to it ; and Wagner's wife said, that she had tried to dissuade her husband. But the opposition of none of them went beyond a mere expression of disapprobation. They all were present at the supper-table that evening, where Kleinschrot sat surrounded by his wife, his sons, his daughters, and his two dependents, every one of whom knew that he was not to survive the night, but not one of them gave him the slightest warning.

After supper, Wagner and his wife returned to their cottage in the yard, and the two girls employed themselves in some domestic work. At ten Kleinschrot went into his bedroom. Konrad then desired his sisters to go to bed, sent his brother into the mill, and summoned Wagner, who took his station in the kitchen by the chamber-door. Konrad then went into his own room, and sat on the bed to wait the event. The mill-bell began to ring violently, and Kleinschrot came undressed from his room. Wagner struck him as he entered the kitchen, but not effectually. A wrestle followed, during which Wagner drew a knife from his pocket and stabbed him. Kleinschrot, however, was a very powerful man. Wagner had dropped both his axe and his knife, and it is doubtful what the result would have been, if Konrad, alarmed by his father's cries, and by the noise of the struggle, had not come from his room and handed to Wagner a billet of wood, with which he struck Kleinschrot on the head until he fell backwards on the hearth. Still he continued to groan, the blow, from the proximity of Wagner to its object, having lost part of its force. Wagner now seized one of the bricks on the hearth, and continued striking Kleinschrot's head with it, until, from his victim's ceasing to move or to groan, he supposed him to be dead. He then called in Konrad, who had run back into his bedroom, and Frederic, who was still in the mill ; told them that he believed that the thing was done, and asked for a light. They found Kleinschrot still gasping.

Wagner asked for a string to strangle him. Frederic took one from his pocket, but before it could be applied Kleinschrot had ceased to breathe. The body was taken back into the bedroom. Wagner refreshed himself with a glass of brandy, and went home to rest after his work. Konrad went up to his mother, and cried out to her—‘Mother, it is done! But if it were not done, it ‘never should be done.’ But the mother, according to her own confession, did not join in his grief, or in his repentance. Her husband, she said, had been so wicked a man, that she believed that God himself had moved them to put an end to him; and this belief never deserted her. At her last examination, when asked if she thought it would go well with her after death, she answered—‘I certainly think that it will. I have been so miserable in this life, that there would be no justice if I were not ‘to be rewarded in the next.’ As for the two girls, knowing as they did what was to happen, they had gone quietly to bed and to sleep. They were awake by their father’s screams, but never stirred; and when the noise was over, slept again till the morning. The next day, which was Sunday, they passed at a fair in the neighbourhood, being afraid to remain at home in the same house with the unburied body. They never spoke to their mother or to their brothers about the events of the night, and seem to have remained ignorant of the details up to the time of their arrest. The two brothers, too, spent the day after the murder at a fair, not, as they said, for pleasure, but because they had been invited, and their absence would have been remarked; and several times during the day they escaped from the crowd, and knelt to pray forgiveness for what they had done. In the mean time Wagner’s wife washed away the traces of blood, and Wagner dug a pit under the floor of the mill, and the next day he and Konrad buried the body, and stamped the earthen floor even, while the mother stood at the door repeating prayers. In this grave it remained undisturbed until the family were alarmed by the inquiry which took place the next year. Konrad and Wagner then disinterred the remains, and concealed them in the cleft of the rock, where they were ultimately found.

In this case, as in Riembauer’s, we should have thought that the proof was complete, and that it only remained to pronounce the sentence. But, according to German notions, the evidence was imperfect.

There was the constantly recurring difficulty of the *thatbestand*. A large portion of the skeleton was wanting; probably having been carried away by foxes or wolves; only a part of the skull remained, and it was impossible to say whether the fractures which it showed had been made during life, or during

its repeated removals. For all that could be inferred from the inspection of the remains, (technically the *augenschein*,) Kleinschrot might have died a natural death. The confessions of the prisoners, which, according to the Bavarian law, were evidence not only against themselves respectively, but against one another, might have been supposed to supply this defect. But that law requires, as we have seen, that, when a violent death cannot be inferred from the remains, the witnesses should prove that they saw injuries inflicted which must in all cases cause death; or which actually did occasion death in the case in question. That Kleinschrot received several blows on the head and a stab in the body, and died immediately afterwards, was proved. But the nature of these injuries was not proved. It was not shown that separately or collectively they were necessarily mortal. And it appeared to the court, and to Feuerbach himself, that it was not proved that they had occasioned the death in question. He admits, indeed, that no reasonable man could doubt it; he suggests no other theory to account for Kleinschrot's death; but he maintains that the nature of the injuries being unknown, there was not judicial evidence, establishing between them and the death the relation of cause and effect. All parties, therefore, were acquitted of murder.

It is probable that, if there had been no other alternative, they would still have been punished, as Riembauer and several others, whose cases are related by Feuerbach were, as guilty, not of murder, but of being justly suspected of murder. But this strange sort of criminal equity was not necessary. The Bavarian law considers the attempt to commit murder a crime next in degree to murder itself. That this crime had been committed, there was proof sufficient even for a German court; and the only question was, to what extent the different prisoners were concerned in it. Wagner and Konrad were clearly principals, and as the murder which they had attempted was most aggravated—that of a father by a son, and of a master by a servant—they were sentenced to the severest punishment awarded by the law to that offence, civil death; which involves a forfeiture of all property, and perpetual and solitary imprisonment in heavy chains. The irons, says Feuerbach, in which they were to die, were riveted on them. According to us, Frederic was also a principal. Though he at first opposed the murder, he afterwards not only acquiesced in it, but rang the mill-bell, whose sound was intended to attract, and actually did attract, his father to the spot where Wagner was standing in wait for him. And when the result of the attack seemed doubtful, he supplied the string with which the assassination was to have been com-

plotted. The court, however, decided that he was only an accessory of the first class, and sentenced him to imprisonment for fifteen years. Next came Barbara, the mother. She would also, according to the English law, have been a principal. It was for her sake that the murder, or, according to the decision of the court, the attempt to murder, was perpetrated. She had long been anxious to bring it about—she had supplied the means of effecting it by magic. It is doubtful whether, when the paper found in Kleinschrot's desk was read over to her, she was not the first to suggest it. She admitted that she cordially approved it, and when Frederic remonstrated, she overruled him with the remark that it was useless to object, since no other course was open to them. This was the view taken by the judge who conducted the inquiry, and whom we believe, as we have already stated, to have been Feuerbach himself. But it was not that of the court. The decision was, that, as it was not proved that the prisoner was the person who, after the reading of Kleinschrot's paper, first proposed the murder; or that she formally authorized Konrad to employ Wagner to effect it; or that, after the family council was ended, she took any further active part in it—she could not be considered a principal, or even an accomplice of the first class. As an accomplice of the second class, she was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in a house of correction. There remained the two daughters and Anna Wagner. None of them were parties to the conspiracy, or had ever assented to it, but all of them knew what was intended for many hours before it was effected; and all knew that the slightest hint to Kleinschrot would have been sufficient to prevent it. Anna Wagner seems to have been half tempted to give him one. She says in her confession that she could not help looking steadfastly at him during all the supper, which she knew, as every body else at table knew, was to be his last meal—but she was silent. By the Bavarian law, a person who knows that a crime is intended, and does not employ the means of prevention which are in his power, *provided their employment expose neither himself, nor any third person for whom he is interested, to danger*, is an accessory of the third class, and punishable by imprisonment from one to three years. The three prisoners claimed to be within each branch of the proviso. They said that if they had betrayed the plot, they would have incurred danger to themselves from Wagner's revenge; and would have exposed to danger in the one case a mother and two brothers, in the other a husband. This was assented to, and the two daughters, against whom this was the only charge, were released. The judgment as to Kunigunda was, that she had not been proved to be guilty.

Margaret merely obtained her discharge for want of evidence. But Anna Wagner was further charged with having assisted in concealing the crime; she had washed away the stains of blood, and had prepared the sack in which the body was buried. It appeared also, that though she had disapproved of the murder before its perpetration, she had subsequently been most active in turning it to account, by extorting provisions, money, and services from the family. Against this, however, was to be set the merit of her confession, without which the second inquiry would have been as unproductive as the first, and Kleinschrot's disappearance would have remained an unexplained mystery. The result was, that she was sentenced, as an accessory of the third class, to one year's imprisonment.

There is much in the legal proceedings which we have related, which must excite and merit the disapprobation of an English reader. The doubt felt by the court, whether the murder of Kleinschrot was judicially proved, was puerile, and the distribution of punishment seems almost capricious. But if the Schwartz-muhle murder had occurred in England, would it have been dealt with in a more satisfactory manner? Without doubt, if an English tribunal had had the benefit of the full confessions which the Bavarian court obtained, it would not have taken ten months to come to a decision. It would have had no legal doubts whether Kleinschrot was or was not murdered. The mother, her two sons, and Wagner, would have been convicted of the murder, and the others of its concealment, or, to use the technical term, its misprision. The former would have been sentenced to death, the latter to fine and imprisonment, and any mitigation of punishment must have proceeded from the Crown. But would these confessions have been made under the English procedure? Certainly not. The accused would have been cautioned not to say any thing to their own disadvantage; and the conduct of all, except Anna Wagner, shows that they would have acted on that caution. It is probable that Anna Wagner would have done so too. That she could not resist or elude the severe and skilful cross-examination of an *untersuchungs richter*, does not prove that she would have volunteered to a passive English magistrate revelations dangerous to herself, and destructive to her husband and to the wealthy family which was under her control. But even if she had been ready to give her testimony, it could not have been received against her husband, and against the rest it amounted to little more than hearsay. She would have been stopped as soon as she began to repeat her husband's statements of the conferences with Konrad, in which the murder was planned; or the mode

in which it was effected. 'Don't tell me, sir, what Giles told 'you.' Her evidence would have amounted to this. That 'in 'consequence of something that she heard,' she went early on the Sunday morning to 'the kitchen of the mill; found the floor and hearth covered with blood, and was directed to wash them; and that, in consequence of something that she afterwards heard, she prepared a sack; and although she would not have been allowed to state as evidence what she knew only by hearsay, that the remains of Kleinschrot had been thrown into a ravine, she might have indicated the place where they were to be found. Their discovery—this evidence as to the state of the kitchen the morning after Kleinschrot's disappearance—the terms on which he was known to have lived with his family, and their avowed desire for his death—would have afforded strong grounds for suspecting that he had died unfairly, and that some of his household had effected his death, and that the others had a guilty knowledge of it. But they would not have enabled a jury to convict any individual as either principal or accessory.

We have heard with pleasure, that this highly interesting work is likely to be translated by a Lady, who has already given the public sufficient proofs of her competency for the task. Having gone over the same field, we venture to offer two suggestions. One is, that a selection from Feuerbach's narratives is likely to be more interesting to the English public than a translation of the whole. The whole consists of about thirteen hundred closely printed pages; and though it is diversified with great skill yet the constant recurrence of crime, detection, and punishment; the often-repeated pictures of diseased imaginations, unrestrained desires, furious passions, or brutal insensibility, produce at length a fatiguing excitement. The reader is taken into a new world, in which all is grotesque and horrible. The strange figures by whom he is surrounded are influenced by feelings which never passed through his mind, and impelled by motives of which he scarcely knows the existence. His attention is roused by the novelty of the scene, and rewarded by the light thrown on the darkest portion of human nature. The secrets of the prison-house are opened to him. But at length he wishes to escape from its vaults, and to breathe the purer air of ordinary life. There are, however, students, and we ourselves are among the number, who regret that Feuerbach did not execute his purpose of adding to his work; but for the majority it is already too long. And, secondly, we believe that even as to the narratives which may be selected, it would be advisable to use considerable liberty of retrenchment. Feuerbach has the true German love

of detail, repetition, and disquisition. He tells a story in the words of one witness, he repeats it in those of a second and of a third, he re-states it as confessed by the prisoner, he recapitulates it in his own person, he goes over it again while examining the grounds of the verdict, and recurs to it when he considers the justice of the sentence. He traces up minute facts with a conscientiousness to which no error appears unimportant. All this gives a reality which would be wanting if the superfluous parts were omitted; but it gives that reality at the expense of a prolixity which is probably agreeable to the patient Professors of Giessen and Heidelberg, but would be intolerable in London or Paris. We are not without some fear that we may have wearied our readers by our detailed relation of the Thomashof and Schwartz-muhle tragedies; and yet we have compressed into thirty pages what fills, in the original, one hundred and sixty. Again, many of Feuerbach's general disquisitions—such as those on the nature of evidence, on the kinds and degrees of mental disease and of mental weakness, which render a criminal judicially irresponsible, and on the influence of passion—are of high philosophical merit. They are profound, and in many parts original; and his demonstrations, to use a technical word, of the characters which he dissects for the reader's instruction, show a knowledge of the morbid anatomy of the human mind almost approaching that of Shakspeare. But here, again, the national indifference to conciseness shows itself. When he is proving or illustrating a general principle, he leaves no link to be supplied by the reader. When he is describing an individual, he omits no portion of his character. When, at the conclusion of a trial, he reviews the *dramatis personæ*, he elaborates the moral and intellectual portrait of an ordinary ruffian with as much delicacy and force as if he were painting a Catiline or a Borgia. He ascertains the immediate and remote causes which produced the state of mind in which a half-witted idiot killed her mistress, as if he were accounting for the assassination of Cæsar by Brutus, or the execution of Charles by Cromwell. The remedies, of course, are excision and condensation, and in some cases, as incident to these, re-arrangement. As we know that the proposed translator, if she apply them at all, will apply them skilfully, we hope that she will apply them boldly. We trust that she will incur the labour and responsibility of retouching the work of a great artist, since it is the only means of enabling him to please and to instruct a new and dissimilar public.

ART. III.—*A Treatise on the Principles and Practical Influence of Taxation and the Funding System.* By J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq. 8vo. London. 1845.

THIS work embraces one of the most extensive, and pre-eminently the most practical department of the all-important science to which it belongs; and it comes to us recommended by the authorship of one of the most distinguished cultivators of that science. He has here, in addition to his other great services, presented the Public with what is, strictly speaking, new in economical science; namely, a systematic and comprehensive survey of the whole field of Taxation, viewed under three main heads; the first treating of Direct, the second of Indirect Taxes, and the third of Funding. To the whole is superadded an Appendix of Reports and Statistical Tables, highly useful for reference.

It need hardly be said that a writer, at once so deeply versed in scientific deductions, and so thoroughly conversant with statistical details, is peculiarly qualified to treat such a subject as Taxation; in which conclusions drawn from abstract premises and general principles continually demand the correction of practical knowledge. And the reader of the work before us, if he meets with no great amount of absolute novelty—if he is somewhat disappointed in finding that so much deep study and careful observation have suggested to so able and experienced a writer but little in the way of practical amendment—will nevertheless derive great advantage from having the confused notions apt to be entertained of the *incidence* of taxation,—that is, the relative pressure of public burdens on different portions of the community, rectified and elucidated. He will be able to deduce from these pages a view, more than ordinarily clear and satisfactory, of the daily working of the great economical machine of society; and thus, and thus only, will be enabled to judge of the disturbances introduced by Taxation, and to ascertain in what manner, and by what parties, these disturbances are felt.

Of a work of this description, it would be in vain to attempt to exhibit any thing like a complete survey. The general reader would not thank us for such an attempt, however carefully executed; and they who are disposed to study the subject in all its extent, will themselves have recourse to the author's reasonings and deductions. Perhaps the best course that we can take, is to endeavour to condense Mr M'Culloch's views on that which will be the most interesting portion of the subject to most of

our readers—the manner in which taxation affects the labouring classes—that is, the great majority of the nation. The views which this part of the enquiry will disclose, will be a sufficient inducement to the real students of the science to examine the rest for themselves.

The condition of these classes has more and more attracted the attention of all serious observers, until it has become the great question of the day. This is a fact for which we have abundant evidence, even in the quackery and false sentiment daily expended on the subject; but well may it become a matter of deep concern to those who are far above the temptation to all vulgar displays, if Mr M'Culloch's belief be well founded, that their situation is growing gradually worse. 'Though there has,' says he, 'been a vast increase of production, and of wealth and comforts, among the upper classes engaged in business during the last twenty or thirty years, and a considerable diminution of taxation, the condition of the work-people during that period has certainly not been in any degree improved, but has rather, we incline to think, been sensibly deteriorated.' This opinion of our author we believe to be new, and it is connected with some prophecies of evil which he has lately promulgated, with reference to the extension of the manufacturing system. Perhaps, indeed, it would not be easy altogether to reconcile in Mr M'Culloch the theorist with the statistician. In some of his previous statistical enquiries, he seems, if we recollect rightly, to have proved, that, during a period in which the population of England has doubled, its agricultural produce, chiefly for the use of man, has quadrupled; and this although, in the interval, England has become an importing instead of an exporting country; from which it follows, that an Englishman at this day eats twice as much as his ancestor eighty years ago,—a fact difficult to digest in itself; more difficult still, when we are informed that for thirty years the condition of the great bulk of the people has been falling off. We confess, however, to much distrust of all such proofs; and certainly there are not wanting serious reasons for the more gloomy inference. One is noticed by Mr M'Culloch—namely, that the habit of early marriage was in great measure introduced by the extraordinarily sudden extension of the demand for manufacturing labour, after the discoveries of Watt and Arkwright; and, like most habits, has remained in force after the cause which produced it had lost much of its efficacy, and the demand for labour become less pressing. The children called into existence by Watt and Arkwright are now grown up, and ask for employment; and though the demand for

their services is still great, it is not so strong as that which was originally occasioned. Another cause, perhaps, of an over-rapid increase of population, is, that the comparative uncertainty of manufacturing labour has a tendency to produce on wages the well-known effect which great gains and great hazard have on profits. There is a disposition on the part of the labourer to bid too low, from an exaggerated expectation of the permanence of the employment. But whether these speculations be true or false, it is not the less the most important office of an English statesman to watch over the welfare of this vast and helpless body; and he who utterly disbelieves in any power possessed by the higher classes, or by individuals, to alter and improve, by human effort, the economical arrangements of society, may nevertheless allow that the state has a minor but still serviceable function to perform; by shifting the burdens which it imposes, so as to make them rest with greater weight on the shoulders of those who, it is conceded on all hands, have made much greater advances of late years in material prosperity than the great mass of the people.

It is a common opinion, that, under the system of indirect taxation which prevails amongst ourselves, the poorer classes contribute in reality much more to the revenue, in proportion to their means, than the richer. The taxes on tea, soap, and sugar alone—articles of which any ordinary labourer consumes, or ought to consume, nearly as much as the wealthiest inhabitant of the country—amount to nearly a fifth of its whole public income. To these must be added the enormously productive duties on beer, spirits, and tobacco—the luxuries, whatever moralists may urge respecting them, of the poor. It is necessary, further, to take into consideration the effect of the corn and sugar duties, in raising the price of these articles to the extent of a large additional tax paid to the producers, and to which labouring men contribute per head nearly as much as the capitalist and the landlord; also the duty on sea-borne coal, and possibly other items which do not figure in the annual Budget of the State. We are not aware that any Statistician has endeavoured to show how large a proportion of the earnings of a labouring family, say at twenty shillings per week, goes in the shape of duties on commodities; but we should imagine that it very far exceeds the proportion contributed by the possessor of L.1000 per annum in landed or funded property.

Such is the first appearance which the facts present; yet Dr Adam Smith was of opinion, that in reality the labouring classes 'contribute nothing of consequence to the public-revenue;' and

this opinion has been pretty extensively shared by Political Economists. The principles on which it is maintained are, in themselves, perfectly true; but probably it would be found, were the subject worth analysing, that the problem, whether the labouring classes do or do not contribute towards the revenue, is little more than a question of words. The really important points of enquiry are, how those classes would be affected by the imposition of additional indirect taxes, or by the remission of those which exist; and if it appear that they must lose by the one operation and gain by the other, it is of little consequence whether a tax on the necessities and comforts of labourers be denominated with strict correctness a tax on wages or not.

Let us, however, guard against exaggeration. Suppose an additional duty laid on necessities consumed by the labouring class; it is plain, in the first place, that its effect on that large division of the class which consists of persons boarded by their masters or employers, would be very different from that on ordinary labourers. It is evident, for instance, 'that taxes on the articles consumed by domestic servants do not fall on them, but on their masters; probably, indeed, such taxes, when carried beyond their proper limits, may make fewer servants be employed; but, except in so far as they operate in this way, the duties on sugar, tea, beer, soap, and other articles used by household servants, are wholly paid by those with whom they live.' Mr M'Culloch might, perhaps, have added, that the tax would be injurious to this class in another way: 'Thus, if it directly affected the comforts and deteriorated the condition of other labourers, it would increase the competition for the situations of domestic servants, and lower their wages; but this, of course, would be an indirect result only.'

In the next place—and this is a more important consideration—the effect of such a tax (say ten per cent on wages) 'must depend on the mode in which it is expended. If the produce of the tax be laid out in hiring additional troops or sailors, it is easy to see that it can be productive of no immediate injury to the labourer; for were such the case, the agents of government would enter the market for labour with means of purchasing, derived, not from the employers, but from the labourers themselves; and, in consequence of the greater competition, wages would be raised in exact proportion to the additional means in the hands of government, or, in other words, to the amount of the tax.' Perhaps Mr M'Culloch has here understated the case: a tax of considerable magnitude, thus expended, might probably have the effect of raising wages. When so many

hands were abstracted from the market for labour, capitalists would bid against each other in that market, as far as they possibly could do so by economizing out of their profits; and labour might thus become dearer than it was before by more than the amount of the tax. And in this way it seems evident, that taxes on wages or necessities, when imposed for the purpose of carrying on a war, can be but slightly felt as burdens by the labouring classes.

The case is different if the tax be laid out, not in hiring additional troops, but in 'increasing the pay of those already employed, or of the other functionaries employed by government;' or, we would add, in payments to the public creditor. Under these circumstances 'there would be no additional demand for labour. The individuals receiving the tax would, indeed, have a greater demand for the produce of labour; but their greater demand, being merely equivalent to the diminished demand of the labourers by whom the tax had been paid, would make no real addition to the total demand of the country.' It seems therefore undeniable, that the burden of the tax would be borne in the first instance, wholly or chiefly, by the great labouring class.

But would it be ultimately borne by that class? Some Economists support the doctrine of a 'necessary' rate of wages; that is, a rate of wages fixed by the circumstances and habits of a country, on less than which the labourers will not, in the language of the school, 'subsist and keep up their numbers.' Now, the theory of those who regard the labourers as contributing in no degree to the public revenue, seems to rest on the assumption that this very useful supposition represents a fact—that there is an actually subsisting rate of wages below which labourers will not be reduced. Therefore, they argue, the imposition of a tax on wages can only have the effect of diminishing their numbers; and then, again, wages will rise to the former level. But it is scarcely necessary to say, with Mr M'Culloch, that there is 'no such absolute standard of natural wages;' that the rate of remuneration which suffices for the great body of labourers in any country, is not of invariable amount; that if a portion of his earnings be taken from the workman, there is nothing absurd or inconsistent in the supposition, that, after struggling for a while against his destiny, he may resign himself to the inferiority of his new position, and live on, and propagate his species, in a lower condition than that enjoyed by his forefathers. And therefore, when we come to look closer into the matter, several possible results of such a tax present themselves to the mind.

1. If the rate of wages was already at or near the lowest point on which life could be supported, the tax could not be paid; the labourer must starve or migrate, like the peasants of Egypt and Hindostan when they cannot pay the land-tax.

2. If the rate of wages was such as to admit of diminution to the extent of the tax, without absolutely reducing the productive power of the labourer, the tax might be defrayed by his greater 'frugality'—a word of vague acceptance; but inasmuch as many among the labouring classes are 'frugal' enough already, it seems difficult to assign any other meaning to it, in the present instance, than that of a lowering, generally speaking, of the standard of comfort.

3. 'Such a tax,' says Mr M'Culloch, 'when first imposed, could hardly fail, by lessening the comforts, and perhaps also the necessities, of the labourer, to check the progress of population; as well by retarding the period of marriage as by increasing the rate of mortality; and, in consequence of the diminution of labourers arising from these causes, wages might be raised so as to throw the tax either wholly or partially on the employers.' We confess that this solution seems to us rather possible than probable. As to the first effect—the retardation of the period of marriage—it must be remembered, as Mr M'Culloch has elsewhere reminded his readers, that this could not operate to any extent on the labour market, until some eighteen or twenty years after the imposition of the tax; and any speculation on such distant results, in discussing questions on the effect of taxation, seems too uncertain to be of practical value;—so many are the causes which might disturb the working out of the problem in the interim. And as to the increase of mortality, we doubt whether a tax on wages—unless we suppose it inordinately heavy, (in which case the evil would cure itself in some summary manner)—would be likely to have that effect. It is true that a rise in the price of the great necessary of life, corn, appears to be soon attended by an increase of deaths. But that is rather a peculiar case: the requirements of the labourer in respect of other articles being fixed by habit, it is likely, that when a rise occurs in the price of bread, his first endeavour is to do with less of it, which his health will not bear. If the rise in the price of bread became permanent, he would learn to accommodate himself to circumstances, and distribute the privation occasioned by such rise over the whole range of his articles of consumption; and then, probably, no increased rate of mortality would permanently follow. However much there may be to deplore in the condition of the bulk of the community, it is certain that in this country

the small earnings of the labourer might be further intrenched upon without affecting his health or vital powers.

4. But if, without having this effect, the diminution of his comforts produced by the tax were such as to diminish his productive energies—to render him less valuable as a machine—in this case, again, it seems that wages must rise, and the tax, or a portion of it, be borne by the employers. They must economise out of their profits, and spend more on their labourers, in order to keep them in such working order as may be necessary for their own purposes.

These, however, are but at best very uncertain speculations on distant results,—liable to be defeated by a thousand unforeseen accidents. Enough for our purpose to show that the effect of a tax on wages, or on the necessities consumed by the labourer, *must* be to diminish his comfort, although that effect *may* be ultimately counteracted by other causes. And it is scarcely necessary to consider the reverse of the picture, and examine the effects of a rise of wages produced by the remission of such a tax. 'Speaking generally, no rise of wages can be counteracted by an increased supply of workmen coming into the market, till eighteen or twenty years after it has taken place; for there are few or no branches of industry in which an active and skilful labourer can be had in a shorter period. During all this time, therefore, the labourer is placed in an improved condition. He has a larger supply of food; he has better clothes and a better habitation; he is rendered more attentive to cleanliness; and, as he rises in the scale of society, he naturally uses more prudence and circumspection in the forming of matrimonial connexions. In short, his opinions respecting what is necessary for his decent and comfortable subsistence are raised, and the natural rate of wages is, in consequence, proportionally augmented.'

We have perhaps unnecessarily dwelt on this part of the subject; but it is important to point out, as Mr M'Culloch has done, the fallacy of supposing the rate of wages to be a fixed amount, determined altogether by causes over which government has no control, and that, consequently, all taxation imposed upon it falls ultimately on the income of another class of society. It is, on the contrary, a sufficiently accurate statement, for all practical purposes, that the burden of indirect taxation, in all countries, mainly falls on the shoulders of that great industrious class whose labour is the chief foundation of national wealth. It becomes, therefore, one of the most important questions which statesmen can have to consider, to

ascertain whether the condition of that class can be ameliorated by altering the *incidence* of taxation;—whether direct impositions on the holders of property can be substituted for Customs and Excise duties, with any advantage to the mass of the people. No doubt, the most popular argument which has ever been urged in behalf of an Income-Tax—that which has overcome, in many minds, all the well-known practical objections to it,—is founded on the notion that its effect is to shift the burden of taxation from the poorer to the wealthier members of the community.

Upon this point, Mr M'Culloch's comments are clear and decisive. He believes that no advantage whatever is derivable by the labouring classes from the change from Indirect to Direct taxation; that every shilling raised by the Income-Tax is so much deducted from the fund for the employment of labour.

'Whatever may be the incidence of taxes laid directly on wages, or on necessaries, there is not, we apprehend, much ground for supposing that the condition of the labourer would be sensibly improved by repealing such taxes, and replacing them by an equivalent tax on property or income. Without repeating what has been already said respecting its inequality and mischievous influence, let it be supposed that the taxes on tea, sugar, and soap, producing above ten millions a-year, are repealed, to be replaced by a tax on property or income. In this case we believe it may be safely affirmed, that from a half to two-thirds of the indirect taxes now referred to, are paid by parties who would not be directly affected by a property or income tax, commencing at the same point as the existing income-tax. And, taking this for granted, it follows that from L.5,000,000 to L.6,600,000 would be added, in the event of the supposed commutation taking place, to the taxes falling at this moment upon the upper classes, whose means of employing labour, or of buying its produce, would, of course, be diminished in a corresponding degree. Whatever, therefore, the labourers might gain on the one hand by such a measure as this, they would necessarily lose about as much on the other. Their interests are in this respect identical with those of their masters: and it is a contradiction to suppose that you can improve their condition by repealing the taxes that fall on them, to lay them directly on their employers. If you add L.100 or L.1000 a-year to the taxes falling on a capitalist, do you not lessen, directly or indirectly, his demand for labour, or for the produce of labour, to that extent?'—(Pp. 157, 158.)

'If the rate of the present income-tax were increased, and corresponding abatements made from the duties on tea, sugar, tobacco, and suchlike articles, it is plain (unless a reduction were simultaneously made in their pay) that the condition of soldiers, sailors, and all other government servants with salaries of less than L.150 a-year, would be materially improved: for, if their pay were not diminished, it would buy a greater quantity of the articles on which it has been expended, in con-

sequence of their falling in price from the reduction or repeal of the duties; and, for the same reason, such a measure would be highly advantageous to the large body of funded proprietors who have incomes under £150. But we may take leave to add, that it is more than doubtful whether the supposed change would be advantageous to any one else. It would certainly lessen the means of capitalists to employ labour, and increase the temptation to carry capital abroad; and it has not yet been shown how a measure productive of such results should be otherwise than injurious to the labouring classes.'—(P. 377.)

If this be true—and it would be very difficult to answer the reasoning by which it is supported—the main argument in favour of the imposition of property or income taxes fails. You cannot, if this position be correct, tax the opulent classes of a community so as thereby to favour the lower. The various expedients by which Democracies have in various times and places endeavoured to gratify the sovereign people, by making the maintenance of the republic fall in appearance on the rich, have been successful in appearance only, and have all reacted prejudicially on the labouring class. Nay—for we must not shrink from consequences, however strange their first aspect—it would seem to follow that the exemptions from personal taxation enjoyed by the nobility under the old French system, was not in reality injurious to the tax-paying class: since that exemption only had the effect of enabling the nobility to employ a greater quantity of labour. It seems to follow, also, that the well-known phrase which describes this country as having nearly reached the limits of indirect taxation, rests on a fallacy; for if there is income left to tax, it must be possible, at least, to raise the same tax from the commodities which the owner of that income would consume, if the tax were not imposed.

We are not sure that we could go as far as Mr M'Culloch does upon this subject; but the discussion would require more argument than we can now bestow upon it. Admitting, therefore, that an income-tax, founded on a full and fair national assessment, would in reality not vary in its ultimate incidence, as regards great classes of society, from the same amount of Customs and Excise duties, it cannot at all events be denied, that such a tax would be more obviously impartial, as well as less expensive in its collection, than any other. These are the true advantages in theory, whether they can be realized in practice or not, of direct taxes; and this much Mr M'Culloch, though strongly opposed to them, does not hesitate to admit.

'It is true that an income-tax is, at first sight, apparently the fairest of all taxes.' It seems to make every one contribute to the wants of the

state in proportion to the revenue which he enjoys under its protection; while, by falling equally on all, it occasions no change in the distribution of capital, or in the natural direction of industry, and has no influence over prices. It were much to be wished that any tax could be imposed having such effects; but we are sorry to be obliged to state, that none such has hitherto been discovered; and those who expect that an income-tax, however imposed, should operate in the way now stated, will certainly be very much disappointed. An income-tax would, no doubt, have the supposed effects, were it possible fairly to assess it. But the practical difficulties in the uses of its fair assessment are not of a sort that can be overcome; and the truth is, that taxes on income, though theoretically equal, are, in their practical operation, most unequal and vexatious.—(P. 124.)

Mr M'Culloch, at considerable length, and with much power of illustration, endeavours to point out the inequality in question.

But it is said that this difficulty of taxing the incomes of professional men, and of the classes alluded to above, (traders,) is a good reason for exempting them wholly from the tax, which should fall only on the incomes of those possessed of real property. We take leave, however, to dissent entirely from this conclusion. The difficulty of assessing the incomes in question, may be a sufficient reason for rejecting an income-tax altogether; but it is assuredly no reason for making it partial, and consequently unjust. Professional men, and annuitants of all descriptions, contribute to taxes on commodities. And if these be repealed, and an income-tax, from which professional and these terminable incomes are exempted, be imposed in their stead, an obvious injustice will be done to the other classes, who will be saddled with the whole of a burden of which they have hitherto borne a part only, and which should press equally on all ranks and orders. It is plain, however, in this, as in the previous case, that were the classes already alluded to exempted from the tax, because of the admitted impossibility of fairly assessing their incomes, vast numbers of incomes derived from real property would have equal claims to be exempted, because of their being quite as evanescent as those of clergymen or lawyers, and still more difficult to assess. It is needless to say that no proposal for exempting the owners of cotton, woollen, or flax mills, breweries, distilleries, ships, warehouses, houses, &c., from taxes laid on the property or incomes of landlords, feudholders, mortgagees, &c., would be tolerated, or could be thought of for a moment. But in fairly assessing the incomes of the owners of ships, mills, and similar property, most of the difficulties would have to be encountered that make the fair taxing of professional incomes so impracticable, with others peculiar to the cases in question. An estate, abstracting from the buildings and improvements made upon it, may be regarded as a lasting source of revenue; but ships, houses, factories, mills, &c., are all perishable; and before the latter can be taxed in the same ratio as the former, the degree of their durability must be determined, and the in-

come arising from them reduced to a perpetuity. Suppose, for example, that a tax of ten per cent is imposed on revenue arising from lands, funds, and mortgages, and that it is required to lay a really equivalent tax on income arising from houses, shops, warehouses, mills, ships, canals, and suchlike property, in this case we should have to begin by estimating the present value of the shop, mill, ship, or other incomes, to property yielding the revenue proposed to be taxed. Having done this, we should next have to estimate the probable duration of such property; and then, in order to get at the net or taxable incomes, we should have to deduct from the gross income such a sum as would suffice, being accumulated at the ordinary interest of the day, to replace the shop, mill, &c., when it was worn out. An income-tax, imposed on fair principles, and made to press with the same severity on all classes, according to their ability to bear it, must be assessed in the way now mentioned. But the difficulties in the way of such a course are obviously insurmountable. There would evidently be great room for doubt, evasion, and fraud, in the valuation of the property; and though this were got over, how is its probable duration to be ascertained? The power to determine a point of this sort, could not be intrusted to officers, for, if so, it would open a door to every sort of abuse. Neither is there any standard to which to refer in estimating durability, seeing that it must vary in every case, from a thousand peculiar and almost inappreciable circumstances. Although, therefore, it were conceded that taxes on income are, in principle, the best of any, the above statements are sufficient to show that this circumstance should go for little in the way of recommending them. It is of very trifling consequence whether a tax be theoretically good or bad; it is in a practical point of view only that we have to deal with it; and, however well it may look in demonstrations on paper, if it be impossible fairly to assess it, it should, unless in peculiar cases, be rejected."—(Pp. 135, 136.)

Our objection to this mode of reasoning is, that it appears to us ill calculated to effect its object. By exaggerating the defects of the income-tax, you accustom the public rather to submit to these defects as irremediable, than to regard the tax itself as impracticable. For, let Political Economists reason as they will, it is undeniable that a heavily taxed country—(whether it has reached that *incognita Thule*, the 'limits of indirect taxation or not')—must, in times of pressure, have recourse either to this method of relieving its necessities, or to some other still more objectionable. And the objections to the inquisitorial and vexatious nature of the tax, strongly as they may be felt by the mercantile classes, are not so serious an inconvenience to the possessors of property and power; and will therefore weigh little in the balance, should the feeling, which appears to be on the increase, of the superior advantage of direct taxation in a higher political point of view, gain ground among us. This being the case, Mr M'Culloch's argument, that this kind of taxation cannot be justly

apportioned as regards individuals, rather proves too much. For the unavoidable retort is, that the very same objections apply in as high a degree, or higher, to every species of taxation. 'The income of two lawyers may be the same,' says Mr M'Culloch, 'but if their ages differ, they cannot be fairly taxed to the same extent.' But might it not just as fairly be argued, that when a new duty is imposed on sugar or spirits, the same duty cannot fairly be levied from an old as from a young consumer? the reason is the same. This dissection into infinitesimal fractions of difficulty, hurts, we fear, a good cause; for it will be observed that precisely the same arguments which Mr M'Culloch uses against all income-taxes, are used by the defenders of the existing income-tax against its impugnors. When it was contended that the tax in question was extremely unequal in its pressure on different classes; the answer was, that, do what you may, it must still continue to press with unequal severity on individuals—an answer, in support of which, the very details gone into by Mr M'Culloch might be employed by an ingenious reasoner.

Our own view of the income-tax question, if we may cursorily express one, is different. We believe that an income-tax, *fairly assessed as regards classes*, might be advantageously substituted for much indirect taxation. We believe that an *approximation* might be made to such fair assessment, although not without some difficulty and preparation. We hold it to be an unstatesmanlike argument, that because a tax can never be quite fairly assessed as between individuals, therefore we must disregard the commission of injustice in the imposition of it as between whole classes of the people. And we consider the present income-tax, imposed as it is without reference to the different classes of incomes, to be unjust and oppressive, and therefore impolitic in the very highest degree.

It needs no proof (to take the broadest and plainest case of injustice) that a tax on professional income is a tax on capital of a very severe kind. The actual income of a clergyman, a lawyer, or an artist, is his all. Out of this, he is to replace the capital expended in his education. Out of this he is to provide for the casualties of ill health or ill success. Out of this he is to make future provision for his family. His death annihilates the income at once. His sickness, or the mere accident of a failure—a deranged nervous system at the moment when a cause is to be pleaded, or a work of art completed—is sufficient, not merely to interrupt, but even to destroy it. It is not truly called a life-income: it is an income confined to a few years of life. It was therefore with feelings of some indignation that we lately read in the Newspapers the complaint of an Engraver, who set forth, that in his business the eyesight will only

suffice for a very limited time; and that the years of income-tax falling within that limited time would nearly amount, in his case, to a confiscation of three per cent on his entire capital, not income, in seven or eight years! Nay, more than this: the professional man who lays by part of his income literally pays part of his income-tax twice over. He pays first on the income itself; and next, if he funds part of his surplus, he pays on every dividend arising out of his savings.

We have brought forward the instance of professional men as that of the most helpless and least influential class of subjects. Of course, the much more powerful body of the mercantile and manufacturing interest are partakers in the grievance, but perhaps to a less striking extent; inasmuch as their gain is greater from the remission of other duties on articles of consumption. The poor are exempt: their dissatisfaction might be dangerous. The higher class makes the law, and lays on the load with due regard to personal interest: the intermediate order must submit—the real *peuple taillable et corvéable à merci et à volonté*, of the nineteenth century.

On their part, then, we protest against that doctrine which seems to spring out of the very idleness of tyranny, that, because no arrangements will render direct taxation perfectly fair and equal, therefore the state is at liberty to impose it with circumstances of gross and wholesale inequality. In common justice, the income arising from trades or professions ought to be taxed at a lower rate than that derived from absolute property. This all admit. But then it is contended that life incomes, arising out of property, ought to be placed on the same footing with commercial and professional incomes, and enjoy a similar abatement. This we conceive to be just, except in the case where the holder of a life income has a power of appointment over the property after his death. In this instance, he is on the same footing with the absolute owner of the property, and ought to be treated accordingly. But how would it be possible to ascertain the rights and positions of the holders of such incomes with a view to the assessment of the tax? We apprehend, by the declarations of parties, just as the amount of a business income is now ascertained. There would be little temptation to fraud; no one would be very likely to conceal the fact of his having a power of appointment, seeing how difficult it would be to keep his secret afterwards. As far, indeed, as real property is concerned, Registration, the preliminary to so many other valuable reforms, would operate as a complete check on the declarants. And the case of holders of incomes terminable in a series of years, might be met by allowing abatements proportioned to the operation of

their interests; which seems matter of very simple arithmetic. We must confess, that after all the ingenuity which has been used to perplex the subject, we cannot perceive the insuperable difficulty of these arrangements. And were they executed, the Income-Tax, though still subject to all the unanswerable objections against its *inquisitorial and vexatious provisions*, and the minor inequalities which are inevitable in every impost, would be in other respects fair and equitable. But if our practical statesmen laugh the idea of such modifications to scorn—if all attempt to equalize the present most unjust assessment be regarded as merely visionary, and nothing is left for it but to submit to the simple and levelling operation of a despotic enactment—then we say that the tax is a discredit at once to the Ministry which imposes it, and the Country which submits to it. It has not—if Mr M'Culloch's reasoning be correct—the redeeming quality of relieving the labouring classes from any portion of their burdens. It has, in the present circumstances of the country, no plea of necessity to justify its imposition. It is simply an abuse of power—the violation by the strong of the rights of the weak; for there cannot be a clearer right in civil society than that of bearing no more than an equal share of the public burdens. Were the amount of the injustice even far less than it is, still, injustice deliberately and unnecessarily perpetrated is a sin without excuse, and will ultimately prove to be no less a political fault than a sin.

Our readers will, we are aware, derive but little information, from the above brief discussion regarding the true character and value of the work of which we must here take leave. It is a work with which not only every Statesman and Legislator, but every reflecting member of the community, ought to make himself acquainted; and we can have no hesitation, therefore, in saying, that Mr M'Culloch has, by the thought and labour he has devoted to its composition, added another strong claim to those he had before established upon the gratitude of his countrymen.

ART. IV.—1. *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*. Par M. GUIZOT, Professeur d'Histoire Moderne à l'Académie de Paris. Pour servir de complément aux Observations sur *Histoire de France* de Abbé de Mably. 8vo. Paris.

2. *Cours d'Histoire Moderne*. Containing, 1. *Histoire Générale de la Civilisation en Europe, depuis la chute de l'Empire Romain jusqu'à la Révolution Française*. 2. *Histoire de la Civilisation en France, depuis la chute de l'Empire Romain jusqu'en 1789*. Par M. GUIZOT. 6 vols. 8vo.

THESE two works are the contributions which the present Minister for Foreign Affairs in France has hitherto made to the philosophy of general history. They are but fragments: the earlier of the two is a collection of detached Essays, and is therefore of necessity fragmentary; while the later is all that the public possesses, or perhaps is destined to possess, of a systematic work cut short in an early stage of its progress. It would be unreasonable to lament that the exigencies or the temptations of politics have called from authorship and the Professor's Chair to the Chamber of Deputies and the Cabinet, the man to whom perhaps more than to any other it is owing that Europe is now at Peace. Yet we cannot forbear wishing that this great service to the civilized world had been the achievement of some other, and that M. Guizot had been allowed to complete his *Cours d'Histoire Moderne*. For this a very moderate amount of leisure would probably suffice. For although M. Guizot has written only on a portion of his subject, he has done it in the manner of one to whom the whole is familiar. There is a consistency, a coherence, a comprehensiveness, and what the Germans would term many-sidedness, in his view of European history; together with a full possession of the facts which have any important bearing upon his conclusions; and a deliberateness, a matureness, an entire absence of haste or crudity, in his explanations of historical phenomena—which we never see in writers who form their theories as they go on—which give evidence of a general scheme, so well wrought out and digested beforehand, that the labours both of research and of thought necessary for the whole work, seem to have been performed before any part was committed to paper. Little beyond the mere operation of composition seems to be requisite, to place before us as a connected body of thought, speculations which, even in their unfinished state, may be ranked with the most valuable contributions yet made to universal history.

Of these speculations no account, having any pretensions to completeness, has ever, so far as we are aware, appeared in the English language. We shall attempt to do something towards supplying the deficiency. To suppose that this is no longer needful, would be to presume too much upon the supposed universality of the French language among our reading public; and upon the acquaintance even of those to whom the language opposes no difficulty, with the names and reputation of the standard works of contemporaneous French thought. We believe that a knowledge of M. Guizot's writings is even now not a common possession in this country, and that it is by no means a superfluous service to inform English readers of what they may expect to find there.

For it is not with speculations of this kind as it is with those for which there exists in this country a confirmed and long-established taste. What is done in France or elsewhere for the advancement of Chemistry or of Mathematics, is immediately known and justly appreciated by the Mathematicians and Chemists of Great Britain. For these are recognised sciences, the chosen occupation of many instructed minds, ever on the watch for any accession of facts or ideas in the department which they cultivate. But the interest which historical studies in this country inspire, is not as yet of a scientific character. History with us has not passed that stage in which its cultivation is an affair of mere literature or of erudition, not of science. It is studied for the facts, not for the explanation of facts. It excites an imaginative, or a biographical, or an antiquarian, but not a philosophical interest. Historical facts are hardly yet felt to be, like other natural phenomena, amenable to scientific laws. The characteristic distrust of our countrymen for all ambitious efforts of intellect, of which the success does not admit of being instantly tested by a decisive application to practice, causes all widely extended views on the explanation of history to be looked upon with a suspicion surpassing the bounds of reasonable caution, and of which the natural result is indifference;—and hence we remain in contented ignorance of the best writings which the nations of the Continent have in our time produced; because we have no faith in, and no curiosity about, the kind of speculations to which the most philosophic minds of those nations have lately devoted themselves;—even when distinguished, as in the case before us, by a sobriety and a judicious reserve, borrowed from the safest and most cautious school of inductive enquirers.

In this particular, the difference between the English and the Continental mind forces itself upon us in every province of their respective literatures. Certain conceptions of history considered

as a whole, some notions of a progressive unfolding of the capabilities of humanity—of a tendency of man and society towards some distant result—of a *destination*, as it were, of humanity—pervade, in its whole extent, the popular literature of France. Every newspaper, every literary review or magazine, bears witness of such notions. They are always turning up accidentally, when the writer is ostensibly engaged with something else; or showing themselves as a background behind the opinions which he is immediately maintaining. When the writer's mind is not of a high order, these notions are crude and vague; but they are evidentiary of a tone of thought which has prevailed so long among the superior intellects, as to have spread from them to others, and become the general property of the nation. Nor is this true only of France, and of the nations of Southern Europe which take their tone from France, but almost equally, though under somewhat different forms, of the Germanic nations. It was Lessing by whom history was styled 'the education of the human race.' Among the earliest of those by whom the succession of historical events was conceived as a subject of science, were Herder and Kant. The latest school of German metaphysicians, the Hegelians, are well known to treat of it as a science which might even be constructed *a priori*. And as on other subjects, so on this, the general literature of Germany borrows both its ideas and its tone from the schools of the highest philosophy. We need hardly say that in our own country nothing of all this is true. The speculations of our thinkers, and the commonplaces of our mere writers and talkers, are of quite another description.

Even insular England belongs, however, to the commonwealth of Europe, and yields, though slowly and in a way of her own, to the general impulse of the European mind. There are signs of a nascent tendency in English thought to turn itself towards speculations on history. The tendency first showed itself in some of the minds which had received their earliest impulse from Mr Coleridge; and an example has been given in a quarter where many, perhaps, would have least expected it—by the Oxford school of theologians. However little ambitious these writers may be of the title of philosophers; however anxious to sink the character of science in that of religion—they yet have, after their own fashion, a philosophy of history. They have, as Mr Carlyle would say, a theory of the world—in our opinion an erroneous one, but of which they recognise as an essential condition that it shall explain history; and they do attempt to explain history by it, and have constituted, upon the basis of it, a kind of historical system. By this we cannot but think that they

have done much good, if only in contributing to impose a similar necessity upon all other theorizers of like pretensions. We believe the time must come when all systems which aspire to direct either the consciences of mankind, or their political and social arrangements, will be required to show not only that they are consistent with universal history, but that they afford a more reasonable solution of it than any other system. In the philosophy of society, more especially, we look upon history as an indispensable test and verifier of all doctrines and creeds; and we regard with proportionate interest all explanations, however partial, of any important part of the series of historical phenomena—all attempts, which are in any measure successful, to disentangle the complications of those phenomena, to detect the order of their causation, and exhibit any portion of them in an unbroken series, each link cemented by natural laws with those which precede and follow it.

M. Guizot's is one of the most successful of these partial efforts. His subject is not history at large, but modern European history; the formation and progress of the existing nations of Europe. Embracing, therefore, only a part of the succession of historical events, he is precluded from attempting to determine the law or laws which preside over the entire evolution. If there be such laws; if the series of states through which human nature and society are appointed to pass, have been determined more or less precisely by the original constitution of mankind, and by the circumstances of the planet on which we live; the order of their succession cannot be determined by modern or by European experience alone: it must be ascertained by a conjunct analysis, so far as possible, of the whole of history, and the whole of human nature. M. Guizot stops short of this ambitious enterprise; but, considered as preparatory studies for promoting and facilitating it, his writings are most valuable. He seeks not the ultimate but the proximate causes of the facts of modern history; he enquires in what manner each successive condition of modern Europe grew out of that which next preceded it; and how modern society altogether, and the modern mind, shaped themselves from the elements which had been transmitted to them from the ancient world. To have done this with any degree of success, is no trifling achievement.

The Lectures, which are the principal foundation of M. Guizot's literary fame, were delivered by him in the years 1828, 1829, and 1830, at the old Sorbonne, now the seat of the *Faculté des Lettres* of Paris, on alternate days with MM. Cousin and Villemain; a triad of lecturers, whose brilliant exhibitions, the crowds which thronged their lecture rooms, and the stir they excited in

the active and aspiring minds so numerous among the French youth, the future historian will commemorate as among the remarkable appearances of that important era. The *Essays on the History of France* are the substance of Lectures delivered by M. Guizot many years earlier; before the Bourbons, in their jealousy of all free speculation, had shut up his class-room and abolished his Professorship; which was re-established after seven years' interval by the Martignac ministry. In this earlier production some topics are discussed at length, which, in the subsequent Lectures, are either not touched upon, or much more summarily disposed of. Among these is the highly interesting subject of the first Essay. The wide difference between M. Guizot and preceding historians is marked in the first words of his first book. A real thinker is shown in nothing more certainly, than in the questions which he asks. The fact which stands at the commencement of M. Guizot's subject—which is the origin and foundation of all subsequent history—the fall of the Roman Empire—he found an unexplained phenomenon; unless a few generalities about despotism and immorality and luxury can be called explanation. His Essay opens as follows:—

‘The fall of the Roman Empire of the West offers a singular phenomenon. Not only the people fail to support the government in its struggle against the Barbarians; but the nation, abandoned to itself, does not attempt, even on its own account, any resistance. More than this—nothing discloses that a nation exists; scarcely, even, is our attention called to what it suffers: it undergoes all the horrors of war, pillage, famine, a total change of its condition and destiny, without giving, either by word or deed, any sign of life.

‘This phenomenon is not only singular, but unexampled. Despotism has existed elsewhere than in the Roman Empire: more than once, after countries had been long oppressed by it, foreign invasion and conquest have spread destruction over them. Even when the nation has not resisted, its existence is manifested in history; it suffers, complains, and, in spite of its degradation, maintains some struggle against its misery: narratives and monuments attest what it underwent, what became of it, and if not its own acts, the acts of others in regard to it.

‘In the fifth century, the remnant of the Roman legions disputes with hordes of Barbarians the immense territory of the Empire; but it seems as if that territory was a desert. The Imperial troops once driven out or defeated, all seems over; one barbarous tribe wrests the province from another: these excepted, the only existence which shows itself, is that of the bishops and clergy. If we had not the laws to testify to us that a Roman population still occupied the soil, history would leave us doubtful of it.

‘This total disappearance of the people is more especially observable in the provinces most advanced in civilization, and longest subject to

Rome. The Letter called "the Groans of the Britons," addressed to Ætius, and imploring, with bitter lamentations, the aid of a legion, has been looked upon as a monument of the helplessness and meanness of spirit into which the subjects of the Empire had fallen. This is unjust. The Britons, less civilized, less Romanized than the other subjects of Rome, did resist the Saxons; and their resistance has a history. At the same epoch, in the same situation, the Italians, the Gauls, the Spaniards, have none. The Empire withdrew from those countries, the Barbarians occupied them, and the mass of the inhabitants took not the slightest part, nor marked their place in any manner in the events which gave them up to so great calamities.

'And yet, Gaul, Italy, and Spain, were covered with towns, which but lately had been rich and populous. Roads, aqueducts, amphitheatres, schools, they possessed in abundance; they were wanting in nothing which gives evidence of wealth, and procures for a people a brilliant and animated existence. The Barbarians came to plunder these riches, disperse these aggregations, destroy these pleasures. Never was the existence of a nation more utterly subverted; never had individuals to endure more evils in the present, more terrors for the future. Whence came it that these nations were mute and lifeless? Why have so many towns sacked, so many fortunes reversed, so many plans of life overthrown, so many proprietors dispossessed, left so few traces, not merely of the active resistance of the people, but even of their sufferings?

'The causes assigned are, the despotism of the Imperial government, the degradation of the people, the profound apathy which had seized upon all the governed. And this is true; such was really the main cause of so extraordinary an effect. But it is not enough to enunciate in these general terms, a cause which has existed elsewhere without producing the same results. We must penetrate deeper into the condition of Roman society, such as despotism had made it. We must examine by what means despotism had so completely stripped society of all coherence and all life. Despotism has various forms and modes of proceeding, which give very various degrees of energy to its action, and of extensiveness to its consequences.'

Such a problem M. Guizot proposes to himself; and is it not remarkable, that this question not only was not solved, but was not so much as raised, by the celebrated writers who had treated this period of history before him—one of those writers being Gibbon? The difference between what we learn from Gibbon on this subject, and what we learn from Guizot, is a measure of the progress of historical enquiry in the intervening period. Even the true sources of history, of all that is most important in it, have never until the present generation been really understood and freely resorted to. It is not in the *Chronicles*, but in the *Laws*, that M. Guizot finds the clue to the immediate agency in the "Decline and Fall" of the Roman empire. In the legislation

of the period M. Guizot discovers, under the name of *curiales*, the middle class of the Empire, and the recorded evidences of its progressive annihilation.

It is known that the free inhabitants of Roman Europe were almost exclusively a town population; it is in the institutions and condition of the municipalities that the real state of the inhabitants of the Roman empire must be studied. In semblance, the constitution of the town communities was of a highly popular character. The *curiales*, or the class liable to serve municipal offices, consisted of all the inhabitants (not specially exempted) who possessed landed property amounting to twenty-five *jugera*.

This class formed a corporation for the management of local affairs. They discharged their functions, partly as a collective body, partly by electing, and filling in rotation, the various municipal magistracies. Notwithstanding the apparent dignity and authority with which this body was invested, the list of exemptions consisted of all the classes who possessed any influence in the state, any real participation in the governing power. It comprised, first, all senatorial families, and all persons whom the Emperor had honoured with the title of *clarissimi*: then, all the clergy, all the military, from the *præfectus prætorii* down to the common legionary, and all the civil functionaries of the state. When we look further, indications still more significant make their appearance. We find that there was an unceasing struggle between the government and the *curiales*—on their part to escape from their condition, on the part of the government to retain them in it. It was found necessary to circumscribe them by every species of artificial restriction. They were interdicted from living in the country, from serving in the army, or holding any civil employment which conferred exemption from municipal offices, until they had first served all those offices, from the lowest to what was called the highest. Even then, their emancipation was only personal, not extending to their children. If they entered the church, they must abandon their possessions, either to the *curia*, (the municipality,) or to some individual who would become a *curialis* in their room. Laws after laws were enacted for detecting and bringing back to the *curia* those who had secretly quitted it and entered surreptitiously into the army, the clergy, or some public office. They could not absent themselves, even for a time, without the permission of superior authority; and if they succeeded in escaping, their property was forfeit to the *curia*. No *curialis*, without leave from the governor of the province, could sell the property which constituted him such. If his heirs were not members of

the *curia*, or if his widow or daughter married any one not a *curialis*, one fourth of their property must be relinquished. If he had no children, only one fourth could be bequeathed by will, the remainder passing to the *curia*. The law looked forward to the case of properties abandoned by the possessor, and made provision that they should devolve upon the *curia*; and that the taxes to which they were liable should be rateably charged upon the property of the other *curiales*.

What was it, in the situation of a *curialis*, which made his condition so irksome, that nothing could keep men in it unless caged up as in a dungeon—unless every hole or cranny by which they could creep out of it was tightly closed by the provident ingenuity of the legislator?

The explanation is this. Not only were the *curiales* burdened with all the expenses of the local administration beyond what could be defrayed from the property of the *curia* itself—property continually encroached upon and often confiscated by the general government, but they had also to collect the revenue of the state; and their own property was responsible for making up its amount. This it was which rendered the condition of a *curialis* an object of dread; which progressively impoverished and finally extinguished the class. In their fate, we see what disease the Roman empire really died of; and how its destruction had been consummated even before the occupation by the Barbarians. The invasions were no new fact, unheard of until the fifth century; such attempts had been repeatedly made, and never succeeded until the powers of resistance were destroyed by inward decay. The Empire perished of misgovernment, in the form of over-taxation. The burden, ever increasing through the necessities occasioned by the impoverishment it had already produced, at last reached this point, that none but those whom a legal exemption had removed out of the class on which the weight principally fell, had any thing remaining to lose. The senatorial houses possessed that privilege, and accordingly we still find, at the period of the successful invasions, a certain number of families which had escaped the general wreck of private fortunes;—opulent families, with large landed possessions and numerous slaves. Between these and the mass of the population there existed no tie of affection, no community of interest. With this exception, and that of the church, all was poverty. The middle class had sunk under its burdens. ‘Hence,’ says M. Guizot, ‘in the fifth century, so much land lying waste, so many towns almost depopulated, or filled only with a hungry and unoccupied rabble. The system of government which I have described, contributed much more to this result, than the ravages of the Barbarians.’

In this situation the northern invaders found the Roman empire. What they made of it is the next subject of M. Guizot's investigations. The Essays which follow are, 'On the origin and establishment of the Franks in Gaul'—'Causes of the fall of the Merovingians and Carlovingians'—'Social state and political institutions of France, under the Merovingians and Carlovingians'—'Political character of the feudal régime.' But on these subjects our author's later and more mature thoughts are found in his Lectures; and we shall therefore pass at once to the more recent work, returning afterwards to the concluding Essay in the earlier volume, which bears this interesting title: 'Causes of the establishment of a representative system in England.'

The subject of the Lectures being the history of European Civilization, M. Guizot begins with a dissertation on the different meanings of that indefinite term; and announces that he intends to use it as equivalent to a state of improvement and progression, in the physical condition and social relations of mankind, on the one hand, and in their inward spiritual development on the other. We have not space to follow him into this discussion, with which, were we disposed to criticize, we might find some fault; but which ought, assuredly, to have exempted him from the imputation of looking upon the improvement of mankind as consisting in the progress of social institutions alone. We shall quote a passage near the conclusion of the same Lecture, as a specimen of the moral and philosophical spirit which pervades the work, and because it contains a truth for which we are glad to cite M. Guizot as an authority:—

'I think that in the course of our survey we shall speedily become convinced that civilization is still very young; that the world is very far from having measured the extent of the career which is before it. Assuredly human conception is far from being, as yet, all that it is capable of becoming; we are far from being able to embrace in imagination the whole future of humanity. Nevertheless, let each of us descend into his own thoughts, let him question himself as to the possible good which he comprehends and hopes for, and then confront his idea with what is realized in the world; he will be satisfied that society and civilization are in a very early stage of their progress; that in spite of all they have accomplished, they have incomparably more still to achieve.'

The second Lecture is devoted to a general speculation, which is very characteristic of M. Guizot's mode of thought, and, in our opinion, worthy to be attentively weighed both by the philosophers and the practical politicians of the age.

He observes, that one of the points of difference by which modern civilization is most distinguished from ancient, is the

complication, the multiplicity, which characterizes it. In all previous forms of society, Oriental, Greek, or Roman, there is a remarkable character of unity and simplicity. Some one idea seems to have presided over the construction of the social framework, and to have been carried out into all its consequences, without encountering on the way any counterbalancing or limiting principle. Some one element, some one power in society, seems to have early attained predominance, and extinguished all other agencies which could exercise an influence over society capable of conflicting with its own. In Egypt, for example, the theocratic principle absorbed every thing. The temporal government was grounded on the uncontrolled rule of a caste of priests; and the moral life of the people was built upon the idea, that it belonged to the interpreters of religion to direct the whole detail of human actions. The dominion of an exclusive class, at once the ministers of religion and the sole possessors of letters and secular learning, has impressed its character on all which survives of Egyptian monuments—on all we know of Egyptian life. Elsewhere, the dominant fact was the supremacy of a military caste, or race of conquerors: the institutions and habits of society were principally modelled by the necessity of maintaining this supremacy. In other places again, society was mainly the expression of the democratic principle. The sovereignty of the majority, and the equal participation of all male citizens in the administration of the state, were the leading facts by which the aspect of those societies was determined. This singleness in the governing principle had not, indeed, always prevailed in those states. Their early history often presented a conflict of forces. Among the Egyptians, the Etruscans, even among the Greeks, the caste of warriors, for example, maintained a struggle with that of priests; elsewhere (in ancient Gaul for example) the spirit of clanship against that of voluntary association; or the aristocratic against the popular principle. But these contests were nearly confined to ante-historical periods; a vague remembrance was all that survived of them. If at a later period the struggle was renewed, it was almost always promptly terminated; one of the rival powers achieved an early victory, and took exclusive possession of society.

This remarkable simplicity of most of the ancient civilizations, had, in different places, different results. Sometimes, as in Greece, it produced a most rapid development: never did any people unfold itself so brilliantly in so short a time. But after this wonderful outburst, Greece appeared to have become suddenly exhausted. Her decline, if not so rapid as her elevation, was yet strangely prompt. It seemed as though the creative force of the principle of Greek civilization had spent itself, and no other principle came to its assistance.

'Elsewhere, in Egypt and India for example, the unity of the dominant principle had a different effect; society fell into a stationary state. Simplicity produced monotony: the state did not fall into dissolution; society continued to subsist, but immovable, and as it were congealed.'

It was otherwise, says M. Guizot, with modern Europe—

'Her civilization,' he continues, 'is confused, diversified, stormy: all forms, all principles of social organization coexist; spiritual and temporal authority, theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, democratic elements, every variety of classes and social conditions, are mixed and crowded together; there are innumerable gradations of liberty, wealth, and influence. And these forces are in a state of perpetual conflict, nor has any of them ever been able to stifle the others, and establish its own exclusive authority. Modern Europe offers examples of all systems, of all attempts at social organization; monarchies pure and mixed, theocracies, republics more or less aristocratic, have existed simultaneously one beside another; and, in spite of their diversity, they have all a certain homogeneity, a family likeness, not to be mistaken.

'In ideas and sentiments, the same variety, the same struggle. Theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, popular creeds, check, limit, and modify one another. Even in the most audacious writings of the middle ages, an idea is never followed to its ultimate consequences. The partisans of absolute power unconsciously shrink from the results of their doctrine; democrats are under similar restraints. One sees that there are ideas and influences encompassing them, which do not suffer them to go all lengths. There is none of that imperturbable hardihood, that blindness of logic, which we find in the ancient world. In the feelings of mankind, the same contrasts, the same multiplicity: a most energetic love of independence, along with a great facility of submission; a rare fidelity of man to man, and at the same time an imperious impulse to follow each his own will, to resist restraint, to live for himself, without taking account of others. A similar character shows itself in modern literatures. In perfection of form and artistic beauty, they are far inferior to the ancient; but richer and more copious in respect of sentiments and ideas. One perceives that human nature has been stirred up to a greater depth, and at a greater number of points. The imperfections of form are an effect of this very cause. The more abundant the materials, the more difficult it is to marshal them into a symmetrical and harmonious shape.'*

Hence, he continues, the modern world, while inferior to many of the ancient forms of human life in the characteristic excellence of each, yet in all things taken together, is richer and more developed than any of them. From the multitude of elements to be reconciled, each of which during long ages spent the greater part of its strength in combating the rest, the progress of modern civilization has necessarily been slower; but it

has lasted, and remained steadily progressive, through fifteen centuries; which no other civilization has ever done.

There are some to whom this will appear a fanciful theory, a cobweb spun from the brain of a *doctripaire*. We are of a different opinion. There is doubtless, in the historical statement, some of that pardonable exaggeration, which, in the exposition of large and commanding views, the necessities of language render it so difficult entirely to avoid. The assertion that the civilizations of the ancient world were each under the complete ascendancy of some one exclusive principle, is not admissible in the unqualified sense in which M. Guizot enunciates it; the limitations which that assertion would require, on a nearer view, are neither few nor inconsiderable. Still less is it maintainable, that different societies, under different dominant principles, did not at each epoch coexist in the closest contact; as Athens, Sparta, and Persia or Macedonia; Rome, Carthage, and the East. But after allowance for over-statement, the substantial truth of the doctrine appears unimpeachable. No one of the ancient forms of society contained in itself that systematic antagonism, which we believe to be the only condition under which stability and progressiveness can be permanently reconciled to one another.

There are in society a number of distinct forces—of separate and independent sources of power. There is the general power of knowledge and cultivated intelligence. There is the power of religion; by which, speaking politically, is to be understood that of religious teachers. There is the power of military skill and discipline. There is the power of wealth; the power of numbers and physical force; and several others might be added. Each of these, by the influence it exercises over society, is fruitful of certain kinds of beneficial results; none of them is favourable to all kinds. There is no one of these powers which, if it could make itself absolute, and deprive the others of all influence except in aid of and in subordination to its own, would not show itself the enemy of some of the essential constituents of human well-being. Certain good results would be doubtless obtained, at least for a time; some of the interests of society would be adequately cared for; because, with certain of them, the natural tendency of each of these powers spontaneously coincides. But there would be other interests, in greater number, which the complete ascendancy of any one of these social elements would leave unprovided for; and which must depend for their protection on the influence which can be exercised by other elements.

We believe with M. Guizot that modern Europe presents the only example in history, of the maintenance, through many ages, of this co-ordinate action among rival powers naturally tending in different directions. And, with him, we ascribe chiefly to this cause the spirit of improvement which has never ceased to exist, and still makes progress, in the European nations. At no time has Europe been free from a contest of rival powers for dominion over society. If the clergy had succeeded, as in Egypt, in making the kings subservient to them; if, as among the Mussulmans of old, or the Russians now, the supreme religious authority had merged in the attributes of the temporal ruler; if the military and feudal nobility had reduced the clergy to be their tools, and retained the burgesses as their serfs; if a commercial aristocracy, as at Tyre, Carthage, and Venice, had got rid of kings, and governed by a military force composed of foreign mercenaries; Europe would have arrived much more rapidly at such kinds and degrees of national greatness and well-being as those influences severally tended to promote; but from that time would either have stagnated like the great stationary despotisms of the East; or have perished for lack of such other elements of civilization as could sufficiently unfold themselves only under some other patronage. Nor is this a danger existing only in the past; but one which may be yet impending over the future. If the perpetual antagonism which has kept the human mind alive, were to give place to the complete preponderance of any, even the most salutary, element; we might yet find that we have counted too confidently upon the progressiveness which we are so often told is an inherent property of our species. Education, for example—mental culture—would seem to have a better title than could be derived from any thing else, to rule the world with exclusive authority; yet if the lettered and cultivated class, embodied and disciplined under a central organ, could become in Europe, what it is in China, the government—unchecked by any power residing in the mass of citizens, and permitted to assume a parental tutelage over all the operations of life—the result would probably be a darker despotism, one more opposed to improvement, than even the military monarchies and aristocracies have in fact proved. And in like manner, if what seems to be the tendency of things in the United States should proceed for some generations unrestrained;—if the power of numbers—of the opinions and instincts of the mass—should acquire and retain the absolute government of society, and impose silence upon all voices which dissent from its decisions or dispute its authority; we should expect that, in such countries, the condition of human nature would become as stationary as in China, and perhaps at a still lower point of elevation in the scale.

However these things may be, and imperfectly as many of the elements have yet unfolded themselves, which are hereafter to compose the civilization of the modern world; there is no doubt that it already possesses, in comparison with the older forms of life and society, that complex and manifold character which M. Guizot ascribes to it.

He proceeds to enquire whether any explanation of this peculiarity of the European nations can be traced in their origin; and he finds, in fact, that origin to be extremely multifarious. The European world shaped itself from a chaos, in which Roman, Christian, and Barbarian ingredients were commingled. M. Guizot attempts to determine what portion of the elements of modern life derived their beginning from each of these sources.

From the Roman empire he finds that Europe derived both the fact and the idea of municipal institutions;—a thing unknown to the Germanic conquerors. The Roman Empire was originally an aggregation of towns; the life of the people, especially in western Europe, was a town life; their institutions and social arrangements, except the system of functionaries destined to maintain the authority of the sovereign, were all grounded upon the towns. When the central power retired from the Western Empire, town life and town institutions, though in an enfeebled condition, were what remained. In Italy, where they were less enfeebled than elsewhere, civilization revived not only earlier than in the rest of Europe, but in forms more similar to those of the ancient world. The south of France had, next to Italy, partaken most in the fruits of Roman civilization; its towns had been the richest and most flourishing on this side the Alps; and having, therefore, held out longer than those farther north against the fiscal tyranny of the Empire, were not so completely ruined when the conquest took place. Accordingly, their municipal institutions were transmitted unbroken from the Roman period to recent times. This, then, was one legacy which the Empire left to the nations which were shaped out of its ruins. But it left also, though not a central authority, the habit of requiring and looking for such an authority. It left 'the idea of the empire, the name of the emperor, the conception of the imperial majesty, of a sacred power inherent in the imperial name.' This idea, at no time becoming extinct, resumed, as society became more settled, a portion of its pristine power: towards the close of the middle ages, we find it once more a really influential element. Finally, Rome left a body of written law, constructed by and for a wealthy and cultivated society; this served as a pattern of civilization to the rude invaders, and assumed an ever increasing importance as they became more civilized.

In the field of intellect, and purely mental development, Rome, and through Rome, her predecessor Greece, left a still richer inheritance, but one which did not come much into play until a later period.

‘Liberty of thought—reason taking herself for her own starting-point and her own guide—is an idea essentially sprung from antiquity, an idea which modern society owes to Greece and Rome. We evidently did not receive it either from Christianity or from Germany, for in neither of these elements of our civilization was it included. It was powerful on the contrary, it predominated, in the Græco-Roman civilization. That was its true origin. It is the most precious legacy which antiquity left to the modern world: a legacy which was never quite suspended and valueless; for we see the fundamental principle of all philosophy, the right of human reason to explore for itself, animating the writings and the life of Scotus Erigena, and the doctrine of freedom of thought still erect in the ninth century, in the face of the principle of authority.’ *

Such, then, are the benefits which Europe has derived from the relics of the ancient Imperial civilization. But along with this perishing society, the Barbarians found another and a rising society, in all the freshness and vigour of youth—the Christian Church. In the debt which modern society owes to this great institution is to be first included, in M. Guizot's opinion, all which it owes to Christianity.

‘At that time none of the means were in existence by which, in our own days, moral influences establish and maintain themselves independently of institutions; none of the instruments whereby a pure truth, a mere idea, acquires an empire over minds, governs actions, determines events. In the fourth century nothing existed which could give to ideas, to mere personal sentiments, such an authority. To make head against the disasters, to come victoriously out of the tempests, of such a period, there was needed a strongly organized and energetically governed society. It is not too much to affirm that at the period in question the Christian Church saved Christianity. It was the Church, with its institutions, its magistrates, its authority, which maintained itself against the decay of the empire from within, and against barbarism from without; which won over the barbarians, and became the civilizing principle, the principle of fusion between the Roman and the barbaric world.’ *

That, without its compact organization the Christian hierarchy could have so rapidly taken possession of the uncultivated minds of the Barbarians; that, before the conquest was completed, the conquerors would have universally adopted the religion of the vanquished, if that religion had been recommended to them by nothing but its intrinsic superiority—we agree with M. Guizot in thinking incredible. We do not find that other savages, at other

eras, have yielded with similar readiness to the same influences; nor did the minds or lives of the invaders, for some centuries from their conversion, give evidence that the real merits of Christianity had made any deep impression upon them. The true explanation is to be found in the power of intellectual superiority. As the condition of secular society became more discouraging, the Church had more and more engrossed to itself whatever of real talents, as well as of sincere philanthropy, existed in the Roman world. 'Among the Christians of that epoch,' says M. Guizot, 'there were men who had thought of every thing—to whom all moral and political questions were familiar; men who had on all subjects well-defined opinions, energetic feelings, and an ardent desire to propagate them and make them predominant. Never did any body of men make such efforts to act upon the world and assimilate it to themselves, as did the Christian Church from the fifth to the tenth century. She attacked Barbarism at almost all points, striving to civilize it by her ascendancy.'

In this the Church was aided by the important temporal position, which, in the general decay of other elements of society, it had assumed in the Roman empire. Alone strong in the midst of weakness, alone possessing natural sources of power within itself, it was the prop to which all things clung which felt themselves in need of support. The clergy, and especially the Prelacy, had become the most influential members of temporal society. All that remained of the former wealth of the Empire had for some time tended more and more in the direction of the Church. At the time of the invasions, we find the bishops very generally invested, under the title of *defensor civitatis*, with a high public character—as the patrons, and towards all strangers the representatives, of the town communities. It was they who treated with the invaders in the name of the natives; it was their adhesion which guaranteed the general obedience; and after the conversion of the conquerors, it was to their sacred character that the conquered were indebted for whatever mitigation they experienced of the fury of conquest.

Thus salutary, and even indispensable, was the influence of the Christian clergy during the confused period of the invasions. M. Guizot has not overlooked, but impartially analysed, the mixed character of good and evil which belonged even in that age, and still more in the succeeding ages, to the power of the Church. One beneficial consequence which he ascribes to it is worthy of especial notice;—the separation (unknown to antiquity) between temporal and spiritual authority. He, in common with the best thinkers of our time, attributes to this fact the happiest influence on European civilization. It was the

parent, he says, of liberty of conscience. 'The separation of temporal and spiritual is founded on the idea, that material force has 'no right, no hold, over the mind, over conviction, over truth.' Enormous as have been the sins of the Catholic Church in the way of religious intolerance, her assertion of this principle has done more for human freedom than all the fires she ever kindled have done to destroy it. Toleration cannot exist, or exists only as a consequence of contempt, where, church and state being virtually the same body, disaffection to the national worship is treason to the state; as is sufficiently evidenced by Grecian and Roman history, notwithstanding the fallacious appearance of liberality inherent in Polytheism, which did not prevent, as long as the national religion continued in vigour, almost every really free thinker of any ability in the freest city of Greece, from being either banished or put to death for blasphemy.* In more recent times, where the chief of the state has been also the supreme pontiff, not, as in England, only nominally, but substantially, (as in the case of China, Russia, the caliphs, and the sultans of Constantinople,) the result has been a perfection of despotism, and a voluntary abasement under its yoke, which have no parallel elsewhere except among the most besotted barbarians.

It remains to assign, in the elemental chaos from which the modern nations arose, the Germanic or barbaric element. What has Europe derived from the barbarian invaders? M. Guizot answers—the spirit of liberty. That spirit, as it exists in the modern world, is something which had never before been found in company with civilization. The liberty of the ancient commonwealths did not mean individual freedom of action; it meant a certain form of political organization; and instead of asserting the private freedom of each citizen, it was compatible with a more unbounded subjection of every individual to the state, and a more active interference of the ruling powers with private conduct, than is the practice of what are now deemed the most despotic governments. The modern spirit of liberty, on the contrary, is the love of individual independence; the claim for freedom of action, with as little interference as is compatible with the necessities of society, from any authority other than the conscience of the individual. It is in fact the self-will of the savage, moderated and limited by the demands of civilized life; and M. Guizot is not mistaken in believing that it came to us, not from ancient civilization, but from the savage element infused into that enervated civilization by its barbarous conquerors.

* Anaxagoras, Protagoras, Socrates, Aristotle, &c.

He adds, that together with this spirit of liberty, the invaders brought also the spirit of voluntary association; the institution of military patronage, the bond between followers and a leader of their own choice, which afterwards ripened into feudality. This voluntary dependence of man upon man, this relation of protection and service, this spontaneous loyalty to a superior not deriving his authority from law or from the constitution of society, but from the voluntary election of the dependent himself, was unknown to the civilized nations of antiquity; though frequent among savages, and so customary in the Germanic race as to have been deemed, though erroneously, characteristic of it.

To reconcile, in any moderate degree, these jarring elements; to produce even an endurable state of society, not to say a prosperous and improving one, by the amalgamation of savages and slaves, was a work of many centuries. M. Guizot's Lectures are chiefly occupied in tracing the progress of this work, and showing by what agencies it was accomplished. The history of the European nations consists of three periods; the period of confusion, the feudal period, and the modern period. The Lectures of 1828 include, though on a very compressed scale, all the three; but only in relation to the history of society, omitting that of thought, and of the human mind. In the following year, the Professor took a wider range. The three volumes which contain the Lectures of 1829, are a complete historical analysis of the period of confusion; expounding, with sufficient fulness of detail, both the state of political society in each successive stage of that prolonged anarchy, and the state of intellect as evidenced by literature and speculation. In these volumes, M. Guizot is the philosopher of the period of which M. Augustin Thierry is the painter. In the Lectures of 1830—which, having been prematurely broken off by the political events of that year, occupy (with the *Pièces Justificatives*) only two volumes—he commenced a similar analysis of the feudal period; but did not quite complete the political and social part of the subject: the examination of the intellectual products of the period was not even commenced. In this state this great unfinished monument still remains. Imperfect, however, as it is, it contains much more than we can attempt to bring under even the most cursory review within our narrow limits. We can only pause and dwell upon the important epochs, and upon speculations which involve some great and fertile idea, or throw a strong light upon some interesting portion of the history. Among these last we must include the passage* in which M. Guizot describes the manner in

which the civilization of the conquered impressed the imagination of the victors.

‘ We have just passed in review the closing age of the Roman civilization, and we found it in full *décadence*, without force, without fecundity, incapable almost of keeping itself alive. We now behold it vanquished and ruined by the barbarians; when on a sudden it reappears fruitful and powerful: it assumes over the institutions and manners which are brought newly into contact with it, a prodigious empire; it impresses on them more and more its own character; it governs and metamorphoses its conquerors.

‘ Among many causes, there were two which principally contributed to this result: the power of a systematic and comprehensive body of civil law; and the natural ascendancy of civilization over barbarism.

‘ In fixing themselves to a single abode, and becoming landed proprietors, the barbarians contracted, both with the Roman population and with each other, relations more various and durable than any they had previously known; their civil existence assumed greater breadth and stability. The Roman law was alone fit to regulate this new existence; it alone could deal adequately with such a multitude of relations. The barbarians, however they might strive to preserve their own customs, were caught, as it were, in the nets of this scientific legislation, and were obliged to bring the new social order, in a great measure, into subjection to it, not politically indeed, but civilly.

‘ Further, the spectacle itself of Roman civilization exercised a great empire over their minds. What strikes our modern fancy, what we greedily seek for in history, in poems, travels, romances, is the picture of a state of society unlike the regularity of our own; savage life, with its independence, its novelty, and its adventure. Quite different were the impressions of the barbarians. What to them was striking, what appeared to them great and wonderful, was civilization; the monuments of Roman industry, the cities, roads, aqueducts, amphitheatres; that society so orderly, so provident, so full of variety in its fixity—this was the object of their admiration and their astonishment. Though conquerors, they were sensible of inferiority to the conquered. The barbarian might despise the Roman as an individual being, but the Roman world, in its *ensemble*, appeared to him something above his level; and all the great men of the age of the conquests, Alaric, Ataulph, Theodoric, and so many others, while destroying and trampling upon Roman society, used all their efforts to copy it.

But their attempt was fruitless. It was not by merely seating themselves in the throne of the Emperors, that the chiefs of the barbarians could reinfuse life into a social order to which, when already perishing by its own infirmities, they had dealt the final blow. Nor was it in that old form that peaceful and regular government could be restored to Europe. The confusion was too chaotic to admit of so easy a disentanglement. Before fixed institutions could become possible, it was necessary to have a fixed

population; and this primary condition was long unattained. Bands of barbarians, of various races, with no bond of national union, overran the Empire without mutual concert, and occupied the country as much as a people so migratory and vagabond could be said to occupy it; but even the loose ties which held together each tribe or band became relaxed by the consequences of spreading themselves over an extensive territory; fresh hordes, too, were ever pressing on behind; and the very first requisite of order, permanent territorial limits, could not establish itself, either between properties or sovereignties, for nearly three centuries. The annals of the conquered countries during the intermediate period, but chronicle the desultory warfare of the invaders with one another; the effect of which, to the conquered, was a perpetual renewal of suffering and increase of impoverishment.

M. Guizot dates the termination of this downward period from the reign of Charlemagne; others (for example, M. de Sismondi) have placed it later. We are inclined to agree with M. Guizot; no part of whose work seems to us more admirable than that in which he fixes the place in history of that remarkable man.*

The name of Charlemagne, says M. Guizot, has come down to us as one of the greatest in history. Though not the founder of his dynasty, he has given his name both to his race and to the age.

‘The homage paid to him is often blind and undistinguishing—his genius and glory are extolled without discrimination or measure; yet, at the same time, persons repeat, one after another, that he founded nothing, accomplished nothing; that his empire, his laws, all his works perished with him. And this historical commonplace introduces a crowd of moral commonplaces on the ineffectualness and uselessness of great men, the vanity of their projects, the little trace which they leave in the world after having troubled it in all directions. . . . Is this true? Is it the destiny of great men to be merely a burden and a useless wonder to mankind?’

‘At the first glance the commonplace might be supposed to be a truth. The victories, conquests, institutions, reforms, projects, all the greatness and glory of Charlemagne, vanished with him; he seemed a meteor suddenly emerging from the darkness of barbarism, to be as suddenly lost and extinguished in the shadow of feudality. There are other such examples in history. . . .’

‘But we must beware of trusting these appearances. To understand the meaning of great events, and measure the agency and influence of great men, we need to look far deeper into the matter.’

'The activity of a great man is of two kinds; he performs two parts; two epochs may generally be distinguished in his career. First, he understands better than other people the wants of his time;—its real, present exigencies;—what, in the age he lives in, society needs, to enable it to subsist, and attain its natural development. He understands these wants better than any other person of the time, and knows better than any other how to wield the powers of society, and direct them skilfully towards the realization of this end. Hence proceed his power and glory; it is in virtue of this, that as soon as he appears, he is understood, accepted, followed—that all give their willing aid to the work which he is performing for the benefit of all.

'But he does not stop here. When the real wants of his time are in some degree satisfied, the ideas and the will of the great man proceed further. He quits the region of present facts and exigencies; he gives himself up to views in some measure personal to himself; he indulges in combinations more or less vast and specious, but which are not, like his previous labours, founded on the actual state, the common instincts, the determinate wishes of society, but are remote and arbitrary. He aspires to extend his activity and influence indefinitely, and to possess the future as he has possessed the present.

'Here egoism and illusion commence. For some time, on the faith of what he has already done, the great man is followed in this new career; he is believed in, and obeyed; men lend themselves to his fancies; his flatterers and his dupes even admire and vaunt them as his sublimest conceptions. The public, however, in whom a mere delusion is never of any long continuance, soon discovers that it is impelled in a direction in which it has no desire to move. At first the great man had enlisted his high intelligence and powerful will in the service of the general feeling and wish; he now seeks to employ the public force in the service of his individual ideas and desires; he is attempting things which he alone wishes or understands. Hence disquietude first, and then uneasiness; for a time he is still followed, but sluggishly and reluctantly; next he is censured and complained of; finally, he is abandoned, and falls; and all which he alone had planned and desired, all the merely personal and arbitrary part of his works, perishes with him.'

'After briefly illustrating his remarks by the example of Napoleon—so often, by his flatterers, represented as another Charlemagne, a comparison which is the height of injustice to the earlier conqueror—M. Guizot observes, that the wars of Charlemagne were of a totally different character from those of the previous dynasty. 'They were not dissensions between tribe and tribe, or chief and chief, nor expeditions engaged in for the purpose of settlement or of pillage; they were systematic wars, inspired by a political purpose, and commanded by a public necessity.' Their purpose was no other than that of putting an end to the invasions. He repelled the Saracens: the Saxons and Slavonians, against whom merely defensive arrangements were not sufficient, he attacked and subjugated in their native forests.

'At the death of Charlemagne, the conquests cease, the unity disappears, the empire is dismembered and falls to pieces; but is it true that nothing remained, that the warlike exploits of Charlemagne were absolutely sterile, that he achieved nothing, founded nothing?

'There is but one way to resolve this question—it is, to ask ourselves if, after Charlemagne, the countries which he had governed found themselves in the same situation as before; if the twofold invasions which, on the north and on the south, menaced their territory, their religion, and their race, recommenced after being thus suspended; if the Saxons, Slavonians, Avars, Arabs, still kept the possessors of the Roman empire in perpetual disturbance and anxiety. 'Evidently it was not so. True, the empire of Charlemagne was broken up, but into separate states, which arose as so many barriers at all points where there was still danger. To the time of Charlemagne, the frontiers of Germany, Spain, and Italy were in continual fluctuation; no constituted public force had attained a permanent shape; he was compelled to be constantly transporting himself from one end to the other of his dominions, in order to oppose to the invaders the moveable and temporary force of his armies. After him, the scene is changed; real political barriers, states more or less organized, but real and durable, arose; the kingdoms of Lorraine, of Germany, Italy, the two Burgundies, Navarre, date from that time; and in spite of the vicissitudes of their destiny, they subsist, and suffice to oppose effectual resistance to the invading movement. Accordingly that movement ceases, or continues only in the form of maritime expeditions, most desolating at the points which they reach, but which cannot be made with great masses of men, nor produce great results.

'Although, therefore, the vast dominion of Charlemagne perished with him, it is not true that he founded nothing; he founded all the states which spring from the dismemberment of his empire. His conquests entered into new combinations, but his wars attained their end. The foundation of the work subsisted, although its form was changed.'

In the character of an administrator and a legislator, the career of Charlemagne is still more remarkable than as a conqueror. His long reign was one struggle against the universal insecurity and disorder. He was one of the sort of men described by M. Guizot, 'whom the spectacle of anarchy or of social immobility strikes and revolts; whom it shocks intellectually, as a fact which ought not to exist; and who are possessed with the desire to correct it, to introduce some rule, some principle of regularity and permanence, into the world which is before their view.' Gifted with an unresting activity, unequalled perhaps by any other sovereign, Charlemagne passed his life in attempting to convert a chaos into an orderly and regular government; to create a general system of administration, under an efficient central authority. In this attempt he was very imperfectly successful. The government of an extensive country from a central point

was too complicated, too difficult; it required the co-operation of too many agents, and of intelligences too much developed, to be capable of being carried on by barbarians. 'The disorder around him was immense, invincible; he repressed it for a moment on a single point, but the evil reigned wherever his terrible will had not penetrated; and even where he had passed, it recommenced as soon as he had departed.'

Nevertheless, his efforts were not lost—not wholly unfruitful. His instrument of government was composed of two sets of functionaries, local and central. The local portion consisted of the resident governors, the dukes, counts, &c., together with the vassals or *beneficiarii*, afterwards called feudatories, to whom, when lands had been granted, a more or less indefinite share had been delegated of the authority and jurisdiction of the sovereign. The central machinery consisted of *missi dominici*—temporary agents sent into the provinces, and from one province to another, as the sovereign's own representatives;—to inspect, control, report, and even reform what was amiss, either in act or negligence, on the part of the local functionaries. Over all these the prince held, with a firm hand, the reins of government;—aided by a national assembly or convocation of chiefs, when he chose to summon it, either because he desired their counsel or needed their moral support.

'Is it possible that of this government, so active and vigorous, nothing remained—that all disappeared with Charlemagne, that he founded nothing for the internal consolidation of society?

'What fell with Charlemagne, what rested upon him alone, and could not survive him, was the central government. After continuing some time under Louis le Debonnaire and Charles le Chauve, but with less and less energy and influence, the general assemblies, the *missi dominici*, the whole machinery of the central and sovereign administration, disappeared. Not so the local government, the dukes, counts, *vicares*, *centeniers*, *beneficiarii*, vassals, who held authority in their several neighbourhoods under the rule of Charlemagne. Before his time, the disorder had been as great in each locality as in the commonwealth generally; landed properties, magistracies, were incessantly changing hands; no local positions or influences possessed any steadiness or permanence. During the forty-six years of his government, these influences had time to become rooted in the same soil, in the same families; they had acquired stability, the first condition of the progress which was destined to render them independent and hereditary, and make them the elements of the feudal régime. Nothing, certainly, less resembles feudalism than the sovereign unity which Charlemagne aspired to establish; yet he is the true founder of feudal society: it was he who, by arresting the external invasions, and repressing to a certain extent the intestine disorders, gave to situations, to fortunes, to local influences, sufficient time to take real possession of

the country. After him, his general government perished like his conquests, his unity of authority like his extended empire; but as the empire was broken into separate states, which acquired a vigorous and durable life, so the central sovereignty of Charlemagne resolved itself into a multitude of local sovereignties, to which a portion of the strength of his government had been imparted, and which had acquired under its shelter the conditions requisite for reality and durability. So that in this second point of view, in his civil as well as military capacity, if we look beyond first appearances, he accomplished and founded much.'

Thus does a more accurate knowledge correct the two contrary errors, one or other of which is next to universal among superficial thinkers, respecting the influence of great men upon society. A great ruler cannot shape the world after his own pattern; he is condemned to work in the direction of existing and spontaneous tendencies, and has only the discretion of singling out the most beneficial of these. Yet the difference is great between a skilful pilot and none at all, though a pilot cannot steer save in obedience to wind and tide. Improvements of the very first order, and for which society is completely prepared, which lie in the natural course and tendency of human events, and are the next stage through which mankind will pass, may be retarded indefinitely for want of a great man to throw the weight of his individual will and faculties into the trembling scale. Without Charlemagne, who can say for how many centuries longer the period of confusion might have been protracted? Yet in this same example it equally appears what a great ruler can *not* do. Like Ataulph, Theodoric, Clovis, all the ablest chiefs of the invaders, Charlemagne dreamed of restoring the Roman Empire.

'This was, in him, the portion of ~~egoism~~ and illusion; and in this it was that he failed. The Roman *imperium*, and its unity, were invincibly repugnant to the new distribution of the population, the new relations, the new moral condition of mankind. Roman civilization could only enter as a transformed element into the new world which was preparing. This idea, this aspiration of Charlemagne, was not a public idea, nor a public want—all that he did for its accomplishment perished with him.

'Yet even of this vain endeavour something remained. The pame of the Western Empire revived by him, and the rights which were thought to be attached to the title of Emperor, resumed their place among the elements of history, and were for several centuries longer an object of ambition, an influencing principle of events. Even, therefore, in the ^{purely} egotistical and ephemeral portion of his operations, it cannot be said that the ideas of Charlemagne were absolutely sterile, nor totally devoid of duration.'

M. Guizot, we think, is scarcely just to Charlemagne in this implied censure upon his attempt to reconstruct civilized society upon the only model familiar to him. The most intelligent con-

temporaries shared his error, and saw in the dismemberment of his Empire, and the fall of his despotic authority, a return to chaos. Though it is easy for us to see, it was difficult for them to foresee, that European society, such as the invasions had made it, admitted of no return to order but through something resembling the feudal system. By the writers who have come down to us from the age in which that system arose, it was looked upon as nothing less than universal anarchy and dissolution. 'Consult the poets of the time, consult the chroniclers; they all thought that the world was coming to an end.' M. Guizot quotes one of the monuments of the time, a poem by Florus, a deacon of the church at Lyons, which displays with equal *naïveté* the chagrin of the instructed few at the breaking up of the great unsolid structure which Charlemagne had raised, and the satisfaction which the same fact caused to the people at large; not the only instance in history in which the instinct of the people has been nearer the truth than the considerate judgment of the instructed. That renewal of the onward movement, which even a Charlemagne could not effect by means repugnant to the natural tendencies of the times, took place through the operation of ordinary causes; as soon as society had assumed the form which alone could give rise to fixed expectations and positions, and produce a sort of security.

'The moral and the social state of the people at this epoch equally resisted all association, all government of a single and extended character. Mankind had few ideas, and did not look far around. Social relations were rare and restricted. The horizon of thought and of life was exceedingly limited. Under such conditions, a great society is impossible. What are the natural and necessary bonds of political union? On the one hand the number and extent of the social relations; on the other, of the ideas, whereby men communicate and are held together. Where neither of these are numerous or extensive, the bonds of a great society or state are non-existent. Such were the times of which we now speak. Small societies, local governments, cut, as it were, to the measure of existing ideas and relations, were alone possible; and these alone succeeded in establishing themselves. The elements of these little societies and little governments, were ready made. The possessors of benefices by grant from the king, or of domains occupied by conquest, the counts, dukes, governors of provinces, were disseminated throughout the country. These became the natural centres of associations coextensive with them. Round these was agglomerated, voluntarily or by force, the neighbouring population, whether free or in bondage. Thus were formed the petty states called fiefs; and this was the real cause of the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne.*'

We have now, therefore, arrived at the opening of the feudal period ; and have to attempt to appreciate what the feudal society was, and what was the influence of that society, and of its institutions, on the fortunes of the human race ; what new elements it introduced ; what new tendencies it impressed upon human nature ; or to which of the existing tendencies it imparted additional strength.

M. Guizot's estimate of feudalism is among the most interesting, and most completely satisfactory of his speculations. He observes,* that sufficient importance is seldom attached to the effects produced upon the mental nature of mankind by mere changes in their outward mode of living :—

‘ Every one is aware of the notice which has been taken of the influence of climate, and the importance attached to it by Montesquieu. If we confine ourselves to the direct influence of diversity of climate upon mankind, it is perhaps less than has been supposed ; the appreciation of it is, at all events, difficult and vague. But the indirect effects, those for instance which result from the fact, that in a warm climate the people live in the open air, while in cold countries they shut themselves up in their houses—that they subsist upon different kinds of food, and the like—are highly important, and, merely by their influence on the details of material existence, act powerfully on civilization. Every great revolution produces in the state of society some changes of this sort, and these ought to be carefully observed.

‘ The introduction of the feudal *régime* occasioned one such change, of which the importance cannot be overlooked ; it altered the distribution of the population over the face of the country. Till that time, the masters of the soil, the sovereign class, lived collected in masses more or less numerous—either sedentary in the towns, or wandering in bands over the country. In the feudal state these same persons lived insulated, each in his own habitation, at great distances from one another. It is obvious how great an influence this change must have exercised over the character and progress of civilization. Social preponderance and political power passed from the towns to the country ; private property and private life assumed pre-eminence over public. This first effect of the triumph of the feudal principle, appears more fruitful in consequences the longer we consider it.

‘ Let us examine feudal society as it is in its own nature, looking at it first of all in its simple and fundamental element. Let us figure to ourselves a single possessor of a fief in his own domain ; and consider what will be the character of the little association which groups itself around him.

‘ He establishes himself in a retired and defensible place, which he takes care to render safe and strong ; he there erects what he terms his castle. With whom does he establish himself there ? With his wife and

his children; probably also some few freemen, who have not become landed proprietors, have attached themselves to his person, and remain domesticated with him. These are all the inmates of the castle itself. Around it, and under its protection, collects a small population of labourers—of serfs, who cultivate the domain of the seigneur. Amidst this inferior population religion comes, builds a church and establishes a priest. In the early times of feudality this priest is at once the chaplain of the castle and the parish clergyman of the village; at a later period the two characters are separated. This, then, is the organic molecule—the unit, if we may so speak, of feudal society. This we have to summon before us, and demand an answer to the two questions which should be addressed to every fact in history—what was it calculated to do towards the development, first of man, and next of society?’

The first of its peculiarities, he continues, is the prodigious importance which the head of this little association must assume in his own eyes, and those of all around him. To the liberty of the man and the warrior, the sentiment of personality and individual independence, which predominated in savage life, is now added the importance of the master, the landed proprietor, the head of a family. No feeling of self-importance comparable to this, is habitually generated in any other known form of civilization. A Roman patrician, for example, ‘was the head of a family, was a master, a superior; he was, besides, a religious magistrate, a pontiff in the interior of his family.’ But the importance of a religious magistrate is not personal; it is borrowed from the divinity whom he serves. In civil life the patrician ‘was a member of the senate—of a corporation which lived united in one place. This again was an importance derived from without; borrowed and reflected from that of his corporation.’

‘The grandeur of the ancient aristocracies was associated with religious and political functions; it belonged to the situation, to the corporation at large, more than to the individual. That of the possessor of a fief is, on the contrary, purely personal. He receives nothing from any one; his rights, his powers, come from himself alone. He is not a religious magistrate, nor a member of a senate; all his importance centres in his own person; whatever he is, he is by his own right and in his own name. Above him, no superior of whom he is the representative and the interpreter; around him, no equals; no rigorous universal law to curb him; no external force habitually controlling his will; he knows no restraint but the limits of his strength, or the presence of an immediate danger. With what intensity must not such a situation act upon the mind of the man who occupies it? What boundless pride, what haughtiness—to speak plainly, what insolence—must arise in his soul?’

We pass to the influence of this new state of society upon the development of domestic feelings and family life.

'History exhibits to us the family in several different shapes. First, the patriarchal family, as seen in the Bible and the various monuments of the East. The family is here numerous, and amounts to a tribe. The chief, or patriarch, lives in a state of community with his children, his kindred (of whom all the various generations are grouped around him,) and his domestics. Not only does he live with them, but his interests and occupations are the same with theirs; he leads the same life. This is the situation of Abraham, of the patriarchs, of the chiefs of Arab tribes, who are in our own days a faithful image of patriarchal society.

'Another form of the family is the clan—that little association, the type of which must be sought in Scotland and Ireland, and through which, probably, a great part of the European world has at some time passed. This is no longer the patriarchal family. Between the chief and the rest of the people there is now a great difference of condition. He does not lead the same life with his followers: they mostly cultivate and serve; he takes his ease, and has no occupation save that of a warrior. But he and they have a common origin; they bear the same name; their relationship, their ancient traditions, and their community of affections and recollections, establish among all the members of the clan a moral union, a kind of equality.

'Does the feudal family resemble either of these types? Evidently not. At first sight it has some apparent resemblance to the clan; but the difference is immense. The population which surrounds the possessor of the fief are perfect strangers to him; they do not bear his name; they have no relationship to him, are connected with him by no tie, historical or moral. Neither does he, as in the patriarchal family, lead the same life and carry on the same labour as those about him: he has no occupation but war; they are tillers of the ground. The feudal family is not numerous; it does not constitute a tribe; it is confined to the family in the most restricted sense, the wife and children; it lives apart from the rest of the people, in the interior of the castle. Five or six persons, in a position at once alien from, and superior to, all others, constitute the feudal family. * * Internal life, domestic society, are certain here to acquire a great preponderance. I grant that the rudeness and violent passions of the chief, and his habit of passing his time in war and in the chase, must obstruct and retard the formation of domestic habits; but that obstacle will be overcome. The chief must return habitually to his own home; there he always finds his wife, his children, and them alone, or almost alone; they, and no others, compose his permanent society—they alone always partake his interest, his destiny. It is impossible that domestic life should not acquire a great ascendancy. The proofs are abundant. Was it not in the feudal family that the importance of women took its rise? In all the societies of antiquity, not only where no family spirit existed, but where that spirit was powerful, for instance in the patriarchal societies, women did not occupy any thing like the place which they acquired in Europe under the feudal polity. The cause of this has been looked for in the peculiar manners of the ancient Germans; in a characteristic respect which it is affirmed that, in

the midst of their forests, they paid to women. German patriotism has built upon one sentence of Tacitus a fancied superiority, a primitive and ineffaceable purity of German manners in the relations of the sexes to each other. Mere chimeras! Expressions similar to those of Tacitus, sentiments and usages analogous to those of the ancient Germans, are found in the recitals of many observers of barbarous tribes. There is nothing peculiar in the matter, nothing characteristic of any particular race. The importance of women in Europe arose from the progress and preponderance of domestic manners; and that preponderance became, at an early period, an essential character of feudal life.

In corroboration of these remarks, he observes in another place, that in the feudal form of society (unlike all those which preceded it) the representative of the chief's person and the delegate of his authority, during his frequent absences, was the *châtelaine*. In his warlike expeditions and hunting excursions, his crusadings and his captivities, she directed his affairs, and governed his people with a power equal to his own. No importance comparable to this, no position equally calculated to call forth the human faculties, had fallen to the lot of women before, nor, it may be added, since. And the fruits are seen in the many examples of heroic women which the feudal annals present to us; women who fully equalled, in every masculine virtue, the bravest of the men with whom they were associated;—often greatly surpassed them in prudence, and fell short of them only in ferocity.

M. Guizot now turns from the seigneurial abode to the dependent population surrounding it. Here all things present a far worse aspect.

‘In any social situation which lasts a certain length of time, there inevitably arises between those whom it brings into contact, under whatever conditions, a certain moral tie—certain feelings of protection, of benevolence, of affection. It was thus in the feudal society: one cannot doubt, that in process of time there were formed between the cultivators and their seigneur some moral relations, some habits of sympathy. But this happened in spite of their relative position, and nowise from its influence. Considered in itself, the situation was radically vicious. There was nothing morally in common between the feudal superior and the cultivators; they were part of his domain, they were his property. * * Between the seigneur and those who tilled the ground which belonged to him, there were (as far as this can ever be said when human beings are brought together) no laws, no protection, no society. Hence, I conceive, that truly prodigious and invincible detestation which the rural population has entertained in all ages for the feudal régime. * * Theocratic and monarchical despotism have more than once obtained the acquiescence, and almost the affection, of the population subject to them. The reason is, theocracy and monarchy exercise their dominion in virtue of some belief common to the master with his subjects; he is the representative and

minister of another power superior to all human powers ; he speaks and acts in the name of the Deity, or of some general idea, not in the name of the man himself, of a mere man. Feudal despotism is a different thing ; it is the mere power of one individual over another, the domination and capricious will of a human being. * * Such was the real, the distinctive character of the feudal dominion, and such the origin of the antipathy it never ceased to inspire.

Leaving the contemplation of the elementary molecule (as M. Guizot calls it) of feudal society—a single possessor of a fief with his family and dependents—and proceeding to consider the nature of the larger society, or state, which was formed by the aggregation of these small societies, we find the feudal *régime* to be absolutely incompatible with any real national existence. No doubt the obligations of service on the one hand, and protection on the other, theoretically attached to the concession of a fief, kept alive some faint notions of a general government, some feelings of social duty. But, in the whole duration of the system, it was never found practicable to attach to these rights and obligations any efficient sanction. A central government, with power adequate to enforce even the recognised duties of the feudal relation, or to keep the peace between the different members of the confederacy, did not and could not exist consistently with feudalism. The very essence of feudality was (to borrow M. Guizot's definition) the fusion of property and sovereignty. The lord of the soil was not only the master of all who dwelt upon it, but he was their only superior, their sovereign. Taxation, military protection, judicial administration, were his alone ; for all offices of a ruler, the people looked to him, and could look to no other. The king was absolute, like all other feudal lords, within his own domain, and only there. He could neither compel obedience from his feudatories, nor impose his mediation as an arbitrator between them. Among such petty potentates, the only union compatible with the nature of the case was a federal union—the most difficult to maintain of all political organizations ; one which, resting almost entirely on moral sanctions, and an enlightened sense of distant interests, requires, more than any other social system, an advanced state of civilization. The middle age was nowise ripe for it ; the sword, therefore, remained the universal umpire ; all questions were decided either by private war, or by that judicial combat which was the first attempt of society (as the modern duel is the last) to subject the prosecution of a quarrel by force of arms to the moderating influence of fixed customs and ordinances.

The following is M. Guizot's summary of the influences of feudalism on the progress of the European nations.

‘Feudality must have exercised a considerable, and on the whole a salutary, influence on the internal development of the individual; it raised up in the human mind some moral notions and moral wants, some energetic sentiments; it produced some noble developments of character and passion. Considered in a social point of view, it was not capable of establishing legal order or political securities; but it was indispensable as a recommencement of European society, which had been so broken up by barbarism as to be unable to assume any more enlarged or more regular form. But the feudal form, radically bad in itself, admitted neither of being expanded nor regularized. The only political right which feudalism has planted deeply in European society, is the right of resistance. I do not mean legal resistance; that was out of the question in a society so little advanced. The right of resistance which feudal society asserted and exercised, was the right of personal resistance—a fearful, an anti-social right, since it is an appeal to force, to war, the direct antithesis of society; but a right which never ought to perish from the breast of man, since its abrogation is simply equivalent to submission to slavery. The sentiment of this right had been lost in the degeneracy of Roman society, from the ruins of which it could not again arise; as little, in my opinion, was it a natural emanation from the principles of Christian society. Feudality reintroduced it into European life. It is the glory of civilization to render this right for ever useless and inactive; it is the glory of the feudal society to have constantly asserted and held fast to it.’

There is yet another aspect, and far from an unimportant one, in which feudal life has bequeathed, to the times which followed, a lesson worthy to be studied. Imperfect as the world still remains in justice and humanity, the feudal world was far inferior to it in those attributes, but greatly superior in individual strength of will, and decision of character.

‘No reasonable person will deny the immensity of the social reform which has been accomplished in our times. Never have human relations been regulated with more justice, nor produced a more general well-being as the result. Not only this, but, I am convinced, a corresponding moral reform has also been accomplished; at no epoch perhaps has there been, all things considered, so much honesty in human life, so many human beings living in an orderly manner; never has so small an amount of public force been necessary to repress individual wrong-doing. But in another respect we have, I think, much to gain. We have lived for half a century under the empire of general ideas, more and more accredited and powerful; under the pressure of formidable, almost irresistible events. There has resulted a certain weakness, a certain effeminacy, in our minds and characters. Individual convictions and will are wanting in energy and confidence in themselves. Men assent to a prevailing opinion, obey a general impulse, yield to an external necessity. Whether for resistance or for action, each has but a mean idea of his own strength, a feeble reliance on his own judgment. Individuality, the inward and personal energy of man, is weak and timid. Amidst

the progress of public liberty, many seem to have lost the proud and invigorating sentiment of their own personal liberty.

'Such was not the Middle Age. The condition of society was deplorable, the morality of mankind much inferior to what is often asserted, much inferior to that of our own time. But in many persons, individuality was strong, will was energetic. There were then few ideas which ruled all minds, few outward forces which, in all situations and in all places, weighed upon men's characters. The individual unfolded himself in his own way, with an irregular freedom: the moral nature of man shone forth here and there in all its ambitious aspirations, with all its energy. A contemplation not only dramatic and attaching, but instructive and useful; which offers us nothing to regret, nothing to imitate, but much to learn; were it only by awakening our attention to what is wanting in ourselves—by showing to us of what a human being is capable when he will.' * •

The third period of modern history, which is emphatically the modern period, is more complex and more difficult to interpret than the two preceding. Of this period, M. Guizot had only begun to treat; and we must not expect to find his explanations as satisfactory as in the earlier portions of his subject. The origin of feudalism, its character, its place in the history of civilization, he has discussed, as has been seen, in a manner which leaves little to be desired: but we cannot extend the same praise to his account of its decline, which (it is but fair to consider) is not completed; but which, so far as it has gone, appears to us to bear few marks of that piercing insight into the heart of a question, that determination not to be paid with a mere show of explanation, which are the characteristic excellences of the speculations thus far brought to notice.

M. Guizot ascribes the fall of feudality mainly to its imperfections. It did not, he says, contain in itself the elements of durability. It was a first step out of barbarism, but too near the verge of the former anarchy to admit of becoming a permanent social organization. The independence of the possessors of fiefs was evidently excessive, and too little removed from the savage state. 'Accordingly, independently of all foreign causes, feudal society, by its own nature and tendencies, was always in question, always on the brink of dissolution; incapable at least of subsisting regularly or of developing itself, without altering its nature.' †

He then sets forth how, in the absence of any common superior, of any central authority capable of protecting the feudal chiefs against one another, they were content to seek protection

where they could find it—namely, from the most powerful among themselves; how, from this natural tendency, those who were already strong, ever became stronger; the larger fiefs went on aggrandizing themselves at the expense of the weaker. ‘A prodigious inequality soon arose among the possessors of fiefs,’ and inequality of strength led, as it usually does, to inequality of claims, and at last, of recognised rights.

‘Thus, from the mere fact that social ties were wanting to feudality, the feudal liberties themselves rapidly perished; the excesses of individual independence were perpetually compromising society itself; it found in the relations of the possessors of fiefs, neither the means of regular maintenance, nor of ulterior development; it sought in other institutions the conditions which were needful to it for becoming permanent, regular, and progressive. The tendency towards centralization, towards the formation of a power superior to the local powers, was rapid. Long before the royal government had begun to intervene at every point of the country, there had grown up, under the name of duchies, counties, viscounties, &c., many smaller royalties, invested with the central government of this or that province, and to whom the rights of the possessors of fiefs, that is, of the local sovereignties, became more and more subordinate.’*

This sketch of the progressive decomposition of the feudal organization, is, no doubt, historically correct; but we desiderate in it any approach to a scientific explanation of the phenomenon. That is an easy solution which accounts for the destruction of institutions from their own defects; but experience proves, that forms of government and social arrangements do not fall, merely because they deserve to fall. The more backward and the more degraded any form of society is, the stronger is the tendency to remain stagnating in that state, simply because it is an existing state. We are unable to recognise in this theory of the decay of feudality, the philosopher who so clearly demonstrated its origin; who pointed out that the feudal polity established itself, not because it was a good form of society, but because society was incapable of a better; because the rarity of communications, the limited range of men's ideas and of their social relations, and their want of skill to work political machinery of a delicate or complicated construction, disqualified them from being either chiefs or members of any organized association extending beyond their immediate neighbourhood. If feudality was a product of this condition of the human mind, and the only form of polity which it admitted of, no evils inherent in feudality could have hindered it from continuing so long

as that cause subsisted. The anarchy which existed as between one feudal chief and another—the inequality of their talents, and the accidents of their perpetual warfare—would have led to continual changes in the state of territorial possession, and large governments would have been often formed by the agglomeration of smaller ones, occasionally perhaps a great empire like that of Charlemagne; but both the one and the other would have crumbled again to fragments as that did, if the general situation of society had continued to be what it was when the feudal system originated. Is not this the very history of society in a great part of the East, from the earliest record of events? Between the time when masses could not help dissolving into particles, and the time when those particles spontaneously reassembled themselves into masses, a great change must have taken place in the molecular properties of the atoms. Inasmuch as the petty district sovereignties of the first age of feudality coalesced into larger provincial sovereignties, which, instead of obeying the original tendency to decomposition, tended in the very contrary direction, towards ultimate aggregation into one national government; it is clear that the state of society had become compatible with extensive governments; the unfavourable circumstances which M. Guizot commemorated in the former period, had in some manner ceased to exist; a great progress in civilization had been accomplished, under the dominion and auspices of the feudal system; and the fall of the system was not really owing to its vices, but to its good qualities, to the improvement which had been found possible under it, and by which mankind had become desirous of obtaining, and capable of realizing, a better form of society than it afforded.

What this change was, and how it came to pass, M. Guizot has left us to seek. Considerable light is, no doubt, incidentally thrown upon it by the course of his investigations, and the sequel of his work would probably have illustrated it still more. At present, the philosophic interpreter of historical phenomena is indebted to him, on this portion of the subject, for little besides materials.

It was under the combined assaults of two powers—royalty from above, the emancipated commons from below—that the independence of the great vassals finally succumbed. M. Guizot has delineated with great force and perspicuity the rise of both these powers. His review of the origin and emancipation of the communes, and the growth of the *tiers-état*, is one of the best executed portions of the book; and should be read, with M. Thierry's Letters on the History of France, as the moral of the tale. In his sixth volume, M. Guizot traces, with considerable

minuteness, the progress of the royal authority, from its slumbering infancy in the time of the earlier Capetians, through its successive stages of growth—now by the energy and craft of Philippe Auguste, now by the justice and enlightened policy of Saint Louis—to its attainment, not indeed of recognised despotism, but of almost unlimited power of actual tyranny, in the reign of Philippe le Bel. But upon all these imputed causes of the fall of feudalism, the question recurs, what caused the causes themselves? Why was that possible to the successors of Capet, which had been impossible to those of Charlemagne? How, under the detested feudal tyranny, had a set of fugitive serfs, who congregated for mutual protection at a few scattered points, and called them towns, become industrious, rich, and powerful? There can be but one answer; the feudal system, with all its deficiencies, was sufficiently a government, contained within itself a sufficient mixture of authority and liberty, afforded sufficient protection to industry, and encouragement and scope to the development of the human faculties, to enable the natural causes of social improvement to resume their course. What these causes were, and why they have been so much more active in Europe than in parts of the earth which were much earlier civilized, is far too difficult an enquiry to be entered upon in this place. We have already seen what M. Guizot has contributed to its elucidation in the way of general reflection. About the matter of fact, in respect to the feudal period, there can be no doubt. When the history of what are called the dark ages, because they had not yet a vernacular literature, and did not write a correct Latin style, shall be written as it deserves to be, that will be seen by all, which is already recognised by the great historical enquirers of the present time—that at no period of history was human intellect more active, or society more unmistakeably in a state of rapid advance. From the very commencement of the so much vilified feudal period, every generation overflows with evidences of increasing security, growing industry, and expanding intelligence. But to dwell further on this topic, would be inappropriate to the nature and limits of the present article.

M. Guizot's detailed analysis of the history of European life, is, as we before remarked, only completed for the period preceding the feudal. For the five centuries which extended from Clovis to the last of the Carlovingians, he has given a finished delineation, not only of outward life and political society, but of the progress and vicissitudes of what was then the chief refuge and hope of oppressed humanity, the religious society—the Church. He makes his readers acquainted with the legislation

of the period, with the little it possessed of literature or philosophy, and with that which formed, as ought to be remembered, the real and serious occupation of its speculative faculties—its religious labours, whether in the elaboration or in the propagation of the Christian doctrine. His analysis and historical exposition of the Pelagian controversy—his examination of the religious literature of the period, its sermons and legends—are models of their kind; and he does not, like the old school of historians, treat these things as matters insulated and abstract, of no interest save what belongs to them intrinsically, but invariably looks at them as component parts of the general life of the age.

Of the feudal period, M. Guizot had not time to complete a similar delineation. His analysis even of the political society of the period is not concluded; and we are entirely without that review of its ecclesiastical history, and its intellectual and moral life, whereby the deficiency of explanation would probably have been in some degree supplied, which we have complained of in regard to the remarkable progress of human nature and events during these ages. For the strictly modern period of history he has done still less. The rapid sketch which occupies the concluding lectures of the first volume, does little towards resolving any of the problems in which there is real difficulty.

We shall therefore pass over the many topics on which he has touched cursorily, and without doing justice to his own powers of thought; and shall only further advert to one question, which is the subject of a detailed examination in the Essay in his earlier volume, 'the origin of representative institutions in England'—a question not only of special interest to an English reader, but of much moment in the estimation of M. Guizot's general theory of modern history. For if the natural course of European events was such as that theory represents it, the history of England is an anomalous deviation from that course; and the exception must either prove, or go far to subvert, the rule. In England, as in other European countries, the basis of the social arrangements was, for several centuries, the feudal system; in England, as elsewhere, that system perished by the growth of the Crown, and of the emancipated commonalty. Whence came it, that amidst general circumstances so similar, the immediate and apparent consequences were so strikingly contrasted? How happened it, that in the continental nations absolute monarchy was at least the proximate result, while in England representative institutions, and an aristocratic government, with an admixture of democratic elements, were the consequence?

M. Guizot's explanation of the anomaly is just and conclusive.

The feudal polity in England was from the first a less barbarous thing—had more in it of the elements from which a government might in time be constructed—than in the other countries of Europe. We have seen M. Guizot's lively picture of the isolated position and solitary existence of the seigneur, ruling from his inaccessible height, with sovereign power, over a scanty population; having no superior above him, no equals around him, no communion or co-operation with any, save his family and dependents; absolute master within a small circle, and with hardly a social tie or any action or influence beyond; every thing, in short, in one narrow spot, and nothing in any other place. Now, of this picture, we look in vain for the original in our own history. English feudalism knew nothing of this independence and isolation of the individual feudatory in his fief. It could show no single vassal exempt from the habitual control of government, no one so strong that the king's arm could not reach him. Early English history is made up of the acts of the barons, not the acts of this and that and the other baron. The cause of this is to be found in the circumstances of the Conquest. The Normans did not, like the Goths and Franks, overrun and subdue an unresisting population. They encamped in the midst of a people of spirit and energy, many times more numerous, and almost as warlike as themselves. That they prevailed over them at all, was but the result of superior union. That union once broken, they would have been lost. They could not parcel out the country among them, spread themselves over it, and be each king in his own little domain, with nothing to fear save from the other petty kings who surrounded him. They were an army, and in an enemy's country; and an army supposes a commander, and military discipline. Organization of any kind implies power in the chief who presides over it and holds it together. Add to this, what various writers have remarked—that the dispossession of the Saxon proprietors being effected not at once, but gradually, and the spoils not being seized upon by unconnected bands, but systematically portioned out by the head of the conquering expedition among his followers—the territorial possessions of even the most powerful Norman chief were not concentrated in one place, but dispersed in various parts of the kingdom; and, whatever might be their total extent, he was never powerful enough in any given locality to make head against the king. From these causes, royalty was from the beginning much more powerful among the Anglo-Normans than it ever became in France while feudality remained in vigour. But the same circumstances which rendered it impossible for the barons to hold their ground against regal encroachments except by combination, had kept up the

power and the habit of combination among them. In French history, we never, until a late period, hear of confederacies among the nobles; English history is full of them. Instead of numerous unconnected petty potentates, one of whom was called the King, there are two great figures in English history—a powerful King, and a powerful body of Nobles. To give the needful authority to any act of general government, the concurrence of both was essential—and hence Parliaments, elsewhere only occasional, were in England habitual. But the natural state of these rival powers was one of conflict; and the weaker side, which was usually that of the barons, soon found that it stood in need of assistance. Although the feudatory class, to use M. Guizot's expression, 'had converted itself into a real aristocratic corporation,'* the barons were not strong enough 'to impose at the same time on the king their liberty, and on the people their tyranny. As they had been obliged to combine for the sake of their own defence, so they found themselves under the necessity of calling in the people in aid of their coalition.'†

The people, in England, were the Saxons—a vanquished race, but whose spirit had never, like that of the other conquered populations, been completely broken. Being a German, not a Latin people, they retained the traditions, and some portion of the habits, of popular institutions and personal liberty. When called, therefore, to aid the barons in moderating the power of the Crown, they claimed those ancient liberties as their part of the compact. French history abounds with charters of incorporation, which the kings granted, generally for a pecuniary consideration, to town communities which had cast off their *seigneurs*. The charters which English history is full of, are concessions of general liberties to the whole body of the nation—liberties which the nobility and the commons either wrung from the king by their united strength, or obtained from his voluntary policy as the purchase-money of their obedience. The series of these treaties, for such they in reality were, between the Crown and the Nation, beginning with the first Henry, and ending with the last renewal by Edward I. of the Great Charter of King John, are the principal incidents of English history during the feudal period. And thus, as M. Guizot observes in his concluding summary—'In France, from the foundation of the monarchy to the fourteenth century, every thing was individual—powers, liberties, oppression, and the resistance to oppression. Unity,

* *Essais*, p. 419.† *Ib.* p. 424.

' the principal of all government—association of equals, the principle of all checks—were only found in the narrow sphere of each *seigneurie*, or each city. Royalty was nominal; the aristocracy did not form a body; there were burgesses in the towns, but no commons in the state. In England, on the contrary, from the Norman conquest downwards, every thing was collective; similar powers, analogous situations, were compelled to approach one another, to coalesce, to associate. From its origin royalty was real, while feudality ultimately grouped itself into two masses, one of which became the high aristocracy, the other, the body of the commons. Who can mistake, in this first travail of the formation of the two societies, in these so different characteristics of their early age, the true origin of the prolonged difference in their institutions and in their destinies?'

M. Guizot returns to this subject in a remarkable passage in the first volume of his *Lectures*,* which presents the different character of the progress of civilization in England and in Continental Europe, in so new and peculiar a light, that we cannot better conclude this article than by quoting it:—

' When I endeavoured to define the peculiar character of European civilization, compared with those of Asia and of antiquity, I showed that it was superior in variety, richness, and complication; that it never fell under the dominion of any exclusive principle; that the different elements of society coexisted and modified one another, and were always compelled to compromises and mutual toleration. This, which is the general character of European, has been above all that of English civilization. In England, civil and spiritual powers, aristocracy, democracy, and royalty, local and central institutions, moral and political development, have advanced together, if not always with equal rapidity, yet at no great distance after one another. Under the Tudors, for example, at the time of the most conspicuous advances of pure monarchy, the democratic principle, the power of the people, was also rising and gaining strength. The revolution of the seventeenth century breaks out; it is at once a religious and a political one. The feudal aristocracy appears in it, much weakened indeed, and with the signs of *décadence*, but still in a condition to take a part, to occupy a position, and have its share in the results. It is thus with English history throughout—no old element ever perishes entirely, nor is any new one wholly triumphant—no partial principle ever obtains exclusive ascendancy. There is always simultaneous development of the different social powers, and a compromise among their pretensions and interests.

' The march of Continental civilization has been less complex and less complete. The several elements of society, religious and civil, monar-

chical, aristocratic, and democratic, grew up and came to maturity not simultaneously, but successively. Each system, each principle, has in some degree had its turn. One belongs, it would be too much to say exclusively, but with a very marked predominance, to feudal aristocracy, for example; another to the monarchical principle; another to the democratic. Compare the middle age in France and in England, the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries of our history with the corresponding centuries north of the Channel. In France, you find, at that epoch, feudality nearly absolute—the Crown and the democratic principle almost null. In England, the feudal aristocracy no doubt predominates, but the Crown and the democracy are not without strength and importance. Royalty triumphs in England under Elizabeth, as in France under Louis XIV., but how many *ménagements* it is compelled to observe! How many restrictions, aristocratic and democratic, it has to submit to! In England also, each system, each principle, has had its turn of predominance, but never so completely, never so exclusively, as on the Continent. The victorious principle has always been constrained to tolerate the presence of its rivals, and to concede to each a certain share of influence.

The advantageous side of the effect of this more equable development is evident enough.

There can be no doubt that this simultaneous unfolding of the different social elements, has greatly contributed to make England attain earlier than any of the continental nations to the establishment of a government at once orderly and free. It is the very business of government to negotiate with all interests and all powers, to reconcile them with each other, and make them live and prosper together: now this, from a multitude of causes, was already in a peculiar degree the disposition, and even the actual state, of the different elements of English society: a general, and tolerably regular government had therefore less difficulty in constituting itself. So, again, the essence of liberty is the simultaneous manifestation and action of all interests, all rights, all social elements and forces. England, therefore, was already nearer to it than most other states. From the same causes, national good sense, and intelligence of public affairs, formed itself at an earlier period. Good sense in politics consists in taking account of all facts, appreciating them, and giving to each its place: this, in England, was a necessity of her social condition, a natural result of the course of her civilization.

But to a nation, as to an individual, the consequences of doing every thing by halves, of adopting compromise as the universal rule, of never following out a general idea or principle to its utmost results, are by no means exclusively favourable. Hear, again, M. Guizot:—

In the continental states, each system or principle having had its turn of a more complete and exclusive predominance, they unfolded themselves on a larger scale, with more grandeur and *éclat*. Royalty and feudal aristocracy, for example, made their appearance on the conti-

mental scene of action with more boldness, more expansion, more freedom. All political experiments, so to speak, have been fuller and more complete.' [This is still more strikingly true of the present age, and its great popular revolutions.] 'And hence it has happened that political ideas and doctrines, (I mean those of an extended character, and not simple good sense applied to the conduct of affairs,) have assumed a loftier character, and unfolded themselves with greater intellectual vigour. Each system having presented itself to observation in some sort alone, and having remained long on the scene, it has been possible to survey it as a whole; to ascend to its first principles, descend to its remotest consequences; in short, fully to complete its theory. Whoever observes attentively the genius of the English nation, will be struck with two facts—the sureness of its common sense and practical ability; its deficiency of general ideas and commanding intellect, as applied to theoretical questions. If we open an English book of history, jurisprudence, or any similar subject, we seldom find in it the real foundation, the ultimate reason of things. In all matters, and especially in politics, pure doctrine and philosophy—science, properly so called—have prospered far more on the Continent than in England; they have at least soared higher, with greater vigour and boldness. Nor does it admit of doubt, that the different character of the development of the two civilizations has greatly contributed to this result.'

ART. V.—*The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; including Numerous Letters now first published from the Original Manuscripts.* Edited, with Notes, by LORD MAHON. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1845.

THE name of Chesterfield has become a synonyme for good-breeding and politeness; it is associated in our minds with all that is graceful in manner and cold in heart, attractive in appearance and unamiable in reality. The image it calls up is that of a man rather below the middle height, in a court suit and blue riband, with regular features wearing an habitual expression of gentlemanlike ease. His address is insinuating, his bow perfect, his compliments rival those of *Le Grand Monarque* in delicacy: laughter is too demonstrative for him, but the smile of courtesy is ever on his lip; and by the time he has gone through the circle, the great object of his daily ambition is accomplished—all the women are already half in love with him, and every man is desirous to be his friend. But the name recalls little or nothing of the statesman, the orator, the wit. We forget that this same little man was one of the best Lords-Lieutenant Ireland ever knew, the best speaker in the House of Lords till Pitt and Murray en-

tered it, one of our most graceful Essayists, and the wittiest man of quality of his time—a time when wit meant something more than pleasantry or sparkle, and men of quality prided themselves on having dined in company with Swift, supped at Button's with 'the great Mr Addison,' or passed an evening at Pope's villa at Twickenham. *Nescia mens hominum fati, sortisque futuræ*: what would be the feelings of the all-accomplished, eloquent, and lettered Earl himself, were he to wake from the dead and find his reputation resting on his confidential letters to his son! He would be little less astonished than Petrarch, were *he* to wake up and find his *Africa* forgotten, and his Sonnets the key-stone of his fame.

Dr Johnson has said, that whenever the public think long about a matter, they generally think right. Perhaps they do when they are familiar with the facts, and no twist or warp has been given to the judgment they found upon them. But the best of Lord Chesterfield was that of which he left no lasting or no easily accessible memorials; and Dr Johnson himself gave a warp to the judgment of the public when he said of his lordship, that he was 'a lord among wits and a wit among lords,' and pronounced his famous diatribe against the Letters, (that they taught the morals of a — and the manners of a dancing-master;) though we find him afterwards telling Boswell—'I think it might be made a very pretty book. Take out the 'immorality, and it should be put into the hands of every young gentleman.'

The authority of the Letters is certainly impaired by the popular notion entertained of his lordship as a mere courtier; and we are convinced that a short review of his life will form the best introduction to his writings, which are peculiarly of a class requiring to be read by the light that personal history throws upon them;—like Rochfoucauld's *Maxims*, which it is impossible to appreciate or apply without an intimate knowledge of the men and women of the *Fronde*. It is, moreover, good for literature to take retrospective views occasionally of books and characters that have obtained a prescriptive reputation; and there are passages in Lord Chesterfield's career which deserve to be dwelt upon, independently of their use in illustrating his rules of conduct and speculations on society. We propose, then, with the aid of Dr Maty and Lord Mahon, to bring this ornament of his order once more before that public for which he loved to drape himself—to sift his claims, and settle definitively his place and precedence as a writer, a moralist, and a man.

The 'Memoirs of the Life of the Earl of Chesterfield,' which occupies the whole of the first volume of the edition of his mis-

cellaneous works published in 1777, consists of six sections. The first five were written by Dr Maty; the sixth by Mr Justamond, who, on Dr Maty's death, took charge of the publication. This Memoir is a tolerably fair specimen of second-rate biography.

Lord Mahon has contented himself with prefixing to his edition of the Letters the sketch of Lord Chesterfield's life and character published in his (Lord Mahon's) *History of England*.* It is so well written that we could wish it had been longer. Lord Mahon, himself a Stanhope, has of course enjoyed ample opportunities of making his edition complete. He says he had two objects in view—to combine the scattered correspondence in one uniform arrangement, with explanatory notes; and to publish many characteristic letters which have hitherto been kept back. He has succeeded in both; the new matter is valuable, the arrangement judicious, and the only fault we are inclined to find with the notes is, that they are very short and far between. We will now proceed at once to the immediate purpose of this article.

The family of Stanhope is one of the best in England, and now boasts three peerages, Chesterfield, Stanhope, and Harrington. The date of the Earldom of Chesterfield is 1628. The first earl, a devoted Royalist, died in 1656, and the title descended to his grandson, the 'Milord Chesterfield' who plays so conspicuous a part in Grammont's *Memoirs*. His son, the father of the Earl, was unknown beyond the circles of private life. He is described as a man 'of a morose disposition and violent passions, 'who often thought that people behaved ill to him, when they did not in the least intend it.' He married one of the daughters of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. She did not live long enough to take charge of their education, and in consequence of the unaccountable dislike or indifference of the father, the care of the eldest devolved on his grandmother, Lady Halifax, a woman of understanding, conduct, and sensibility. Dr Maty somewhat magniloquently compares her house to that of the mother of the Gracchi; and it was undoubtedly the resort of the leading politicians and best company, from whom much might be learnt by so apt a scholar and nice observer as Lord Chesterfield. 'He 'was very young' (says Dr Maty) 'when Lord Galway—who, 'though not a very fortunate general, was a man of uncommon 'penetration and merit, and who often visited the Marchioness of 'Halifax—observing in him a strong inclination for a political

‘ life, but at the same time an unconquerable taste for pleasure, with some tincture of laziness, gave him the following advice—
 ‘ If you intend to be a man of business, you must be an early riser. In the distinguished posts your parts, rank, and fortune, will entitle you to fill, you will be liable to have visitors at every hour of the day, and unless you will rise constantly at an early hour, you will never have any leisure to yourself.’
 He took the hint, and acted upon it through life; nor, though his education till his eighteenth year was strictly private, does he appear to have ever wanted the spur of emulation, which it is thought the peculiar privilege of a public school to apply.
 ‘ When I was at your age (eleven) I should have been ashamed if any boy of that age had learned his book better, or played at any play better than I did; and I should not have rested a moment till I had got before him.’

In 1712, being then in his eighteenth year, he was entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and became a resident member of that university. We are tempted to translate a letter which he wrote in French to his language-master, M. Joumeau, soon after his arrival:—

‘ I had a lively pleasure in reading the letter which you were so kind as to write to me. It seemed as if you were speaking to me, and that I was in the company of the man in the world I esteem the most, and whom I wish most ardently to please. I should have answered it sooner, had I not been passing this week at the Bishop of Ely’s, who lives fifteen miles off. In this short time I have seen more of the country than I had seen before in all my life, and which is very agreeable in this neighbourhood.’

‘ I continue constant to my studies, which as yet are but Latin and Greek, because the fair, which is to take place in ten days, would have interrupted them; but as soon as this diversion is over, I am to commence civil law, philosophy, and a little mathematics; but as for anatomy, it will not be in my power to learn it, for, although there is a poor devil that was hanged ready, the surgeon, who was wont to perform these operations, has objected this time because the *subject is a man*, and then he says the students are not desirous to attend. I find this college infinitely the best in the whole university, for it is the smallest, and it is filled with lawyers, who have been in the world, and understand life. *We have but one clergyman, who is also the only man in the college who gets drunk.* Let them say what they will, there is very little debauchery in this university, and particularly among people of condition; for it would require the taste of a porter to put up with it here.’

This Letter is curious, not merely as giving an insight into the writer’s habits, but as showing that, even at this early period, he possessed the same liveliness of remark, light humour, and careless ease of expression, which form the great charm of his Letters

in more advanced age, and which he himself would probably have attributed to persevering care in the formation of a style. For this reason it is difficult to believe the account he gives of his own tone and manner on leaving the university. ‘When I first came into the world at nineteen, I left the University of Cambridge, where I was an absolute pedant. When I talked my best I talked Horace; when I aimed at being facetious I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman I talked Ovid.’

His object in thus exaggerating his own defects probably was, to show his son what pains could do in overcoming deficiencies. But there is no doubt he studied hard enough to justify a fair share of pedantry, so far as learning can justify it; and it seems that he paid particular attention to the great masters of oratory. ‘So long ago as when I was at Cambridge, whenever I read pieces of eloquence (and indeed they were my principal study,) whether, ancient or modern, I used to write down the shining passages, and then translate them as well and elegantly as ever I could; if Latin or French, into English; if English, into French. This, which I practised for some years, not only improved and formed my style, but imprinted in my mind and memory the best thoughts of the best authors.’ He remained about two years at Cambridge, and then started on the grand tour, unattended by a Governor. Nothing worth mentioning is recorded by others or himself, till his travels brought him, in the summer of 1714, to the Hague, where, for the first time, he began to play an independent part in society. The love of shining, which he so strongly inculcates, here broke out in a manner which shows it to be not unaccompanied by risk. ‘When I went abroad, I first went to the Hague, where gaming was much in fashion, and where I observed that many people of shining rank and character gained too. I was then young, and silly enough to believe that gaming was one of their accomplishments; and, as I aimed at perfection, I adopted gaming as a necessary step to it. Thus I acquired by error the habit of a vice, which, far from adorning my character, has, I am conscious, been a great blemish to it.’

From the Hague he repaired to Paris, where so much of the college rust as still stuck to him was rapidly rubbed off. In December 1714, he writes to M. Joumeau:—‘I shall not give you my opinion of the French, because I am very often taken for one, and many a Frenchman has paid me the highest compliment they think they can pay to any one, which is—Sir, you are just like one of us. I will merely tell you that I am insolent; that I talk much, very loud, and in a dogmatical tone. I sing and

'dance as I walk; and lastly, that I spend a monstrous deal of money in powder, feathers, and white gloves'—He after thought better of the French; and, like Marlow in *She Stoops to Conquer*, he must have kept his loud talking and gay rattle for the coffee-house and the parmaid; for on his first arrival at Paris he suffered under a most pitiable degree of *mauvaise honte* in the drawing-room.

—'I got more courage soon afterwards, and was intrepid enough to go up to a fine woman, and tell her that I thought it a warm day; she answered me very civilly, that she thought so too; upon which the conversation ceased on my part for some time, till she, good-naturedly resuming, spoke to me thus. I see your embarrassment, and I am sure the few words you said to me cost you a great deal; but do not be discouraged for that reason and avoid good company. We see that you desire to please, and that is the main point; you want only the manner, and you think that you want it still more than you do. You must go through your noviciate before you can profess good breeding; and, if you will be my novice, I will present you to my acquaintance as such. 'You will easily imagine how much this speech pleased me, and how awkwardly I answered it; I hemmed once or twice (for it gave me a burr in my throat) before I could tell her that I was very much obliged to her; that it was true I had a great deal of reason to distrust my own behaviour, not being used to fine company; and that I should be proud of being her novice and receiving her instructions. As soon as I had fumbled out this answer, she called up three or four people to her, and said *Sçavez-vous*, (for she was a foreigner and I was abroad,) *que j'ai entrepris ce jeune homme et qu'il le faut rassurer? Pour moi, je crois en avoir fait la conquête, car il s'est emancipé dans le moment au point de me dire en tremblant qu'il faisoit chqud. Il faut que vous m'aidiez à le derouiller. Il lui faut nécessairement une passion, et s'il ne m'en juge pas digne, nous lui en cherchons quelque autre. Au reste, mon novice, n'allez pas vous encauiller avec des filles d'opéra et des comédiennes, qui vous épargneront les frais et du sentiment et de la politesse, mais qui vous en coûteront bien plus à tout autre égard.*'

The death of Queen Anne opened a new career for every young man of an ambitious turn of mind, and Lord Stanhope (for this was his title till the death of his father in 1726) hurried home to assist in strengthening the new dynasty. He entered public life under the auspices of his relative, the first Earl Stanhope, the favourite minister of George I., who immediately appointed him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales—a post well suited to his age and habits. It gave him an opportunity of observing the manners of a court; and his *Characters*, as well as numerous remarks scattered through his *Letters*, show that he made an excellent use of it.

He entered the House of Commons as member for St Germain's in the first parliament of George I., and lost no time in trying the

efficacy of the system of training to which he had for years subjected himself with the view of becoming an orator. He spoke for the first time in support of the proposed impeachment of the Duke of Ormond, and attracted some attention by the decided tone of his opinions, as well as by the fluency of his declamation. But he had hardly done speaking when one of the opposite party took him on one side, paid him a high compliment on his *début*, and reminded him that, as he still wanted six weeks of being of age, he was liable to a heavy penalty for sitting or voting in the House, and must immediately absent himself for a brief interval, unless he wished his minority to be made known. Lord Stanhope made the gentleman a low bow, quitted the House directly without voting, and went to Paris, where he made himself extremely useful in procuring information regarding the Jacobite rising in 1715. On his return the year following, he took frequent part in the debates and proceedings of the House, and had gained sufficient distinction to justify the advancement which his friend and relation the Minister was anxious to confer upon him; when, unluckily, the Prince's quarrel with the King broke out, and Lord Stanhope remained faithful to the Prince, though some tempting offers were made to him. Among others, it was proposed to make his father a Duke, and the old earl was extremely angry with him for not closing with the proposal. Lord Stanhope, however, does not appear to have gone into systematic opposition; he occasionally lent his vote to the government, and in 1723 he was rewarded for coming to their aid on a critical occasion, by being appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Lord Townshend, his predecessor in the post, advised him to make it more profitable than he himself had done, by disposing of the places. 'For once,' (was the answer,) 'I would rather follow your lordship's example than your advice.' He was also offered the red riband on the revival of the Bath in 1725; but he thought the order beneath his rank, and was even angry with his younger brother for accepting it. We need hardly say that he was too sensible a man to be averse from marks of honour, provided they really carried consideration along with them; and six years later we find him claiming the garter from Sir Robert Walpole, with the remark, 'I am a man of pleasure, and the blue riband would add two inches to my height.'

He probably owed his importance at this time to his rank and connexions, rather than to his powers as a speaker; for the House of Commons was certainly an uncongenial field for them. He was not fitted either by nature or study for a popular assembly. His style wanted the requisite degree of nerve and muscle, as much as his physical frame. His very taste and refinement

were against him; and it is impossible to conceive a man succeeding in that House, who made it his chief study to avoid giving way to strong excitement, or engaging in rough competition of any kind. It is also stated by Dr Maty, that there was another cause for his not appearing to advantage there. He is said to have stood in awe of a member who was in the habit of mimicking the tone and action of the more remarkable speakers; and this is not unlikely, for in his Letter to his godson he remarks, that 'ridicule, though not founded upon truth, will stick for some time, and if thrown by a skilful hand, perhaps for ever.' *Il n'y a rien qui tue comme un ridicule.* Late in life, however, he would hardly have suffered his sensitiveness on such a point to attract notice. The death of his father in 1726, at length placed him in a more appropriate sphere of action. The House of Lords at that period filled a very different position from what it does at present; and the fate of governments hung upon its debates and divisions nearly as often as on those of the House of Commons. Eighty or a hundred peers was not an unusual attendance, when the peerage was not much more than half as numerous as at present; but the character of the audience differed essentially from that of the representative body. Here his high-bred ease, delicate irony, fine humour, persuasive tones, and gracefully flowing periods, were appreciated: no unmannerly interruption or coarse freedom would be endured; and his total want of those energetic bursts and impulsive movements which are inseparable from the highest efforts of eloquence, was deemed rather a merit than a defect; for even Chatham, when he put forth his strength, has been known to ruffle their lordships' complacency, and was sometimes accused of compromising the dignity of their House. Lord Chesterfield particularly excelled in that graceful and urbane pleasantry which lightens up and relieves an argument, without appearing to trifle with the subject, or ever degenerating into what he would term the vulgarity of a joke; and many of the best political as well as social repartees of his times are attributed to him.

It was nearly five years, however, after his accession to the peerage, when he became one of the acknowledged leaders of the Upper House. George the First died in 1727, and it was then expected that Lord Chesterfield would reap the reward of his constancy to the new king whilst heir-apparent. But instead of being placed in high office at home, he was dispatched on an embassy to the Hague. This post, whatever the intention of the Ministry in sending him there, was well fitted to his abilities, and he contrived to add considerably to his reputation by means of it. In 1729, Lord Townshend, having formed a plan for

removing the Duke of Newcastle, advised Lord Chesterfield to wait on the king at Helvoet-Sluis on his return from Hanover, and desire permission to attend his Majesty to London on account of private business. This was done in the hope that the King might be won over by the charm of the Earl's conversation, and be prepared to appoint him in the Duke's place. The stratagem failed: Lord Townshend was forced to resign; and Lord Chesterfield went back to his embassy, after impressing Sir Robert Walpole so effectually with his entire innocence of the plot, and the prudence of keeping well with him, as to obtain the place of High Steward and the Garter. His predecessor in the place, who was suspected of having made money by the patronage attached to it, gave him a list of the persons he had appointed, and desired they might be continued. 'I have at present no thoughts of turning any one out,' was the answer; 'but, if I alter my mind, it will only be in relation to those who have bought in.'

Lord Chesterfield remained abroad till 1732, when he gave up his embassy. He had suffered both in health and fortune during his residence at the Hague, and it took him some months to gain strength enough to resume his parliamentary attendance, which now became unremitting. He at first supported the ministers, but was too fond of his own independence to fulfil the conditions which Sir Robert Walpole exacted from his adherents; and their friendship was consequently shortlived. On the introduction of the famous Excise Bill, Lord Chesterfield denounced the scheme in the strongest terms, and his three brothers voted against it in the House of Commons. So high was the popular excitement, that when Queen Caroline consulted Lord Scarborough as to the possibility of carrying the bill, he is reported to have told her that he could answer for his regiment against the Pretender, but not against the opposers of the excise; upon which the Queen, with tears in her eyes, said, 'Then we must drop it.' The Ministry was in imminent danger, and was only saved by the tact of the Premier in yielding willow-like to the storm. It was not at such a season that he could afford to make a show of magnanimity. Lord Chesterfield was summarily dismissed from his office of lord steward, and the ministerial papers fell upon him with more than usual asperity. One writer in a leading government print went the length of insinuating, that reasons for the removal unconnected with politics might be disclosed, if it were not dangerous to speak such truths of a peer as might be deemed *scandalum magnatum*. Lord Chesterfield met and silenced this attack by a message to the anonymous writer, formally authorizing him to say all he knew or what he pleased of him.

During the next two years Lord Chesterfield was one of the leaders of the opposition in the House of Lords, and left no means untried to effect the downfall of the minister who had insulted him. Dr Maty tells a curious story in illustration of his zeal :

‘ The late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the headach, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood given. I have no objection ; and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me ? *Apropos*, said Lord Chesterfield after the operation, do you go to the House to-day ? Lord R—— answered, I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated ; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of ? The Earl having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment ; he carried him to the House, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country.’

Though Lord Chesterfield contributed largely to the downfall of the Minister, he was left out of the new government, which lost considerably in public confidence for want of him. In ‘ An Ode to a Great Number of Great Men, lately made,’ he is thus apostrophised in company with his friend John Duke of Argyll :

‘ More changes, better times, this isle
Demands. Oh, Chesterfield, Argyll !
To bleeding Britain bring ‘em :
Unite all hearts, appease each storm ;
‘Tis yours such actions to perform,
My pride shall be to sing ‘em.’

He continued in opposition, and on more than one occasion (as on commenting on the want of *conduct*, as contradistinguished from *behaviour*, at Dettingen) gave such strong personal offence to George II., that his exclusion from public employment might have proved permanent, could his services have been dispensed with. In 1744, however, the King was obliged to give up his favourite minister, Lord Carteret, and to accept the coalition or ‘ broad-bottom’ party, at the head of which was Lord Chesterfield. The state of affairs abroad being just then the main difficulty, and the co-operation of the Dutch of vital importance, it was arranged that he should go first to Holland as Ambassador, and then to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant ; a plan in which the King acquiesced the more readily on account of its removing his supposed enemy from court. He stood out for some time against

admitting the Earl into the cabinet, or granting him a personal interview, but was compelled to concede both points, and could only show his resentment by his manner, which he took care to make as ungracious as possible. The only words he uttered at the leave-taking audience, when the Earl requested to be honoured with his commands, were, '*You have received your instructions, my Lord.*'

The Earl succeeded tolerably well with his old friends the High Mightinesses; but we have no space to dwell upon this mission or its effects, and gladly hasten with him to Ireland, where he arrived towards the end of the year 1745—a most trying period for a new Lord-Lieutenant, as the Catholics were hourly expected to take arms to co-operate with the Pretender. It is impossible to speak too highly of the wise and enlightened policy which he there adopted and enforced. It was immeasurably in advance of his age. Indeed, we should be puzzled to name any other English statesman till we come to Burke, capable of conceiving such a scheme of government; much less of carrying it into effect with firmness, impartiality, and disinterestedness. All his more immediate predecessors had governed through 'managers,' *i. e.*, the heads of certain great Protestant families, who undertook to manage the two Houses, smooth down all difficulties, and make the viceregal office a pleasant sinecure; on condition of being permitted to domineer over the rival party, divide the entire patronage, job the revenue, and anticipate the resources of the country, as they thought fit. So well understood and so effectually carried out was this arrangement, that we find the Duke of Shrewsbury giving as a reason for accepting the lord-lieutenancy, that it was a place where a man had business enough to hinder him from falling asleep, and not enough to keep him awake. It was not even regarded as affording sufficient scope for an independent mode of thinking or acting, to make it worth the acceptance of a man of Lord Chesterfield's political eminence; and some surprise was expressed at his eagerness to get appointed to it. Lord Marchmont records, in his Diary the reasons alleged in conversation by the Earl himself, which are all of a personal and not very elevated kind; but he may have thought a little dissimulation justifiable, and might have feared incurring ridicule or provoking opposition by explaining himself more fully. He certainly felt and expressed a full conviction of his own peculiar fitness for the post, and had it repeatedly in his thoughts at a long antecedent period. 'One morning (says Dr Chenevix) 'that I was with him, his Lordship was expressing how much he was concerned that I was so long without having better preferment,

‘and told me in his joking manner.—Well, I have just thought of a way in which I am sure you’ll succeed with Sir Robert. Go and tell him from me, that I will accept of the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, and I am sure he will then procure you a good living from the Crown!’

The first care of the new Lord-Lieutenant was to obviate the possibility of being impeded in his designs. He insisted on *carte blanche* in respect of every sort of patronage; and when, on his nominating his chaplain (Dr Chenevix) for a Bishopric, the King hesitated, and begged he would look out for another candidate, he desired the Secretary of State to say, that in that case his Majesty must look out for another Lord-Lieutenant. He was equally peremptory with the Irish placemen who were regarded as pledged supporters of the Crown. The Master of the Rolls (the place was then a sinecure) having given some trouble in the House of Commons, he sent for him and said—‘Master, you must do the King’s business, or be turned out of your employment; and if you are, I shall not do as they do in England, for you shall never come in again as long as I have any power.’ This sounds harsh, but decided steps were necessary to show that he had made up his mind not to be thwarted; or he would have been crossed at every turn by the disappointed managers and their friends. The office of principal Secretary had usually been conferred on some clever, active, enterprising person, who did the whole work and monopolized the chief power (without the responsibility) of his Chief. Lord Chesterfield chose a Secretary, as a Mayor of the Palace in the early days of the French monarchy would have chosen a King; he chose a secretary *fainéant*. The gentleman thus honoured was Mr Lyddel, a member of Parliament, and (to borrow his noble patron’s words) a very genteel pretty young fellow, but not a man of business. He was thus addressed on his first visit—‘Sir, you will receive the emoluments of your place; but I will do the business myself, being determined to have no first minister.* The next step was to conciliate good-will and inspire confidence. His speech on opening the Session, was admirably adapted for this purpose; whilst the grace, dignity,

* When William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, was appointed Lord High Admiral in 1827, a certain Secretary was in the habit of dictating to the Board. His Royal Highness, having received a hint to that effect, spoke as follows, on first taking his seat—‘From you, gentlemen, (to his Colleagues,) I shall expect the most cordial co-operation; from you, (to the Secretaries,) the most implicit obedience.’

and apparent frankness with which it was delivered, had their full influence on a susceptible people like the Irish. The impression thus made, was much aided by the timely appearance of a supplemental Drapier's Letter, in which Swift's style was imitated with sufficient exactness to deceive the multitude. Dr Maty thinks that Lord Chesterfield had a hand in it. The Dean certainly had not; for he was then dying, and unable to hail the arrival of the only Lord-Lieutenant equal to any thing like an interchange of mind with him, to whom he would not have said as he said to Lord Carteret—'What in God's name do you do here? Get back to your own country, and send us our boobies again.'

It is told in the *Swiftiana*, that the Dean never could prevail on Lord Carteret to nominate him one of the trustees of the linen manufactory, or even a justice of peace. His lordship always replied, 'I am sure, Mr Dean, you despise those feathers, and would not accept of them.' The Dean answered, 'No, my lord, I do not, as I might be serviceable to the public in both capacities; but, as I would not be governed by your excellency, nor job at the board, or suffer abuses to pass there, or at a quarter-session's assizes, I know that you will not indulge me for the good of this unhappy nation; but if I were a worthless member of parliament, or a bishop, and would vote for the court, and betray my country, then you would readily grant my request.' Lord Carteret replied, with equal freedom and politeness, 'What you say is literally true, and therefore you must excuse me.' We cannot describe Lord Chesterfield's administration better than by saying, that he would gladly have nominated the Dean to both; for he was a declared enemy to jobs of all kinds; he made it his principal study to find out, and correct abuses; and, far from discountenancing those who were likely to give trouble, he anxiously sought out and put himself into constant communication with all (like Bishop Berkely and Mr Prior) who had the good of the country at heart, and were qualified to give sound advice in advancing it. Two short extracts from his Letters to Mr Prior, will prove how just a view he took of the character and real wants of the Irish; and how singularly superior he showed himself to the cant and corruption of his day, which, alas! has hardly yet ceased to be the cant and corruption of our own.

—'These (schemes for manufactures of glass, paper, &c.) are the sort of jobs that I wish people in Ireland would attend to with as much industry and care, as they do to jobs of a very different nature. These honest arts would solidly increase their fortunes, and improve their estates upon the only true and permanent foundation, the public good.'

Leave us and your regular forces in Ireland to fight for you, think of your manufactures at least as much as of your militia, and be as much upon your guard against poverty as against Popery; take my word for it, you are in more danger of the former, than of the latter.

‘I hope my friend, the Bishop of Meath, goes on prosperously with his charter-schools. I call them his; for I really think, that without his care and perseverance they would hardly have existed now. Though their operation is sure, yet, being slow, it is not suited to the Irish taste of the time present only; and I cannot help saying, that except in your claret, which you are very solicitous should be two or three years old, you think less of two or three years hence, than any people under the sun.

‘I believe you will allow that a claret board, if there were one, would be much better attended than the linen board, unless when flax seed was to be distributed. I am sensible that I shall be reckoned a very shallow politician, for giving my attention to such trifling objects as the improvement of your lands, the extension of your manufactures, and the increase of your trade, which only tend to the advantages of the public; whereas an able lord-lieutenant ought to employ his thoughts in greater matters. He should think of jobs for favourites, sops for enemies, managing parties, and engaging parliaments to vote away their own and their fellow subjects’ liberties and properties. But these great arts of government, I confess, are above me, and people should not go out of their depth. I will modestly be content with wishing Ireland all the good that is possible, and with doing it all the good I can; and so weak am I, that I would much rather be distinguished and remembered by the name of the Irish Lord-Lieutenant, than by that of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.’

His opinions on the cardinal question, what is to be done with the Roman Catholics, are explained in another well-known letter. ‘I came determined to proscribe no set of persons, and to ‘be governed by none.’ He abided by these opinions throughout—turning a deaf ear to the remonstrances of the bigots, or parrying their remonstrances with a stroke of pleasantry. ‘Why, my lord,’ said the Sir Harcourt Lees of that day, ‘your own coachman is a Papist, and goes to mass every Sunday.’ ‘Does he, indeed!’ replied the Lord-Lieutenant, ‘I will take good care that he does not drive me there.’ One morning early, the vice-treasurer, Mr Gardner, a red-hot Orangemen, waited on him, and assured him on the best authority that the Papists in the province of Connaught were actually rising: upon which Lord Chesterfield took out his watch, and composedly observed, ‘It is nine o’clock, and certainly time for them to rise; I therefore believe your news to be true.’ All this time he was watching over the peace of the country with Argus eyes, and the slightest movement towards disaffection was observed.

On hearing that a Roman Catholic proprietor in the neighbourhood of Dublin was an agent of the Pretender, he privately sent for him to the Castle. 'Sir,' (said Lord Chesterfield,) 'I do not wish to enquire whether you have any particular employment in this kingdom, but I know that you have a great interest among those of your persuasion. I have sent for you to exhort them to be peaceable and quiet. If they behave like faithful subjects, they shall be treated as such; but if they act in a different manner, I shall be worse to them than Cromwell.'

Yet he cannot be accused of carrying the principle of toleration to an undue extent; for (according to Dr Maty) he thought the only honest and effectual methods to be employed with regard to the Irish Roman Catholics, were good usage, supporting the charity schools, and adhering strictly to the Gavel Act—that act by which the estates of a Papist were to be divided equally among his nearest of kin, unless one of them should turn Protestant, in which case the convert was entitled to the whole! Was this carelessness, or politic compliance with a received prejudice, or real though partial bigotry to be set down among the follies of the wise? Sir Thomas More lent a hand to tighten the rack; Lord Bacon favoured judicial astrology; Sir Matthew Hale burnt witches; and the first Lord-Lieutenant who introduced the principles of justice and toleration into Ireland, thought it right to bribe men over to the true faith, by allowing them to rob their brothers and sisters of their patrimony! Yet with these startling examples of human fallibility before our eyes, we go on, day after day, unconscious of our errors, surprised at our weaknesses, loudly triumphing over the inconsistencies of others, and resorting to a thousand fallacies to palliate our own.

Upon leaving Ireland, he desired the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Elphin, and the Lord Chief-justice, to consider of any laws that might be for the advantage of the kingdom, and have them ready against his return. But in October 1746 he consented, much against his inclination, to exchange the Lord-Lieutenancy for the seals of Secretary of State. 'His project,' (adds Lord Mahon, on the first Lord Holland's authority) 'was to govern George the Second through Lady Yarmouth, as he once had hoped through Lady Suffolk.' In this he failed, though his insinuating manners had their ordinary influence both with the lady and the King. It is said that he was once chosen, or volunteered, to conquer the King's repugnance to an important appointment. On his producing the commission, and mentioning the name, the King angrily refused, and said, *I would rather have the devil.* 'With all my heart,' replied the Earl; 'I

‘only beg leave to put your Majesty in mind, that the commission is addressed to our right trusty and well-beloved cousin.’ The King laughed, and said, *My Lord, do as you please.* Yet the awkward, shuffling, scrambling Duke of Newcastle managed to shuffle him out of his place, despite of all his tact; or at least made it impossible for him to keep it without a feeling of self-degradation; as he was not allowed to carry any one object, public or private, that he was known to have thoroughly at heart.

After trying for the fifth or sixth time, by way of testing his credit, to get a regiment for his cousin John Stanhope, he resigned in January 1748. ‘My horse, my books, and my friends,’ (he writes to Mr Dayrolles,) ‘will divide my time pretty equally. I shall not keep less company, but only better, for I shall choose it.’ He did not choose well at starting; for the very evening of his resignation he repaired to White’s, and resumed his old habits of deep play. He was fond of clubs; and being once asked why he was never seen at routs or assemblies, he answered, that he never went to conventicles where there was an established church. For some years subsequently to his resignation, he continued, as health permitted, and until quite incapacitated from deafness, to take a prominent part in the proceedings of the House of Lords; and in 1751 greatly distinguished himself by his speech in bringing in the bill for the reform of the Calendar. The undertaking did him honour on many accounts; for the difficulties of detail were great, and the prejudices against it strong. He was seconded by Lord Macclesfield, the President of the Royal Society, and assisted by Mr Bradley, the celebrated Mathematician. Lord Mahon relates, that three years afterwards, when Lord Macclesfield’s son stood a contested election in Oxfordshire, one of the most vehement cries raised against him was, ‘Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of.’ Several years later, when Mr Bradley was dying of a lingering illness, the common people ascribed his sufferings to a judgment from Heaven for having taken part in that ‘impious undertaking.’

In 1752 Lord Chesterfield’s deafness became a fixed topic of complaint. ‘In spite of my strong hereditary right to deafness, how willingly would I part with it to any minister, to whom hearing is often disagreeable; or to any fine woman, to whom it is often dangerous.’ In 1775:—‘Retirement was my choice seven years ago; it is now become my necessary refuge. Public life and I are parted for ever.’

One resource remained to him. He had always professed a strong attachment to literature, and cultivated some of the

lighter branches with success. His drawing-room verses (*vers de société*) were in vogue for a period; and to be in vogue for a period is as much as the writer of drawing-room verses (even such as Luttrell's or William Spencer's) can expect. It is a lucky chance, a thing on which to plume himself, if a couplet descends to posterity; and one of Lord Chesterfield's (from *Advice to a Lady in Autumn*) is constantly quoted as a model of affected prettiness:

'The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.'

An extempore couplet in a different style has been preserved by a foreigner: 'Sir Thomas Robinson,' (says M. Dutens,) 'very tall and thin, one day challenged Lord Chesterfield to make some verses on him. Lord Chesterfield wrote immediately—

"Unlike my subject now shall be my song,
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long."

But incomparably his best epigram is the famous one on seeing the full length picture of Beau Nash, between the busts of Pope and Newton, in the pump-room at Bath:—

'This picture placed the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength;—
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length.'

Perhaps his best *bon-mot* was that on hearing of the marriage of a man of low family, with the daughter of a lady whose way of life threw doubts on the paternity. He observed that nobody's son had married everybody's daughter. Had he been only a lord among wits, as Johnson termed him, we do not think Pope would have paid him the celebrated compliment—

'Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.'

Or have exclaimed even in verse—

'How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, or Attic wit?'

It is remarkable that, though Dr Maty expatiates largely on the familiar intercourse which Lord Chesterfield maintained with two generations of men of letters, he says nothing on the disputed question of the Earl's reception of Dr Johnson; or of the papers in the 'World' recommending the Dictionary; or of the indignant letter which they provoked. This silence is ominous in a friendly biographer; but we incline to think that Mr Cypker has offered the true solution; that no slight was intended, and

that the lexicographer took fire without a cause. Lord Chesterfield had the misfortune to offend another man of genius, who revenged himself in a less justifiable manner. The virtuoso Peer in *Peregrine Pickle* was said to be intended for the Earl. He married, in 1733, Melusina de Schulemburg, the reputed daughter of George the First by the Duchess of Kendal. She contributed little either to his comfort or discomfort; and his opinion of matrimony, which must be supposed to be tinged by his own experience, was far from encouraging. 'I have at least (he writes in 1763) done the best office that can be done for most married people; that is, I have fixed the separation between my brother and his wife, and the definitive treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight.' They had no family, and all his parental interests were centred in his illegitimate son, Philip Stanhope; to whom the famous Letters, to which we are now coming, are addressed.

The mother was called Mrs Du Bouchet. She was a Frenchwoman of good birth, and the Earl always mentions her with respect. The son was born in 1732. Every branch and period of his education were minutely superintended by the father, who was resolved to make him a pattern of learning, eloquence, accomplishment, politeness, and grace. He turned out the precise opposite, except in the article of learning. Those who knew him best, describe him as a sensible, plain-mannered man, with a good deal of book knowledge, and no pretension to elegance in look, gesture, or tone. He failed in the House of Commons, and, with all his father's pushing, had only just contrived to reach a fifth-rate diplomatic station (that of Envoy at Dresden) when he died. 'On his death in 1768, (five years before the Earl's,) it appeared that he had been privately married for some years, and had left a wife and two children to be provided for. This piece of dissimulation went a little beyond what it was his Lordship's wish to inculcate, but he behaved liberally to the widow, who, notwithstanding, took the unpardonable step of selling the whole of the Letters to a bookseller. They fetched the large price of L.1575. The first edition, dedicated to Lord North, was published in 1774, and three large impressions were sold within the year. Dr Johnson accounts for this by saying, 'It was not to be wondered that they had so great a sale, considering that they were the letters of a statesman, a wit, one who had been so much in the mouths of mankind, one long accustomed *virum volitare per ora*.' But we think their real merit was quite sufficient to justify their reception; and we are convinced that the accidental circumstances connected with the

publication, have done it more harm than good upon the whole. Let us first examine the more popular and obvious objections to them.

It is said that they inculcate immorality, and on one point they do. The advice to form a *liaison* with a married woman by way of apprenticeship in the art of pleasing, and the enquiries about *la petite Blot*, are far from edifying; but such passages must be read in connexion with the persons and the time. We must not run away with the notion that Lord Chesterfield thought it a becoming or an improving thing for a young man to invade the peace of a family, corrupt the mind of a young woman engaged in the due discharge of the domestic duties, and lead her into ruin and disgrace. At the period in question, the female leaders of fashion at Paris were all more or less addicted to gallantry. The enjoyment of a certain license in this respect was regarded as a prescriptive right; and a husband who should have endeavoured to interfere with it, would have been regarded as a monster. 'Il lui faut nécessairement une passion,' (says Lord Chesterfield's own protectress, addressing the company,) 'et s'il ne m'en juge pas digne, nous lui en chercherons quelque autre.' It was in reference to this very state of things that Burke, a man of stern morals, laid down his celebrated axiom, that vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness. Lord Chesterfield had been received on a familiar footing in the circle where such arrangements were a matter of course; he knew they were attended with neither risk nor scandal; and he knew, moreover, that a man of warm passions, in the heyday of youth, who did not form one at Paris, would probably fall into worse hands, and form connexions ruinous to health, fortune, manners, and morality. He therefore acted like a man of the world, and chose the least of two evils; just as many a more virtuous father would recommend his son to fight a duel if imperatively required by the law of honour, though perfectly aware that he was recommending an action forbidden by the law of God. We think Lord Chesterfield did wrong; we think the advice very bad advice; particularly as regarded the person to whom it was addressed; but we protest against its being argued that he disregarded virtue, or made light of principle, because he submitted to this compromise with expediency.

It is also objected that they teach dissimulation; but this is not to be understood as implying a low estimate of truth. It is impossible for the most pious or exemplary father to express himself more pointedly than he did against lying, in all its ramifications and varieties—

‘ There is nothing so delicate as your moral character, and nothing

which it is your interest so much to preserve pure. Should you be suspected of injustice, malignity, perfidy, lying, &c., all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure you esteem, friendship, or respect. A strange concurrence of circumstances has sometimes raised very bad men to high stations; but they have been raised like criminals to a pillory, where their persons and their crimes, by being more conspicuous, are only the more known, the more detested, and the more pelted and insulted. If, in any case whatsoever, affectation and ostentation are pardonable, it is in the case of morality; though, even there, I would not advise you to a pharisaical pomp of virtue. But I will recommend to you a most scrupulous tenderness for your moral character, and the utmost care not to say or do the least thing that may, ever so slightly, taint it. Show yourself, upon all occasions, the advocate, the friend, but not the bully, of virtue. Colonel Chartres, whom you have certainly heard of, (who was, I believe, the most notorious blasted rascal in the world, and who had by all sorts of crimes amassed immense wealth,) was so sensible of the disadvantage of a bad character, that I heard him once say, in his impudent and profligate manner, that, though he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character; because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it; whereas he was so blasted that he had no longer an opportunity of cheating people. Is it possible, then, that an honest man would neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?

The only kind of dissimulation he teaches, is that absolutely indispensable for a diplomatist, (Mr Stanhope's intended profession,) and the concealment every prudent man practises. Burns has hit it off exactly in his 'Epistle to a Young Friend.'—

• 'Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony;
 But still keep something to yoursel'
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection;
 But keek thro' every other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.'

It is remarkable that on the more delicate subject (immoral ties between the sexes) the Peasant, looking at it in a mere worldly point of view, has pointed out a consequence which escaped the penetration of the Peer.

• The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it;
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,
 Tho' naething should divulge it:
 I wave the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing;
 But och! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling!'

Another ground of objection is the undue stress laid on manner, and the eternal recurrence to the Graces. Lord Mahon meets this by the known fact that Philip Stanhope was diligent, nay eager, in the pursuit of solid knowledge, but careless to a culpable degree of both dress and address. There can be no doubt, however, that Lord Chesterfield was far too much impressed with the importance of superficial accomplishments, and too prone to undervalue the average information and understanding of society. At all events, we should not recommend any embryo Senator to suppose the following advice still applicable :

‘ I was to bring in this bill, (for the Reform of the Calendar,) which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well ; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes ; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and soundness of my periods ; to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed : they thought I informed, because I pleased, them ; and many of them said, that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in framing the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of ; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case ; every numerous assembly is a mob, let the individuals who compose it be what they will !

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‘ When you come into the House of Commons, if you imagine that speaking plain and unadorned sense and reason will do your business, you will find yourself most grossly mistaken. As a speaker, you will be ranked only according to your eloquence, and by no means according to your matter ; every body knows the matter almost alike, but few can adorn it.

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‘ I want to inculcate this known truth into you, which you seem by no means to be convinced of yet—that ornaments are at present your only objects. Weight without lustre is lead. You had better talk trifles elegantly to the most trifling woman, than coarse inelegant sense to the most solid man. You had better return a dropped fan genteelly, than give a thousand pounds awkwardly ; and you had better refuse a favour

gracefully, than grant it clumsily. Manner is all in every thing; it is by manner only that you can please, and consequently rise. All your Greek will never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your manner, your air, if good, very probably may. Marcel can be of much more use to you than Aristotle. I would, upon my word, much rather that you had Lord Bolingbroke's style and eloquence, in speaking and writing, than all the learning of the Academy of Sciences, the Royal Society, and the two Universities united.

Lord Chatham was a striking example of the power of manner; and of all that Demosthenes meant by *action* in oratory; but then his fire, his boldness, his splendid imagination, and idiomatic English, were sterling qualities of the highest order. Lord Mansfield, 'the silver-tongued Murray,' again, was all grace, ease, suavity, and mellifluence; his bare narrative of circumstances was said to be worth any other man's argument; but this arose from the perfection of his logic, the excellence of his arrangement, and his thorough mastery of the subject in hand. The mistake consists in not seeing, or not saying, that there must be a foundation for the superstructure. There may be a great deal of difference between times when the House of Commons was filled with men of birth and fortune, taking little part in real business, and times like the present, when it is principally composed of real and (*volentes volentes*) hard-working representatives. But we doubt whether there ever was a time when plain unadorned good sense and reason, clearly expressed in appropriate language, would not (to borrow Lord Chesterfield's phrase) have done a man's business better than the most polished oration, tricked out with the choicest ornaments, where the obvious aim was less to convince or give information than to shine. His Lordship does himself and his illustrious audience great injustice in what he said about his speech. The truth is, he told them all it was necessary for them to know, and all any assembly but an assembly of *savans* could have understood, regarding the purpose of the Bill. It was not necessary to talk astronomy in order to prove the inconvenience of an erroneous calendar, or the propriety of adopting the best; and an historical account of calendars was the most judicious mode of disabusing the public, then clamouring against the measure, under a full conviction that the established calendar was a sacred thing, and no more a subject of legislative interference than the Decalogue. Lord Macclesfield's speech, subsequently printed, was addressed to the scientific world, and was equally useful in its way; but it ought to have been reserved for the Chair of the Royal Society, which the noble speaker was afterwards called upon to fill.

The same turn of mind that colours the remarks on oratory, pervades the practical advice on many other subjects; though the peculiar tendencies of Mr Stanhope make it difficult to say when Lord Chesterfield was expressing his real opinions on many of them. It is clear, however, that he fell into what strikes us to be a great error regarding the attention to be paid to natural character or genius, and the possibility or prudence of controlling it. He has an unlimited confidence in education; he thinks that the human mind and body may be trained to any thing; that it is our own fault if we do not obtain the entire control of our passions, the entire command of our faces, and the entire mastery of our limbs; that if we will but take pains, we may possess most of the good qualities, and avoid all the bad; that we may be as learned, eloquent, graceful, and agreeable as we please; that any young man may take his Degree in the art of pleasing as regularly as in the classics, and become in due course the darling of the women and the envy of the men; or, without the least reference to natural aptitude, confidently set about making himself a courtier, a diplomatist, or an orator—in short, any thing but a poet; which, possibly out of respect for the old maxim, is allowed to form an exception to the theory. Yet something may be done even with poets. ‘If Shakspeare’s genius had been cultivated, those beauties which we so justly admire would have been undisguised by those extravagancies and that nonsense with which they are frequently accompanied.’ Acting on these principles, Lord Chesterfield devotes his best energies, during a series of years, to the task of qualifying young Stanhope to play the very part of all others for which he was palpably unfit. ‘A heavy-looking loutish lad, with good dispositions, and a taste for solid acquirements, is to be manufactured into an easy, graceful man of fashion; to be endowed *invitâ Minervâ* with all the superficial accomplishments, and inoculated in his own despite, with all the lighter vices; in the hope (too often vain) that they will polish without hardening, and be abandoned at the proper season for the graver cares and higher duties of society. Lord Chesterfield might just as well have told such a son to be six feet high as to be eloquent, to have a Roman nose as to be graceful, to write like Pope as to bow like the Duc de Richelieu; and we strongly suspect that the donkey playing lapdog, was a fair type of the neophyte in the boudoir of *la petite Blot*, if indeed he ever got so far. The tenacity with which the Earl clung to his plan long after every one else had seen its hopelessness, is wonderful. The scales grew thicker and thicker instead of dropping from his eyes; his son must and shall be a modern Alcibiades; all his old friends and former mistresses are adjured to

make him one; and by way, we suppose, of putting the youth entirely at his ease, he is expressly told that a hundred eyes are watching him; and that, if he eventually falls short of the ideal standard, he may lay his account with finding all fatherly favour and affection at an end for ever.

The result is well known. The only one of his father's peculiar accomplishments which young Stanhope acquired and improved upon was dissimulation; and the skill with which he managed to conceal his private marriage during so many years, shows that he was no mean proficient in it. But we do not found our judgment on the result. The scheme was absurd from the beginning: the whole theory is radically wrong. *E quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*. No parent should begin telling a boy to be this thing or that thing before he sees what nature meant him for; that is, till the qualities, capabilities, or tendencies of the individual can be discriminated. It may be true that these are the effects of external circumstances, and not born with us; but they are commonly fixed at a period long antecedent to that at which education ever does or probably ever can begin.* Pope wrote excellent verses at fourteen. Lawrence painted beautifully when a mere boy. Madame de Staël was deep in the philosophy of politics at an age when an ordinary girl would have been dressing dolls. Nelson had made up his mind to be a hero before he was old enough to be a midshipman; and Napoleon was already at the head of armies when pelting snowballs at Brienne. Though character is less strongly marked among the common herd, an acute observer will constantly discover traces of it. Go through any large school, and you will have no difficulty in picking out the boys most remarkable for neatness or slovenliness; cleverness or stupidity, excess of spirit or the lack of it; though you may not prove a match in discrimination for Smollett's schoolmaster, who, when some of his neighbours were boasting the superior decorum and propriety of their young pupils, observed, 'It may be all very true, but give me before them all my 'ain bubbly-nosed collant with the stane in his pouch;—words (adds Sir Walter Scott, for the benefit of southern readers) con-

* 'It is then a fact, that the early sequences to which we are accustomed form the primary habits, and that the primary habits are the fundamental character of the man. The consequence is most important; for it follows that, as soon as the infant, or rather the embryo, begins to feel, the character begins to be formed; and that the habits which are then contracted, are the most pervading and operative of all.'—(*Encyclopædia Britannica—Art. Education.*)

aining a faithful sketch of a negligent, unlucky, but spirited urchin, never without some mischievous prank in his head, and a stone in his pocket ready to execute it. Would any schooling in the world have made a staid, sober merchant, or a respectable Kirk Minister of Smollett? The moral is obvious. Pursue the best system of general education until some marked tendency or peculiarity of genius begins to show itself, and then be regulated by that. Make the best of a bad matter, if it be a bad matter, but do not get restless, impatient, unreasonable, and contradictory, because, instead of the good quality you had set your heart upon, you find another good quality of a different description in your son. Years after young Stanhope's character was stereotyped, Lord Chesterfield writes thus :

‘ Many fools (speaking of you) say to me, what, would you have him perfect? I answered, why not? What hurt would it do him or me? Oh, but that is impossible, say they! I reply, I am not sure of that: perfection in the abstract I admit to be unattainable; but what is commonly called perfection in a character, I maintain to be attainable; and not only that, but in every man's power. He has, continue they, a good head, a good heart, a good fund of knowledge, which will increase daily; what would you have more? Why, I would have every thing more that can adorn and complete a character. Will it do his head, his heart, or his knowledge any harm, to have the utmost delicacy of manners, the most shining advantages of air and address, the most endearing attentions, and the most engaging graces? But as he is, say they, he is loved wherever he is known. I am very glad of it, say I; but I would have him be liked before he is known, and loved afterwards. I would have him, by his first *abond* and address, make people wish to know him, and inclined to love him; he will save a great deal of time by it. .

‘ Come, come, say they, (substituting, as is frequently done, assertion instead of argument,) depend upon it, he will do very well; and you have a great deal of reason to be satisfied with him. I hope and believe he will do well, but I would have him to do better than well. I am very well pleased with him; but I would be more—I would be proud of him. I would have him have lustre as well as weight. Did you ever know any body that reunited all these talents? Yes, I did: Lord Bolingbroke joined all the politeness, the manners, and the graces of a courtier, to the solidity of a statesman, and to the learning of a pedant. He was *omnis homo*; and pray, what should hinder my boy from being so too, if he has, as I think he has, all the other qualifications that you allow him? Nothing can hinder him but neglect of, or inattention to, those objects, which his own good sense must tell him are of infinite consequence to him; and which, therefore, I will not suppose him capable of either neglecting or despising. This (to tell you the whole truth) is the result of a controversy that passed yesterday between Lady Hervey and myself, upon your subject, and almost in these very words.’

Who can doubt that Lady Hervey had the best of the argument? and she might have pushed it still further. A man is not only more likely to succeed in life, but far more likely to please and inspire confidence among his intimates, by following the bent of his genius, and letting his true character be seen;—always, of course, with due subordination to propriety. Eagerness, excitability, and vivacity, will be pardoned for the sake of earnestness, generosity, and truth. We not only esteem more, but actually like better, the friend who ruffles us with an occasional contradiction; and, let Lord Chesterfield say what he will about its not being gentlemanlike, a laugh is too good a thing, to be sacrificed to the Graces, should they be cross and uncongenial enough to ask for it,—which (if one of their truest worshippers may be regarded as their interpreter) they would not—

‘ While her laugh, full of mirth, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eye, for she brighten’d all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.’

If a pretty woman and a lake may laugh, it seems hard that a gentleman should be restricted to a smile. But the prohibition is absolute:—‘ Laughter is easily restrained by a little reflection; but as it is generally connected with the idea of gaiety, people do not attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition; and am as willing, and as apt to be pleased as any body; but I am sure, that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh.’

We suspect that his lordship himself would have done better if he had been heard to laugh;—if occasionally he had given way to a natural flow of spirits, and not impressed the public with the notion that every thing he said or did was calculated. He was beyond all question the politest, best-bred, most insinuating man about the court; yet he was regularly outflanked and outmanœuvred by Sir Robert Walpole, who had the heartiest laugh in the kingdom, and the Duke of Newcastle, who had the worst manners in the world. The solution is, that he played too fine a game, and *finessed* too much. While he was coaxing Mrs Howard to take him up the back-stairs, Sir Robert Walpole had walked straight to the royal closet, and was telling Queen Caroline a coarse story; and the county member who had left the Earl with feelings of awkwardness akin to those of Squire Western among the fine company at Lady Bellaston’s, was soothed into self-complacency and put completely at his ease by the bear-

like hugs and cordial caresses of the Duke.* Lord Chesterfield's emphatic injunctions to his son, to take care and stand well with every human being about a petty German court, because even a valet or a waiting-maid might be a step on the ladder of preferment, reminds us of the interest on which Lieutenant Bowling calculated for getting Roderick Random the appointment of a surgeon's mate:—'The beadle of the Admiralty is my good friend, and he and one of the under-clerks are sworn brothers, and that under-clerk has a good deal to say with one of the upper-clerks, who, upon his recommendation, I hope will recommend my affair to the first secretary, and he again will speak to one of the lords in my behalf, so that you see I do not want friends to assist me on occasion.'

Moreover, in matters of court-craft, or any matters touching the finer parts of conduct, precepts only serve to embarrass, and no experience avails us but our own. It may be true as regards other branches of knowledge, but it is not true as regards what is called the knowledge of life, that a dwarf standing on a giant's shoulders will see farther than the giant. On the contrary, the chances are, that he will grow giddy and get a tumble, or not be able to see at all. Can maxims give quickness and delicacy of perception, sensibility, fancy, grace of movement, or that fine composite quality called *tact*? If not, all exhortations to be winning, attractive, seductive, agreeable—a *fortiori*, to practise particular methods of riveting the attention or engaging the affections—are preposterous. The poet may talk of snatching a 'grace beyond the reach of art;' but all graces are beyond the reach of art, except such art as is more than half nature; and the Mentor in manners must content himself with telling the pupil what he is not to do, leaving what he is to do to his own sense of fitness and sagacity. It would have been a curious spectacle to watch young Stanhope repeating his conned lessons of politeness or gallantry—to hear him expatiating 'unaffectedly and with a kind of *enjouement*' on the greatness of the House of Savoy to the courtiers at Turin—or to see him with *un ton du douceur*, and *des regards tendres*, endeavouring to win the favour of a Parisian coquette. We allude to such passages as these:—

'Make your court particularly, and show distinguished attentions to

'When at last he came into his levée room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and praised every body, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.'—(Lord Chesterfield's *Characters*.—Duke of Newcastle.)

such men and women as are best at court, highest in the fashion, and in the opinion of the public; speak advantageously of them behind their backs, in companies who you have reason to believe will tell them again. Express your admiration of the many great men that the house of Savoy has produced; observe that nature, instead of being exhausted by these efforts, seems to have redoubled them in the persons of the present King and the Duke of Savoy; wonder at this rate where it will end, and conclude that it must end in the government of all Europe. Say this likewise where it will probably be repeated; but say it unaffectedly, and the last especially with a kind of *enjouement*.—(Vol. i. p. 272.)

‘Je vous conseille de débiter plutôt par Madame Dupin, qui a encore de la beauté plus qu’il n’en faut pour un jeune drôle comme vous; elle a aussi du monde, de l’esprit, de la délicatesse; son âge ne lui laisse pas absolument le choix de ses amans, et je vous réponds qu’elle ne rejetteroit pas les offres de vos très humbles services. Distinguez-la donc par vos attentions, et des regards tendres; et prenez les occasions favorables de lui dire à l’oreille que vous voudriez bien que l’amitié et l’estime fussent les seuls motifs de vos égards pour elle, mais que des sentimens bien plus tendres en sont les véritables sources. Que vous souffriez bien en les lui déclarant, mais que vous souffriez encore plus en les lui cachant.’—(Vol. ii. p. 151.)

The really useful hints are such as these:—

‘In order to judge of the inside of others, study your own; but men in general are very much alike; and though one has one prevailing passion, and another has another, yet their operations are much the same; and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you in others, will, *mutatis mutandis*, engage, disgust, please, or offend others in you. Observe, with the utmost attention, all the operations of your own mind, the nature of your passions, and the various motives that determine your will; and you may, in a great degree, know all mankind. For instance, do you find yourself hurt and mortified when another makes you feel his superiority, and your own inferiority in knowledge, parts, rank, or fortune? You will certainly take great care not to make a person, whose good will, good word, interest, esteem, or friendship, you would gain, feel that superiority in you, in case you have it. If disagreeable insinuations, sly sneers, or repeated contradictions, tease and irritate you, would you use them where you wished to engage and please? Surely not; and I hope you wish to engage and please, almost universally. The temptation of saying a smart or witty thing, or *bon mot*, and the malicious applause with which it is commonly received, has made people who can say them, and, still oftener, people who think they can, but cannot, and yet try, more enemies, and implacable ones too, than any one other thing that I know of. When such things, then, shall happen to be said at your expense, (as sometimes they certainly will,) reflect seriously upon the sentiments, uneasiness, anger, and resentment, which they excite in you; and consider whether it can be prudent, by the same means, to excite the same sentiments in others against you. It is a decided folly to lose a friend for a jest; but, in my

mind, it is not a much less degree of folly to make an enemy of an indifferent and neutral person for the sake of a *bon mot*.

Or the hints on conversation :—

‘Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company; this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

‘Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt, and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

‘Never hold any body by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for, if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

‘Take rather than give the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them, more or less, upon every subject; and if you had not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people’s than of your own choosing.

‘Avoid, as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative polemical conversations; which, though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose, for a time, the contending parties towards each other; and if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavour to put an end to it by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation hubbub once, by representing to them that, though I was persuaded none there present would repeat, out of company, what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

‘Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts, that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

‘This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true, (which, by the way, it seldom is,) no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours; probably it is a lie; but supposing it to be true, what then? Why, he is a very good post-boy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drank six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting: out of charity, I will believe him a liar; for, if I do not, I must think him a beast.

‘Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; beside that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people’s real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

‘Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly; for though the defama-

tion of others may for the present gratify the malignity or the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition ; and, in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

These volumes abound in such passages, in which, be it observed, the style is as much entitled to admiration as the sense ; and we could turn to page after page on which La Rochfoucauld would stop to meditate, or which La Bruyère would hail as an improvement on his own. But it requires knowledge and experience to appreciate them ; and, on the whole, we quite agree with Lord Mahon, that it is only persons whose principles are fixed and understandings matured, who can derive the full benefit, without risk of evil, from the Letters on education. We recommend every parent who is bringing up a son for public life to study them ; but we differ from Dr Johnson as to the propriety of placing them in the hands of any young gentleman, even after taking out the immorality. A premature second-hand knowledge of mankind, with its common accompaniments of caution and self-seeking, would be a poor exchange for the frankness, openness, frolic spirits, and confiding generosity of youth. The remarks on women, thickly scattered, and pointedly expressed, are alone sufficient to do an infinity of harm to readers who are not prepared by personal experience to weigh the sweetness, devotedness, and high principle of one-half of the sex, against the weakness or littleness of the other ; and it must not be forgotten for a moment, that, if we never glow with enthusiasm, and only arrive at virtue through expediency, the highest and most improving lesson we can ever teach is worldliness.

We regret that we have no space at present to criticize or make extracts from the Letters on general subjects ; but it may be as well to state that, besides the new Letters printed by Lord Mahon, some additions to the Chesterfield correspondence already before the world, have been recently made by Dr Phillimore, in his *Life of Lord Lyttelton*.

Lord Chesterfield died on the 24th of March 1773, in the 79th year of his age, and was succeeded in his title and estates by a distant kinsman, Philip Stanhope, the father of the present Earl. The concluding period of his life was far from happy, though he was apparently surrounded with all that should accompany old age. The son of his affections was no more, and had disappointed him ; he derived no comfort from his wife ; he had failed, according to his own notions, as a courtier ; and his deafness had deprived him of his chief enjoyment in society. M. Suar^d, who saw him in 1769, says—' Je viens d'être présenté au Comte de Chesterfield qui a été, comme vous savez, l'homme le plus

‘aimable, le plus poli, le plus spirituel des trois royaumes; mais, hélas! *quantum mutatus ab illo!* Il est bien triste d’être sourd, nous dit-il, quand on aurait beaucoup de plaisir à écouter. Je ne suis pas aussi sage que mon ami le Président de Montequieu. *Je sais être aveugle*, m’a-t-il dit plusieurs fois, et moi ‘je ne sais pas encore être sourd.’ He called his daily drive through the streets the rehearsal of his funeral, and used to say of Lord Tyrawley and himself: ‘Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don’t choose to have it known.’

The loss of sight was added to his other miseries; but he retained his memory and his politeness to his latest breath. Only half an hour before he died, Mr Dayrolles came to see him, and the Earl had just strength enough to gasp out in a faint voice from his bed—‘*Give Dayrolles a chair.*’ ‘His good breeding,’ exclaimed Dr Warren, the physician in attendance, ‘only quits him with his life!’

ART. VI.—1. *Lessingiana von Dr GOTTLIEB MOHNIKE*. Leipzig: 1844.

2. *Lessing's Werke*. 10 Bände. Leipzig: 1841.

3. *The Literature of Germany, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, historically developed*. By FRANZ THIMM. London: 1844.

THE study of German Literature in England is comparatively recent. At first only the worst specimens were imported; but they ‘created a sensation,’ (to use the stereotyped phrase,) and created also a rash, but not very unnatural contempt for the whole. This was succeeded by an extravagant admiration on the part of a few; and as these few were influential, the feeling, at last extended to the public. German became the fashionable foreign language; its literature was almost universally welcomed as a valuable and fruitful importation. Translations became numerous; criticisms still more. In most sober minds this enthusiasm has now cooled down; in some it has ceased altogether; familiarity has ended the wonder. We confess it is not without satisfaction that we see this reaction. The good that is to be gained from the study of German literature we are very far from gainsaying; but we are persuaded that this good is more than outweighed by the evils attending an indiscriminate admiration

of that study. It is one thing to visit a country, another to make it a home. It is one thing to cultivate an acquaintance with a foreign literature, another to adopt it as a model. In the first case, we enlarge our views by obliterating prejudices; in the second, we narrow our minds to the prejudices of others; and thus lose our own nationality without attaining the strength of that we imitate. What Burke says of moral masquerades, applies equally to literary imitations:—‘Those who quit their proper characters to assume what does not belong to them, are for the greater part ignorant both of the character they leave and the character they assume.’ Deplorably ignorant of the English character, and of the inexhaustible energy and wealth of English literature, must they be, who could suppose that either could gain by the adoption of any foreign standard, least of all a German. If, as scholars and archæologists, we may study the works of the worthy Teutones with advantage; as thinkers, and as writers, we do so with peril. Their literature is of yesterday; and although its brief career has been prolific beyond example, it has not yet attained a tithe of the richness of our own, and will probably never attain its vigour.

The parent vice of German literature is want of distinct purpose; and as consequences of this, want of masculine character, and chastened style. It is this want of definite purpose—or call it want of culture—which generates their idle speculation, trivial research, spurious enthusiasm, and endless book-making? Where is the German who can write an ordinary-sized book? He knows not how the thing is to be accomplished; sees no advantage in accomplishing it. He writes to be read; and is certain that German readers will find time for any quantity; nay, justly suspects they would despise a small quantity. What we fashion into an essay, he develops into a system. Collaterals are of equal importance with principals; the verification of a citation as valuable as the resolution of a problem!* It is really a sad spectacle to contemplate the singular waste of learned industry daily exemplified in Germany. Menzel says that there are ten millions of volumes yearly printed in that country; and the number of living authors (in 1828,) he reckoned at fifty thousand. If we reflect on this prodigious activity, and ask what have been the results, we are amazed at the poverty of that literature, appa-

* We had lately occasion to consult an edition of Aristotle's little treatise *De Animâ*, by F. A. Trendelenburg. The treatise occupies 109 pages, a third of them devoted to *variorum* readings; the preface has 70 pages, and the commentary 450!

rently so rich. Let any one run over a catalogue of German publications, and he will be struck with their universal tendency towards whatever is most remote from human interest,—indeed, from human comprehension.* When Kant, their most practical philosopher, demonstrated that all human knowledge was necessarily limited to phænomena, the professors, in an uproar, declared, as they do to this day, that he had departed from the true aim of philosophy; which, they said, was *the knowledge of the absolute*. This naïve *petitio principii* exemplifies the tendency of the German mind; and it is curious to mark the triumph with which Hegel proclaims that all Europe has left to Germany the sole cultivation of metaphysics: ‘We have the exalted vocation,’ he says, ‘of guarding the holy fire, as the Eumolpids were the sole ‘guardians of the Eleusinian Mysteries in Athens.’*’

We have said that a want of definite purpose is the cause of the emptiness of German literature. This is shown by the excellence the Germans exhibit in those departments of intellectual activity, wherein only distinct purpose and proper culture can bestow any success. As chemists, anatomists, physiologists, and astronomers, they are certainly on an equality with France and England: in *belles lettres*, political economy, and morals, they are as certainly behind. When, therefore, we see this prodigious activity and manifest inferiority, we cannot but attribute it to a want of proper culture; and are reminded of Plato’s admirable saying, that ignorance itself is not so great an evil as misdirected learning.†

Such, broadly stated, appear to us the radical defects of German literature. In Gottlob Ephraim Lessing, there is no trace of them. If he has one characteristic which separates him from his successors, it is that of distinct purpose; the prominent peculiarity of his works, as contrasted with those of his countrymen, is their direct and practical tendency. His mind is of a quality eminently British.* Of all Germans, he is the least German; yet he created German literature, and is the idol of his country. He has the qualities Englishmen most admire, because the history of our nation shows that with such qualities we have achieved our greatness. His mind is both clear and strong, free from *schwärmerei*, (a word untranslatable, because the thing itself is un-English,) free from cant and affectation of all kind.

* Hegel—*Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der Phil.* i. p. 4.

† ‘Ουδαμοῦ γὰρ δεινὸν οὐδὲ σφοδρὸν ἀπειρία τῶν πάντων οὐδὲ μέγιστος κακὸν, ἀλλ’ ἡ πολυπείρια καὶ πολυμαθία μετὰ κακῆς ἀγωγῆς γίγνεται. πολὺ τούτων μείζων βλάβη.’ *De Legibus*, vii. p. 62, ed. Bekker.

He valued books, but he valued action more. Few men have been so erudite, no man held erudition more cheaply. Nothing in his writings betrays that he ever thought of pandering either to morbid sensibility or irrational enthusiasm. Of how many German authors can this be said? If there be any German writer, communion with whom may be beneficial to Englishmen, that writer is Lessing;—not simply because he is one of the greatest of Germans, but because his greatness is of that kind which Englishmen best appreciate. He belongs, moreover, to that class of authors whose value consists in what they suggest or inspire more than in what they teach. The influence such men exercise, is indirect, but effective; and, consequently, the admiration they inspire is not always borne out by their works. If, therefore, in the course of this article, we use language which may appear too laudatory to those acquainted only with some of Lessing's works, our justification is, that our admiration is founded on an estimate of the entire man; and that we look at his works with reference to the time at which they were produced, and to the spirit pervading them.

Gottlob Ephraim Lessing was born at Cammenz in Pomerania, on the 22d July 1729. His father, a learned and pious clergyman, was a great admirer of artists and literary men, and very anxious to assemble them round him. The education of young Lessing early received a literary tinge. His progress in the classics gave great promise of future excellence; in consequence of which, he was sent to the University of Leipsig to study theology. It there became evident that the impetuous royster-ing youth was ill fitted for the sober studies and the grave deportment of a theological student. He was oftener seen with players and demireps than with grave professors. Arm-in-arm with his friend Mylius, whose disordered dress was significant of his loose disreputable life, did Lessing recklessly parade the streets of Leipsig. He tells us that he arrived at Leipsig fully persuaded that books were the most important things in the world; but he soon found they were only a fraction, and a small fraction, of what he had to study. He went out into the world to study it. He there became aware of his rustic manners, and grew ashamed of his provincial awkwardness. He learned fencing, riding, and dancing; perfected himself in French; began Italian and English. In a few months he had changed from a rustic boy into an accomplished cavalier. How much of this was due to the actresses, who doated on him, we cannot say. He relinquished theology, and devoted himself to medicine; but growing tired of that also, he obeyed his natural calling, and took to literature and philosophy. His passion

for the stage, which began early with the study of Plautus, was inflamed by his passion for Madame Neuberin, the principal actress of the Leipzig theatre. He gave himself up to the fascinations of the stage. He was the life and soul of the green-room; tutored the actors, recommended plays, and wrote some himself. Gay, confident, good-humoured, and instructed, he was an universal favourite with the actors; for he added great animal spirits and brilliant wit to extensive information and classical taste. He liked the reckless, improvident, but exciting life of the players; he was charmed by the ease of their manners, and the sort of *prestige* attached to their art. His father heard of his way of life, and of his having written plays. He was shocked and irritated, wrote angrily to him, abused the stage 'in good set terms,' and endeavoured to prove that a playwriter could not be a Christian. Their correspondence is curious, as showing the obstinate bigotry of the father, and the courteous obstinacy of the son. The father refusing to support his son, unless he resumed his theological studies; the son sorry to be compelled to dispute his father's wishes and judgment, but resolved to shift for himself rather than relinquish the objects of his ambition.

This was the starting-point of his career. He undertook to earn for himself a subsistence by his pen; at all times a precarious undertaking, in those times a hopeless one. But he had the true spirit of independence; he was no slave to his desires. Poverty was an evil, but it was endurable; it was even preferable to a luxurious hypocrisy. He says, gaily enough, in one of his letters, 'I have made such arrangements with booksellers, as will enable me to live comfortably through the winter in Berlin. I call comfort that which another would call penury. But what does it matter to me whether I have plenty or not, so that I live? As to my meals, I have no sort of anxiety about them. I can procure a hearty meal for 1 groschen 6 pfennige,' (three-halfpence.) This was no bravado. He gained his livelihood by translating, and by occasionally writing articles for periodical publications, the payment for which was miserable. It was a hard struggle for him even to gain bread; but he did gain it, and was light-hearted.

His whole life was a combat,—at one time against poverty—at another, against pedantry and folly. He had to fight for bread, and to fight for truth. The object of his life was to create a National Literature; and he created it. But he could only have achieved this by indomitable courage and activity, joined to many and rare abilities. He was made for a great polemic. The restless activity which urged him into all depart-

ments of literature, was accompanied by a rare acuteness in detecting every symptom of weakness, and every means of cure. He was aggressive, impetuous, but not destructive; for he never destroyed without at the same time erecting something better in the place of that which he demolished. His wit was inexhaustible—his erudition unfailing—his logic unfaltering—his style excellent. No polemic, except perhaps our Bentley, ever rivalled Lessing; and Bentley's field was extremely narrow in comparison; for Lessing carried his triumphant arms into the domains of philosophy, religion, the drama, and art in general, no less than into antiquity. All species of polemical warfare were welcome to him; for he succeeded in all. He was never at a loss for weapons, nor for skill to use them. He was the first German who gave to German literature its national tendencies and physiognomy. Klopstock had made it English. Wieland had made it French. Lessing made it German. With a daring hand, this iconoclast smote down the foreign idols from their pedestals, and, with a rarer talent, pointed out the way by which national idols might be formed.

The quality that most strikes the reader of Lessing, after his polemical tendency, is clearness. His intellect impresses you as being essentially clear, strong, direct. There is nothing mystical, vapoury, or affected about him. His clearness is seen in his taste, no less than in his diction. He had no tolerance for obscure, shadowy grandeur. When all Germany was mad about Ossian, whom they ranked higher even than Homer, Lessing continued to proclaim the inexhaustible wealth of Homer, and had nothing but contempt for Ossian. He first saw the greatness of Shakspeare. He preferred Sophocles to Æschylus and Euripides; Racine to Corneille. But although he scouted mysticism, and very properly appealed to Greek simplicity, he was not so simple as to suppose that every kind of simplicity was either Greek or admirable. His distinction was characteristic. 'It is the property of Greek simplicity,' says he, 'to be free from *superfluities*; but it is assuredly no property of it to be in want of any *necessary* part.'

It was owing to this clearness that he fell into none of his countrymen's mistakes of confounding the means with the end. Thus his very erudition was practical, and all turned to practical purposes: immense as it was, it was all fruitful. His mind was a storehouse of knowledge, wherein each subject had its fit compartment; not a lumber-room, wherein all things were huddled together, without method and without purpose. His was not the erudition of foot-notes, that cheapest of all displays, in which a man quotes every book he reads, though far from having read,

every book he quotes. Lessing was one of the few Germans who did not read for reading's sake. In consequence of which, he never opened a book without finding something others had overlooked. As Glauber found a valuable salt in that which had been always thrown away, so did Lessing extract matter from the dullest book he took up.

The clearness of Lessing's mind is best seen in his style. To us it is very significant that German authors should have had so excellent a model, and nevertheless have written so heavily. Lessing's excellence has always been admitted, but it has not been imitated. The result has been, that (allowing for one or two great writers) German literature is, in respect of style, the most objectionable of any in Europe. With a model like Lessing, whose sentences are brief, pregnant, colloquial, and direct—admitting of no doubt as to meaning, yet eschewing all superfluous words—the Germans, with few exceptions, produce nothing but long lumbering sentences; the copiousness serving to darken, not to illustrate. Lessing's style we, on the whole, regard as the finest that has been written in Germany. It is superior, we think, to Göthe's, in being more colloquial, more vivacious, and more impetuous. There is that in Göthe's prose which betrays the care bestowed on it; though very beautiful, transparent, and harmonious, it wants somewhat of the freshness, and a great deal of the impetuosity of Lessing's. Schiller, again, writes with considerable power, and with care; but he wants precision and vivacity.

As a poet, Lessing has very slight pretensions; yet it is but justice to add, that no one ever held those pretensions more cheaply than he did himself. There is a passage in his *Dramaturgie* more truly modest, more honestly self-criticizing, than any thing of the sort in any other author we have met with. 'I am neither a dramatist nor a poet,' said he. 'It is true that people often do me the honour to account me the latter. But this is simply because they do not know me. From the few dramatic attempts that I have made, so flattering a conclusion must not be drawn. It is not every one who takes a brush, and daubs colours on a canvass, that can be called a painter. The earliest of those, my attempts, were written at that period of my life when facility is so readily mistaken for genius. And whatever is tolerable in my later attempt is, I am perfectly certain, owing entirely to my critical judgment. I do not feel within me the living fountains bubbling upwards by their own force, and by their own force gushing out in pure, fresh, and sparkling streams: I am forced to pump out every thing. I should be so poor, so cold, and so short-sighted! had I not fortunately

learned modestly to borrow the treasures of others, to 'warm myself by the fire of others, and to strengthen my eyesight by using the critical glasses of art. I am therefore always vexed and ashamed when I hear or read any thing against criticism. It is said to stifle genius; and I flattered myself to have obtained something from it which comes very near genius. I am one of the lame, and cannot consent to hear crutches vilified.' This confession is to be received with some qualification. True, he was not a poet. He wanted the finer, subtler feelings, and the keen sensibility of the poetical temperament—qualities which cause that strange inter-penetration of thought and emotion justly considered the primary condition of all genuine poetry. He knew this well, and said so. He knew that in literature, many, as Plato says, bear the Thyrsus, but few are inspired by the God—'ναρθηκοφόροι μὲν πολλοί, βακχοὶ δὲ τε παῦροι;' and he was not one of the few. In as far, then, as the poet is necessary to the dramatist, Lessing was not a dramatist. In as far as knowledge of life, character, and passion, joined to a knowledge of the drama as an art, could make him a dramatist, he was one. If he did not attain that exalted station to which his young ambition once aspired—if he did not become the German Molière—if he could not rank himself beside the great Dramatists—he unquestionably deserves a place beside those second only to the great poets. He was the first to give the Germans a national drama. His plays became national idols; and have survived nearly a century of changes without much diminution of favour. They owe their success to sterling character, and admirable construction; which, after all, are the primary requisites of the acting drama. Of fancy there is none; of imagination but little; and that little not of the high poetical kind. His plays are all, except *Nathan der Weise*, written in prose—inimitable prose. *Nathan* is written in blank verse; but is not the more poetical on that account.

Amongst the *Gedichte* which occupy the first volume of his works, few, except the epigrams, are now read, and few deserve to be read. Perhaps the best of all is that which is strangely enough printed amongst the epigrams, beginning *Ein rundes, tolles, nettes Ding*, which has great vivacity and concision. Of the hundred and sixty epigrams there collected, not more than half are good; a few are perfect. Martial is his great model, and many of his epigrams are but translations from the Roman poet. These are admirably rendered. For example—

'Bellus homo et magnus vis idem, Cotta, videri;
Sed quis bellus homo est, ille pusillus homo est.'

Thus translated—

‘Gross willst du und auch artig seyn ?
Marull was artig ist, ist klein’

One of the wittiest and neatest of Lessing’s epigrams is the impromptu epitaph on a man in a gibbet :

‘Hier ruht er, wenn der Wind nicht weht.’
(He rests in peace, when the wind doth cease.)

This is his only monostich ; and it is not published in his works. We are indebted to Dr Mohnike for its republication. (*Lessingiana*, p. 133.)* Our readers will be glad to have a few specimens of Lessing’s talent in epigram ; and for those who do not read German, we shall venture to subjoin versions of our own, claiming for them every indulgence.

I.

‘Ein einzig böses Weib lebt höchstens in der Welt :
Nur schlimm, dass jeder seins für dieses einz’ge hält.’
‘There is but one bad woman !’——With a groan
Each man assents, and thinks that one his own.

II.

‘Es hat der Schuster Franz zum Dichter sich entzückt
Was er als Schuster that, das that er noch : er flickt.’
John Smith forsakes his awl and last,
For literary squabbles.
Styles himself Poet ; but his trade
Remains the same : he cobbles !

III.

‘Nur Neues liebest du ? nur Neues willst du machen ?
Du bist, mein guter Wesp, sehr neu in alten Sachen.’
You only care for novelty in what you write, I’m told !
You only are, my worthy friend, very new in what is old.

IV.

‘Verse, wie sie Bassus schreibt,
Werden unvergänglich bleiben :
Weil dergleichen Zeug zu schreiben
Stets ein Stümper übrig bleibt.’

* The rarity of monostichs is owing to the difficulty of compressing into one line all the circumstances necessary for the explanation of the joke, and the joke itself. Martial has about half a dozen, all admirable. Here are two :—

‘Omnia, Castor, emis : sic fiet, ut omnia vendas.

And

‘Pauper videri vult Cinna, *et est pauper.*

That poems *such* as things can die,
 My credence quite surpasses.
 There ne'er can be a lack of men
 To 'write themselves down asses.'

'Kaum seh ich den Donner die Himmel umziehen,
 So flieh ich zum Keller hinein.
 Was meint ihr? ich suchte den Donner zu fliehen?
 Ihr irrt euch; ich suche den Wein.'

As soon as the thunder-clouds darken the sky
 Or summer sun ceases to shine,
 I fly—lock myself in the cellar—secure—
 'From the thunder?'—No; *with* the wine!

The critical reader, desirous of information, should not omit to consult Lessing's investigation as to the nature of the Epigram; and his remarks on Martial, Catullus, and the Anthology. It is one of those Essays which exhaust a subject—equally admirable for acuteness, judgment, and scholarship. He modestly entitles it 'Desultory Remarks;' but the desultory remarks of such a writer are sometimes more coherent and instructive than the elaborate treatises of others.

His Dramas should always be read with reference to the epoch at which they were produced. We do not say they are deficient in intrinsic excellence; but thinking that they do not quite equal their reputation, we are disposed to attribute some of their reputation to their having been the first efforts of a national drama. They have an interest as *Mémoires pour servir*. Thus *Der Freigeist*, one of the earliest, as a comedy, is heavy, ill-conceived, and feebly executed; but it is a curious indication of the spirit of the times. The hero, a freethinker, is a man of many virtues. The leaven amidst these good qualities, is his uncompromising antipathy to Priests. He rejects the friendship and kindness of Theophan; insults him, and suspects him, only because he is a Priest. How truly is a large portion of the eighteenth century reflected in this antipathy! The bigotry which philosophy opposed to the bigotry it reprobated—the fierce intolerance it displayed against the intolerance of others—the indiscriminating odium with which it covered all men bearing the name of Priest—are well represented by the 'Freethinker,' as they were in reality by our own Shelley;—one of the kindest of men, and one of the most sympathizing, but also one of the most indiscriminating priest-haters. This prejudice is not yet quite extinct. It was perhaps never more ably discriminated than in that pregnant passage of Burke, where, after speaking

of the savage exultation with which the *philosophers* had ransacked the annals of history for instances of priestly oppression and fanatical persecution, he adds—‘After destroying all other genealogies and family distinctions, these writers invent a sort of pedigree of crime. It is not very just to chastise men for the offences of their natural ancestors; but to take the fiction of ancestry in a corporate succession, as a ground for punishing men, who have no relation to guilty acts except in names and general descriptions, is a sort of refinement in injustice, belonging to the philosophy of this enlightened century.’—In the conception of *Der Freigeist*, there is a token of Lessing’s manly impartiality. Although a freethinker himself, he exposed the intolerance of freethinkers. He had no party spirit,—no sectarian prejudices. No one was ever so passionate in the search after truth, who was also so tolerant of the opinions of others.

If we have thus had occasion to notice Lessing’s exemption from the intolerance of the age, we have next also to note a similar exemption from its sentimentality. *Miss Sara Sampson* is a domestic tragedy of the Kotzebue school—a school to which Göthe and Schiller, in their early pieces *Stella* and *Kabale und Liebe*, gave the sanction of their names. It has a subject so tempting for sentimentality, that Lessing’s having escaped that temptation is really wonderful. It is not a good play; but it exhibits the developed skill of a dramatist in comparison with *Der Freigeist*. The plot is improbable, but admirably conducted, and exhibits some very interesting situations. There is little skill shown in the delineation of character. Marwood is a mere fury. Sara, though *naïve*, is somewhat commonplace. On the whole, it was a great play for the period; and elicited universal applause. It contains some expressions which fall oddly upon English ears,—such as ‘*grausame Lady!*’ and ‘*grossmüthige Miss!*’

Philotas was his next attempt. It is a tragedy (if it can be so called) in one act. Aridæus, a Grecian King, has taken prisoner Philotas, the son of his rival; his own son being also a prisoner in the rival’s camp. He proposed to Philotas an interchange. Philotas, remarking his absorbing love, and concluding that it would cause him to make any sacrifices for the sake of recovering his son, resolves to immolate himself for his country. He sends a message to his father, bidding him extort the object in dispute between the two countries, as the ransom of the son of Aridæus. He then kills himself to prevent his father’s exchanging the prince for him. The character of the impetuous Philotas, half-boy, half-hero, is finely, even delicately sketched. The other characters are commonplace. A great fault was com-

mitted in writing this play in prose, which is incompatible with so ideal a subject, and such exalted motives.

Minna von Barnhelm succeeded. Of all German comedies, this has our preference. In no other have we seen such pure dramatic presentation of character, and that character so unmistakeably German. Major Tellheim is said to be a portrait of Lessing's admirable friend Kleist. It is handled with great skill; and although criticism might perhaps object to the Major's extreme sensitiveness, we have no doubt that even this was true to the life. The play is very amusing, except towards the close, where there is a little too much delay in bringing about a *dénouement* perfectly foreseen. Otherwise it is very animated. The dialogue is excellent—direct, rapid, and sparkling. The great charm of the piece is its German individuality. There you see the German character, not in what is most elevated, nor in what is fantastic and cloudy, but in its real strength;—its simplicity, honesty, warmth of feeling, and unaffected expression of feeling. Written whilst Lessing was with the army at Breslau, it breathes a generous spirit of admiration; and urges pointedly the justice of rewarding the brave defenders of 'Fatherland.' Its effect on the army was electrical; its effect on all Germany was, and continues to be, immense.

Emilia Galotti is generally ranked higher than *Minna*, but with very little justice. It is, doubtless, a remarkable production, full of purpose and interest, and always successful on the stage. The plot is constructed with skill; the characters selected and contrasted with fine discrimination, and drawn with clear, sharp outlines. But, in spite of these merits, there is something in the play which is not genial; there is a want of that indefinable charm which *Minna* possesses—a charm that makes all the difference between creative and constructive genius. *Minna von Barnhelm* is a genuine comedy; we cannot call *Emilia Galotti* a genuine tragedy. The free spirit of mirth, the easy evolution of character, the adequacy of motive, current through the one, have no counterparts in the other. It is not that *Emilia* is deficient in strongly conceived character, or true and sufficient motive; it is that the want of a passionate fusion of the various elements into a poetical whole, causes the impression to be marred. The play is critical, not poetical. Moreover, there is a radical error in the conception, which surprises us in so great a critic. He has selected the story of Virginius; but he has placed it in modern times, and made the scene a petty Italian Principedom. The story is essentially a Roman story: to transplant it to another land, is to make it no longer probable. That Virginius should slay his daughter to preserve her from slavery,

is intelligible, being a Roman ; but that Odoardo should slay his daughter, and that, too, at her own bidding, to save her from the peril of dishonour, seems neither credible nor within the range of our sympathy. * No Christian daughter could bid her father do so. She might kill herself ; she would never bid her father stain his hands with her blood. In one word, the *dénouement* of *Emilia Galotti* does not, to us, seem justified by modern feelings.

In making these objections, we are far from meaning to imply that *Emilia Galotti* is an indifferent play ; it is only not a great one. Judging it according to the tragedies which figure on the German stage, it may, however, be called great ; so admirably are the characters presented. The weak, vacillating prince, eager to profit by the villainies of Marinelli, but not daring to face the consequences—prone to crime, but always throwing the blame of it on others—utterly unprincipled—destitute even of the energy to be consistently base—signing a death-warrant with the same levity as a *billet-doux*—may be pronounced so far one of the best creations of the drama. Almost as good, in its way, is the handling of that curious figure the Countess Orsina, with her mixture of frivolity and intensity, of voluptuousness and fiery passion. She is the prototype of Schiller's Julia, Princess Von Eboli, and Lady Milford ; but Schiller has fallen many degrees short of his model. Marinelli, the supple courtier and smooth-faced villain, is drawn with effect. Odoardo is a more ambitious, but less successful sketch.

Frederick Schlegel, in a very offensive critique in the *Charakteristiken*, abuses other critics for not having viewed Lessing 'in his totality ;' and, if we remember rightly, only furnishes a few fragmentary remarks himself. He there examines *Emilia Galotti*, and insists on ranking it as the finest production of its author. The result of his examination may be thus summed up : Lessing confessed that he was not a poet ; that he owed all to criticism ; but, as his criticism was narrow and imperfect, (*i. e.* was not founded on 'romantic principles,') so were his plays necessarily indifferent. The conceit of this Essay is most offensive. It is an indirect eulogy on the 'New School,' as it was called ;—the school, namely, which, disdaining Lessing's clear and positive knowledge of art as cold and ungenial, launched into those extravagances which it christened *Romanticism*. Lessing had no tendencies *that way* ; he was therefore pronounced an indifferent critic by the Romanticists. It is very true, he did not entertain any of their celebrated 'principles ;' he loved the light, and shunned the twilight. The bats pronounced the eagle blind ! He, the clearest of thinkers, whose constant aim was to define the boundaries of each art, who

demanded precision as a primary condition of all literature, could never have fallen into the rash generalizations and misty ambiguities of the romantic school. In general, it is very unfair to judge of a man's criticism by his own productions; but it is surely fair to judge of the comparative value of two opposite systems of criticism, when shown in two similar attempts; and we may therefore compare the *Emilia Galotti* of Lessing with the *Alarcos* of Schlegel. Lessing's play has defects, but it has great and positive merits: hence it keeps possession of the stage. Schlegel's play is utterly without character—ambitious and vague—a 'forcible feeble'—which has long since ceased to excite any curiosity whatever.

Nathan der Weise is a work which still excites the deepest admiration in Germany; in fact, if you mention Lessing to a German, the chances are, that he will at once refer to *Nathan* for a proof of his genius, as he would to the *Faust* of Göthe for a proof of his. *Nathan* has not been a favourite elsewhere; and this difference in judgment would show that the work had some charm peculiarly national. In the dearth of great poems, *Nathan* is doubtless ranked high; for, as the Spaniards say, *en regno del ciegos el tuerto es Rey* (in the land of the blind the one-eyed is King.) Perhaps also the nature of the subject, the fine and weighty *maxims* scattered through it, the grand and beautiful spirit of tolerance which pervades it, may cause the Germans to forgive its want of poetry. It is undoubtedly a charming work; but not a fine poem. Its conception is philosophical, its execution epigrammatic and polemical. A. W. Schlegel, who always speaks of Lessing with quiet malice, says of *Nathan* that it 'is curious, as being the only drama not written for the stage; and therefore, being uninfluenced by his critical principles, is more conformable to the genuine rules of Art.' What those genuine rules are, we should be happy to learn: he does not explain; and how Lessing could have written any drama without being influenced by his critical principles, we are at a loss to conceive. We notice the passage as a specimen of what Boileau calls

. médire avec art,
C'est avec respect enfoncer le poignard.

Lessing had avowed himself no poet, and made his critical principles the stronghold of his fame. Whereupon one of the Schlegels asserts that his plays have no poetry; another asserts that he only wrote well, when writing uninfluenced by his critical principles. One told him that he was lame; the other told him that nevertheless he walked better without crutches.

Nathan der Weise is not a great poem; it is nevertheless a very

remarkable work, imbued with deep and generous feeling, and full of profound thought. It is a work that exercises a strong influence on the reader;—a work which, though polemical, is nevertheless so tolerant—because indeed it only contends for tolerance, and contends generously—that all classes, however diversified their opinions, must unite in admiration of it. The leading design is to inculcate tolerance of the opinions of others: not by destroying the groundwork of all belief—(which is too often the method of those who preach tolerance)—but by showing that all creeds, if sincere, and accompanied by benevolence, are to be honoured; because although each cannot be the true creed, yet each will, in that way, fulfil the object of all religion. This is the moral of that beautiful story of the three rings, which Lessing has taken from Boccaccio: this moral is further developed by the whole piece. The *dénouement*—where Recha and the Templar are discovered to be brother and sister, Saladin their uncle, and Nathan their spiritual father, the three families united into one family—is a type of the three religions, Christianity, Judaism, and Mahometanism, harmoniously united;—of unity of purpose, not excluding diversity of character.

This tolerance doubtless springs from a profound scepticism; but a scepticism which has nothing sneering or disparaging in it;—scepticism as to the possibility of man's ever attaining absolute truth; not scepticism as to the virtue of the endeavour. Truth can only be sought, not found; indeed, in a memorable passage, Lessing declares that if the choice were offered him, he should prefer the search after truth to the attainment of truth; *—thus, according to him, the *aims* of action are but the fitting *stimulants* to action, and not otherwise very desirable. In the search of truth he spent his life. In *Nathan* he teaches us to do the same. Believe sincerely and act uprightly, then no creed will be foolishness. Such was his belief. Connected with this idea, there is another equally needful to be adverted to—we mean the independence of morality on religion. In many passages has Lessing enforced this; in none more openly than in the following:—

‘Go; but remember
How easier far devout enthusiasm is
Than a good action; and how willingly
Our indolence takes up with pious rapture,
Though at the time unconscious of its end,
Only to save the toil of useful deeds.’ †

Nato, in his dialogue of the *Rivals*—if it be his—seems to have entertained a similar idea. See p. 134.

† *Nathan the Wise*; translated by W. Taylor.

• The character of Nathan himself, is by critics considered a masterpiece. He certainly rivets attention, and retains our sympathies. He is a fine philosophical figure, whose wisdom and tolerance endow him with a dignity which strongly impresses the reader. But it seems to us that there is a fundamental error in the conception. Nathan is meant for a Jew, he is always called a Jew, but he is only a Jew in name. His sentiments and his religion are not those of a Jew; it was therefore worse than superfluous to give him the name. For let us distinctly understand Lessing's object. Toleration was to be taught. Christian intolerance was to be shamed by contrast with Judaic tolerance. The force of the contrast was artistically conceived, but it was in a great degree obliterated by the conception of Nathan's character; because, by that conception, he was exalted from out the sphere of Judaism, into that of Philosophy. If Nathan has none of the bigotry of his race, he cannot be a perfect type of that race. If he can regard Christianity with forbearance, he is no longer a Jew; and if he is no longer a Jew, the lesson meant to be conveyed is rendered inept. All know that Philosophy can be tolerant. Lessing is constantly applauded for having chosen a representative of the most exclusive and fiercely bigoted of all races, as the exemplar of tolerance; but this is surely either inconsistent or erroneous. Nathan is an exemplar of tolerance; but assuredly his tolerance is not that of a Jew. He would be denounced on all sides by his race; he would be hated by them as a heretic. The very qualities which make him fit to teach intolerant Christians a lesson, are those which separate him from the Jews. That which is great in Nathan, is not Jewish; it has grown up in his large soul in spite of Judaism. We are quite aware that Lessing is said to have copied his Nathan from Spinoza and Moses Mendelssohn; but we are also aware that, in respect of mental characteristics, no two men could with less propriety be styled Jews. Lessing's contrast, therefore, is not a new one; it is the old antagonism of philosophy and bigotry.

• It is curious to turn from the calm and far-reaching tolerance of *Nathan der Weise*, to the impetuous onset upon existing tastes in the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*—the work which, of all critical works ever published, perhaps achieved the most instantaneous victory. It is difficult to appreciate the 'sensation' this work caused, now that its fundamental ideas have been long popularised in all shapes. But on a slight examination of the state of public opinion at the time that Lessing wrote, the importance of his views will only appear equalled by their audacity. The German stage willingly, servilely, submitted to the yoke of France. Voltaire was not only

the favourite of Frederick, he was the Dictator of literature. His tragedies were thought perfect. *Zaire* was 'dictated by love itself.' *Semiramis* was the consummation of tragic taste—the highest flight of dramatic imagination. Voltaire's reign was undisputed. But at length a critic, with as much wit as audacity, and more sound judgment than wit or courage, raised his potent voice. With an eye to see, and courage to proclaim what he saw, Lessing undertook to examine the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French stage. Great was the astonishment of the 'prince of wits,' the 'great master of ridicule,' to find himself the object of ridicule as sharp and cutting as his own. Great was the astonishment of the public. 'It is pleasant to introduce Herr Voltaire to the reader,' said his critic: 'there is always something to be learned from him, if not from what he says, then from what he should have said. I know of no writer from whom one could better ascertain whether one has reached the first stage of wisdom—*falsa intelligere*—as from Voltaire; but also of no writer from whom one could gain so little assistance in attaining the second stage, *vera cognoscere*.' In this strain did he banter the great Poet; but the bantering was the smallest part of his polemics. Perhaps no man, except the late admirable and excellent Sydney Smith, ever bantered so much, who did not confine himself merely to banter. With him it was nothing but the pleasantry of argument; never did it stand in place of argument. The grand tragedy of *Semiramis* did not escape his searching criticism; he stripped it of its tinsel of mock grandeur, and exposed it to the derision of all Germany. Voltaire had imitated Shakspeare in this play; at least he said so. Lessing took him at his word,—contrasted Shakspeare's ghost with that of Voltaire; demonstrated the perfect artistic propriety of the one, and the absurdity of the other; and thus not only shattered the credit of Voltaire, but turned the eyes of his countrymen towards Shakspeare—a boon they are thankful for. In the same spirit he contrasted *Othello* with *Zaire*; and the *Merope* of Maffei with the *Merope* of Voltaire. The victory was triumphant. Lessing hit hard blows, and they fell where his antagonist was weakest. How different from the attack of Voltaire upon Shakspeare! Lessing's criticism was not only witty, but destructive. Voltaire's might indeed excite a laugh, but would not stand an examination. Lessing did not confine himself to Voltaire; Corneille was also his object. *Rodogune*, which was then held to be the masterpiece of its author, was mercilessly handled. By rigid logic, and cutting ridicule, did Lessing show his countrymen that *Rodogune* was not only many degrees from a masterpiece, but was a most pernicious model. From that day the reign of French taste ended.

The *Dramaturgie* has long fulfilled its object, and almost outlived its interest. To the English reader there can be no interest in wading through critiques on German plays, and German actors no longer known; nor can there be much attraction in witnessing the assault upon a tragic system which no living Englishman would pronounce a model. For our own parts we think Lessing unjustly severe on the French poets; and not at all willing to admit their peculiar merits. The critic, however, cannot glance over the *Dramaturgie* without profit; and scholars no less than critics will do well to read his discussion of Aristotle's definition of Tragedy.

Perhaps the characteristics of Lessing's mind are nowhere more distinctly visible than in his treatise on the *Laokoon*. The clearness and the directness of the style, are qualities so rare in such works, that one is apt to think lightly of its ideas; a journey, so easily performed, does not seem difficult; ideas, so easily grasped, seem obvious. But, on closing the book, if you compare the state of your opinions on art with those entertained previous to the perusal, you will be able to estimate its value. We have heard very eminent men declare, that it taught them more about art than all the other works they had read upon the subject put together. It is a book essentially instructive. The admirable analytical sagacity with which the boundaries of each art are distinguished, opens a vast field of criticism. The clear and piercing glance thrown upon the fog and vapour of critical prejudice, has the aid of keen wit and apposite learning in the demolition of grave absurdities. The book is made up of digressions; and yet these digressions are so well planned as to form constituent parts. He tacks away from the port, only to fill his sails with wind. He gains the summit of a mountain by winding round it, where direct ascent would be impracticable.

There is another little treatise which may be read in conjunction with the *Laokoon*, entitled *Wie die Alten den Tod gebildet*. It contains much curious matter, and satisfactorily establishes the fact of death never having been represented as a skeleton by the ancients: whenever a skeleton is represented, it means a larva, not death. Death was held to be the brother of sleep; and, like sleep, was depicted with wings, the feet crossed. He held a torch reversed, and a chaplet of flowers. He was always a young man. It is a mistake to suppose that all young figures with wings meant Cupids. There is a great deal of discussion, philological and critical, in this Essay; but Lessing had, above all men, the art of making such discussions amusing. Moreover, he has enlivened it with vivacious polemics. But as a specimen of how he handled an adversary, his *Vade Mecum*

für den Herrn Lange should be consulted. Herr Lange, a poet of some celebrity in those days, had translated Horace. Lessing criticized this translation in a letter to a friend. The letter got into the Newspapers. Lange, furious, replied in a fiery pamphlet, accusing Lessing of ignorance, of misrepresentation, of envy, of malice. Lessing was not the man to let such an opportunity slip. He dearly loved 'a taste of fighting.' It was wine to him. He replied in this *Vade Mecum*—a remarkable specimen of acute criticism, minute scholarship, and galling banter. While thus with Horace, the reader will do well to give his attention to the *Rettenungen des Horaz*. In this Essay, Lessing undertakes to clear Horace from the charges of cowardice and licentiousness. It is paradoxical, but ingenious; and exhibits his usual amazing power of bringing remote passages to bear upon his argument. The same quality is visible in his *Life of Sophocles*; which still remains the best biography of that poet.

There is a peculiarity in these, which distinguishes them from all similar works. We allude to the supreme contempt of their learned author for learning. He, of whom it was said that he had read every thing worth reading, who knew every edition of the classics, and every modern work relating to them, was as completely independent of the trammels of authority, and of the prejudices of a book-devourer, as the most confident of unlettered thinkers. If he cites 'authorities,' it is merely to oppose them to the 'authorities' of some pedant whom he is chastising: willing as he is to meet an antagonist on any ground, and with any weapons, he escapes the reproach of inconsiderate levity, by showing that he is as familiar with texts and commentaries as any professor, without also being a slave to them.

The *Wolfenbüttel Fragments* made a great noise at the time; but the interest has now almost entirely passed away. Lessing's share in the controversy was valiantly and honourably borne. Those who wish to study the art of 'controversy,' as Gibbon studied it in Pascal, may do so in this portion of Lessing's writings;—no one else will find them palatable. The *Education of the Human Race* has had the very questionable honour of having been translated and adopted by the St Simonians, and by *les Humanitaires*; but in a sense which Lessing himself would have strongly repelled. Indeed, it is worthy of remark, that with so logical a mind, and with such strong philosophical tendencies, Lessing never gave himself up to what the Germans call *Metaphysics*. Many a worthy German has deplored that he did not give the world his solution of the problem of *Sein und Denken*, and did not venture on the apodictic certainty of the absolute! To us this is but one of the many evidences of his clear

and practical mind. He was fond of speculation; but speculation about subjects unintelligible or beyond the reach of human cognizance, was too frivolous for him. Until his countrymen learn to think with him on this subject, they will never be able to imitate the good example he set them.

We shall here close this brief and rapid sketch of the characteristics of German Literature, and more particularly of the very eminent German writer before us. For dissent we are at all times prepared, but we have here, we suspect, to fear that our opinions may occasionally give offence, by us far from intended; for we have no interest, near or remote, in the subject, but that of truth and free enquiry; and we readily give up these opinions to be canvassed with the same freedom we have used in detailing them.

ART. VII.—*Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil*. By N. P. F. WILLIS. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1845.

WHATEVER doubt or surprise the details and extracts with which we are about to amuse our readers, may seem to attach to the fact, we beg to assure those of them who do not already know it, that Mr Willis has actually written some rather clever books, occasionally marked by traits of genius. But, with respect to the present publication, we confess we have been frequently at a loss to judge whether his narratives were intended to be taken as serious, or only jocular—as what he himself believed to be truths, or intended only as amusing fancies. True, he writes, as he tells us, with ‘a free pencil;’ but it also is true that he writes as if he wished his readers to think that he is perfectly in earnest; that he speaks in his own proper person, and reveals his own adventures, or what he appears to wish to be taken as such; and we therefore feel it to be quite fair—indeed that we are bound—to take him at his word, and to deal with him accordingly.

The history of these ‘*Dashes at Life*,’ which some of our contemporaries have much extolled, is thus modestly given in the preface:—‘Like the sculptor who made toys of the ‘fragments of his *unsaleable Jupiter*, the author, in the following collection of brief tales, gives material, that, but for a single objection, would have been moulded into works of larger design. That objection is the unmarketableness of American books in America, owing to our (Mr Willis is an American) defective.

'law of copyright.' And he proceeds to show, with pathetic accuracy, that as an American publisher can get all English books for nothing, he will not throw away his money on American writers: hence the only chance of a livelihood for the latter, is to contribute to periodical literature, and to transport works of bulk and merit to the English market.

So, after all, if a few authors and publishers grumble at piracy, the public gains. But for the pirates of New York and Boston, we should never have had Mr Willis's '*Dashes*.' And though the genius which might have perfected the *Jupiter*, has been thus partly balked—though Mr Willis has been forced to fritter away his marble and intellect in a commerce of toys; still the fragmented *Jupiter* has, with the frieze of the Parthenon, found an appropriate locality in the capital of the world.

But, to proceed with the history, we may state that it was Mr Willis's intention to work up some of these sketches into substantive Novels, but for the unsatisfactory state of the market for that commodity; and there can be no sort of doubt, that the genius which conceived, might have enlarged the '*Dashes*' to any size. In the first half of these volumes, there are some twenty tales illustrative of English and Continental life—true copies, Mr Willis states, of what he had seen there; and most of them of so strange and diverting a nature, that a man of genius might have made many scores of volumes out of the adventures recorded in only a few hundreds of these duodecimo pages. The Americans, by their piratical system, have robbed themselves of *that* pleasure; and the Union might have had a novelist as prolific as M. Dumas or Mr James, had it possessed the common generosity to pay him.

The European, as contradistinguished from the American views of society, we take to be by far the most notable of the '*Dashes*.' The judgment of foreigners has been called, by a happy blunder of logic, that of contemporary posterity. In Mr Willis we have 'a republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time, traversing the barrier of different ranks with a stranger's privilege, and curious to know how nature's nobility holds its own against nobility by inheritance, and how heart and judgment were modified in their action by the thin air at the summit of refinement?' That Mr Willis, in this exalted sphere, should have got on in a manner satisfactory to himself, is no wonder. Don Christopher Sly conducted himself, we all remember, with perfect ease in the Ducal chair. Another personage of somewhat humble rank in life, was, as we also know, quite at home at the court of Queen Titania, and inspired her Majesty with a remarkable passion. So also our republican

stranger appears to have been equally at his ease, when he appeared for the first time in European aristocratical society.

The great characteristic of high society in England, Mr Willis assures us, is admiration of literary talent. 'At the summit of 'refinement,' a natural nobleman, or a popular writer for the Magazines, is in all respects the equal of a Duke. As some captain of Free Lances of former days, elbowed his way through royal palaces, with the eyes of all womankind after him—so in the present time a man, by being a famous *Free Pencil*, may achieve a similar distinction. Of such a champion, the ladies don't say as in the times of the Free Lances, he fought at Hennesbion or Pavia, but that he wrote that charming poem in *Colburn*, that famous article in *Blackwood*. Before that title to fame, all aristocratic heads bow down. The ladies do not care for rank, or marry for wealth—they only worship genius!

This truly surprising truth forms the text of almost every one of Mr Willis's 'Dashes' at English and Continental life. The heroes of the tales are all more or less alike—all 'Free Pencils.' Sometimes the tales are related in the first person, as befalling our American; sometimes a flimsy third person veils the author, but you can't but see that it is Cæsar who is writing his own British or Gallic victories, for the 'Free Pencil,' always conquers. Duchesses pine for his love; modest virgins go into consumptions and die for him; old grandmothers of sixty forget their families and propriety, and fall on the neck of this 'Free Pencil.' If this be true, it is wonderful; if it is fiction, it is more wonderful still, that all a man's delusions should take this queer turn—that Alnaschar should be *always* courting the Vizier's daughter—courting! what do we say? it is the woe-worn creature who is always at Alnaschar's feet, and he (in his vision) who is kicking her.

The first of the pictures of London life is called 'Leaves from the Heart-book of Ernest Clay.' This, but for the unfavourable circumstances before alluded to, was to have been a novel of three volumes; and indeed it would have been hard to crowd such a hero's amours into a few chapters. Ernest is a great 'Free Pencil,' with whom Jules Janin himself (that famous chieftain of the French 'Free Pencils,' who translated Sterne, confessing that he did not know a word of English, and 'did' his own wedding-day in a *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*) can scarcely compare. The 'Heart-book' opens in Ernest's lodgings, 'in a second floor front, No. —, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square,' where Ernest is writing, before a three-halfpenny inkstand, an article for the next *New Monthly Magazine*. It was two o'clock, and the author was at breakfast—and to show what

a killing man of the world poor Ernest was, his biographer tells us, that—

‘On the top of a small leather portmanteau, *near by*, (the three-half-penny inkstand, the like of which you may buy “in most small shops in Soho,”) stood two pair of varnished-leather boots of a sumptuous expensiveness, slender, elegant, and without spot, except *the leaf of a crushed orange blossom clinging to one of the heels*. The boots and the inkstand were tolerable exponents of his (the fashionable author’s) two opposite but closely woven existences.’

A printer’s Devil comes to him for his Tale, and as the man of genius has not written a word of it, he begins to indite a letter to the publisher, which we print with what took place subsequently; that the public may be made acquainted with the habits of ‘Free Pencils’ in composition.

‘He had seized his pen and commenced:—

“Dear Sir,—The tale of this month will be called ——.” As it was not yet conceived, he found a difficulty in baptizing it. His eyebrows descended like the bars of a knight’s visor; his mouth, which had expressed only lassitude and melancholy, shut close, and curved downward, and he sat for some minutes dipping his pen in the ink, and at each dip adding a new shoal to the banks of the inky Azores.

‘A long sigh of relief, and an expansion of every line of his face into a look of brightening thought, gave token presently that the incubation had been successful. The gilded note-paper was pushed aside, a broad and fair sheet of “foreign post” was hastily drawn from his blotting-book, and forgetful alike of the *unachieved cup of tea* (!) and the waiting “devil” of Marlborough Street, the felicitous author dashed the first magic word on mid-page, and without title or motto, traced rapidly line after line, his face clearing of lassitude, and his eyes of their troubled languor, as the erasures became fewer, and his punctuations further between.

“Any answer to the note, sir?” said the maid-servant, who had entered unnoticed, and stood close at his elbow, wondering at the flying velocity of his pen.

‘He was at the bottom of the fourth page, and in the middle of a sentence. Handing the wet and blotted sheet to the servant, with an order for the messenger to call the following morning for the remainder, he threw down his pen and abandoned himself to the most delicious of an author’s pleasures—*revery in the mood of composition*. He forgot *work*. Work is to put such reveries into words. His imagination flew on like a horse without his rider—gloriously and exultingly, but to no goal. The very waste made his indolence sweeter—the very nearness of his task brightened his imaginative idleness. The ink dried upon his pen. Some capricious association soon drew back his thoughts to himself. His eye dulled. His lips resumed their mingled expression of pride and voluptuousness. He started to find himself idle, remembered that he had left off the sheet with a broken sentence, without retaining even the concluding word, and with a sigh more of relief than vexation, he drew on his boots. Presto!—the world of which his penny-

halfpenny inkstand was the immortal centre—the world of heaven-born imagination—melted from about him! He stood in patent leather, human, handsome, and liable to debt!

‘And thus fugitive and easy of decoy; thus compulsory, irresolute, and brief, is the unchastised toil of genius—the earning of “the fancy-bread” of poets!’

‘It would be hard if a man who has “made himself a name,” (beside being paternally christened,) should want one in a story—so, if you please, I will name my hero in the next sentence. Ernest Clay was dressed to walk to Marlborough Street to apply for his “guinea a page” in advance, and find out the concluding word of his MS., when there was heard a footman’s rap at the street door. The baker on the ground-floor ran to pick up his penny loaves jarred from the shelves by the tremendous rat-a-tat-tat, and the maid ran herself out of her shoes to inform Mr Clay that Lady Mildred——wished to speak with him. Neither maid nor baker were displeased at being put to inconvenience, nor was the baker’s hysterical mother disposed to murmur at the outrageous clatter which shattered her nerves for a week. There is a spell to a Londoner in a coroneted carriage which changes the noise and the impudence of the unwhipped varlets who ride behind it into music and condescension.

“You were going out,” said Lady Mildred, “can I take you anywhere?”

“You can *take* me,” said Clay, spreading out his hands in an attitude of surrender, “when and where you please; but I was going to my publisher’s.”

‘The chariot steps rattled down, and his foot was on the crimson carpet, when a plain family-carriage suddenly turned out of Grosvenor Square, and pulled up as near his own door as the obstruction permitted.’—

Both the carriages, the coroneted chariot and the plain coach ‘out of Grosvenor Square,’ contain ladies who are wildly in love with the celebrated writer for the *Magazines*. He is smitten by the chariot; he has offered marriage to the family coach; which of the two vehicles shall carry him off? The rival owners appear in presence, (at Mrs Rothschild’s ball!) and after a slight contest between vice and virtue, the well-principled young man of genius finishes the evening by running away with the coronet to a beautiful retreat in Devonshire, leaving his bride-elect to wear the willow. This may be considered as Volume I. of the ‘Heart-book.’ Who would not be interested in reading the secrets of such a heart—who would not pardon its poetic vagaries?

In Volume II. the ‘Free Pencil,’ seeing in the newspapers the marriage of an old flame, merely in joke writes the lady a letter so thrilling, tender, and impassioned, that she awakens for the first time to a sense of her exquisite beauty, and becomes a coquette for ever after. The ‘Free Pencil’ meets with

her at Naples; is there kissed by her in public; crowned by her hand, and proclaimed by her beautiful lips the prince of poets; and as the lady is married, he, as a matter of ordinary gallantry, of course wishes to push his advantages further. But here (and almost for the only time) he is altogether checked in his advances, and made to see that the sovereign power of beauty is even paramount to that of 'free penciling' in the genteel world. By way of episode, a story is introduced of a young woman who dies of love for the poet, (having met him at several balls in London.) He consoles her by marrying her on her death-bed. In Volume III., the Free Pencil recovers his first love, whom he left behind in the shawl-room at Mrs Rothschild's Ball, and who has been pining and waiting for him ever since. The constancy of the beautiful young creature is rewarded, and she becomes the wife of the highly-gifted young man.

Such briefly is the plot of a tale, purporting to be drawn from English life and manners; and wondering readers may judge how like the portrait is to the original; how faithfully the habits of our society are here depicted; how Magazine writers are the rulers of fashion in England; how maids, wives, and widows, are never tired of running away with them. But who can appreciate the powers of description adorning this likely story; or the high-toned benevolence and morality with which the author invests his hero? These points can only be judged of by a perusal of the book itself. Then, indeed, will new beauties arise to the reader's perception. As, in *St Peter's*, you do not at first appreciate the beautiful details, so it is with Mr Willis's masterpiece. But let us, for present recreation, make one or two brief extracts—

• *A Lady arriving at a tea-party.*—'Quietly, but with a step as elastic as the nod of a water-lily, Lady Mildred glided into the room, and the high tones and unharmonized voices of the different groups suddenly ceased, and were succeeded by a low and sustained murmur of admiration. A white dress of faultless freshness of fold, a snowy turban, from which hung on either temple a cluster of crimson camellias still wet with the night-dew; long raven curls of undisturbed grace falling on shoulders of that undecipherable and dewy coolness which follows a morning bath (!) giving the skin the texture and the opaque whiteness of the lily; lips and skin redolent of the repose and purity, and the downcast but wakeful eye so expressive of recent solitude, and so peculiar to one who has not spoken since she slept—these were attractions which, in contrast with the paled glories around, elevated Lady Mildred at once into the predominant star of the night.'

What a discovery regarding the qualities of the 'morning bath'—how *naïvely* does the 'nobleman of nature' recommend the use of that rare cosmetic! Here follows a description of the triumphs of a 'Free Penciller':—

—‘ We are in one of the most fashionable houses in May Fair . . . On the heels of Ernest, and named with the next breath of the menial’s lips, came the bearer of a title laden with the emblazoned honours of descent. Had he entered a hall of statuary, he could not have been less regarded. All eyes were on the pale forehead and calm lips that had entered before him; and the blood of the warrior who made the name, and of the statesmen and nobles who had borne it, and the accumulated honour and renown of centuries of unsullied distinctions—all these concentrated glories in the midst of the most polished and discriminating circle on earth, paled before the lamp of yesterday, burning in the eye of genius. Where is distinction felt? In secret, amidst splendour? No! In the street and the vulgar gaze? No! In the bosom of love? *She* only remembers it. Where, then, is the intoxicating cup of homage—the delirious draught for which brain, soul, and nerve are tasked, tortured, and spent—where is it lifted to the lips? The answer brings me back. Eyes shining from amid jewels, voices softened with gentle breeding, smiles awakening beneath costly lamps—an atmosphere of perfume, splendour, and courtesy—these form the poet’s Hebe, and the hero’s Ganymede. These pour for ambition the draught that slakes his fever—these hold the cup to lips, drinking eagerly, that would turn away, in solitude, from the ambrosia of the gods.

‘ Clay’s walk through the sumptuous rooms was like a Roman triumph. He was borne on from lip to lip—those before him anticipating his greeting, and those he left still sending their bright and kind words after him.’

We shall next notice a wonderful history of foreign life, containing the development of a most wonderful idiosyncrasy. It is that of an author—our ‘ Free Penciller!’ His life is but a sleeping and forgetting—the new soul that rises in him has had elsewhere its setting, and cometh again from afar. He has not only a Pythagorean belief, but sometimes a consciousness of his previous existence, or existences—nay, he has not only a consciousness of having lived formerly, but often believes that he is living somewhere else, as well as at the place where at the present moment he may be. In a word, he is often conscious of being *two gentlemen at once*;—a miraculous *égarement* of the intellect described in the following manner:—

‘ Walking in a crowded street, for example, in perfect health, with every faculty gaily alive, I suddenly lose the sense of neighbourhood. I see—I hear—but I feel as if I had become invisible where I stand, and was, at the same time, present and visible elsewhere. I know every thing that passes around me, but I seem disconnected, and (magnetically speaking) unlinked from the human beings near. If spoken to at such a moment, I answer with difficulty. The person who speaks seems addressing me from a world to which I no longer belong. At the same time, I have an irresistible inner consciousness of being present in another scene of every-day life—where there are streets, and houses, and people—where I am looked on without surprise as a fam

liar object—where I have cares, fears, objects to attain—a different scene altogether, and a different life from the scene and life of which I was a moment before conscious. I have a dull ache at the back of my eyes for the minute or two that this trance lasts; and then slowly and reluctantly my absent soul seems creeping back, the magnetic links of conscious neighbourhood, one by one, re-attach, and I resume my ordinary life, but with an irrepressible feeling of sadness. It is in vain that I try to fix these shadows as they recede. I have struggled a thousand times in vain to particularise and note down what I saw in the strange city to which I was translated. The memory glides from my grasp with preternatural evasiveness.

This awakening to a sense of previous existence is thus further detailed. ‘*The death of a lady in a foreign land*,’ says Mr Willis, ‘leaves me at liberty to narrate the circumstances which follow.’ Death has unveiled his lips; and he may now tell, that in a previous state of existence he was in love with the beautiful Margaret, Baroness R—, when he was not the present ‘free penciller,’ but Rodolph Isenberg, a young artist of Vienna. Travelling in Styria, Rodolph was taken to a *soirée* at Gratz, in the house of a ‘certain lady of consequence there,’ by ‘a very courteous and well-bred person, a gentleman of Gratz,’ with whom Mr Willis had made acquaintance in the *coupé* of a diligence. No sooner was he at the *soirée* than he found himself on the balcony talking to a ‘very quiet young lady,’ with whom he ‘discoursed away for half-an-hour very unreservedly,’ before he discovered that a third person, ‘a tall lady of very stately presence, and with the remains of remarkable beauty,’ was earnestly listening to their conversation, ‘with her hand upon her side, in an attitude of repressed emotion.’ On this, the conversation ‘languished;’ and the other lady, his companion, rose, and took his arm to walk through the rooms. But he had not escaped the notice of the elder lady.

“Later in the evening,” says he, “my friend came in search of me to the supper room. “*Mon ami!*” he said, “a great honour has fallen out of the sky for you. I am sent to bring you to the *beau-reste* of the handsomest woman of Styria—Margaret, Baroness R—, whose château I pointed out to you in the gold light of yesterday’s sunset. She wishes to know you—*why*, I cannot wholly divine—for it is the first sign of ordinary feeling that she has given in twenty years. But she seems agitated, and sits alone in the Countess’s boudoir. *Allons-y!*” As we made our way through the crowd, he hastily sketched me an outline of the lady’s history: “At seventeen, taken from a convent for a forced marriage with the baron whose name she bears; at eighteen a widow, and, for the first time, in love—the subject of her passion a young artist of Vienna on his way to Italy. The artist died at her château—they were to have been married—she has ever since worn weeds for him. And the remainder you must imagine—for here we are!” The Baroness

leaned with her elbow upon a small table of *or-moulu*, and her position was so taken that I seated myself necessarily in a strong light, while her features were in shadow. Still the light was sufficient to show me the expression of her countenance. She was a woman apparently about forty-five, of noble physiognomy, and a peculiar fulness of the eyelids—something like to which I thought I remembered to have seen in a portrait of a young girl, many years before. The resemblance troubled me somewhat. "You will pardon me this freedom," said the Baroness, with forced composure, "when I tell you that—a friend—whom I have mourned twenty-five years—seems present to me when you speak." I was silent, for I knew not what to say. The Baroness shaded her eyes with her hand, and sat silent for a few moments, gazing at me. "You are not like him in a single feature," she resumed, "yet the expression of your face, strangely, very strangely, is the same. He was darker—slighter." "Of my age?" I enquired, to break my own silence. For there was something in her voice which gave me the sensation of a voice heard in a dream. "O God! that voice! that voice!" she exclaimed wildly, burying her face in her hands, and giving way to a passionate burst of tears. "Rodolph," she resumed, recovering herself with a strong effort, "Rodolph died with the promise on his lips that death should not divide us. And I have seen him! Not in dreams—not in reverie. Not at times when my fancy could delude me. I have seen him suddenly before me in the street—in Vienna—here—at home at noonday—for minutes together, gazing on me. It is more in latter years that I have been visited by him; and a hope has latterly sprung into being in my heart—I know not how—that in person, palpable and breathing, I should again hold converse with him—fold him living to my bosom. Pardon me! You will think me mad!" I might well pardon her; for as she talked, a vague sense of familiarity with her voice, a memory, powerful, though indistinct, of having before dwelt on those majestic features, an impulse of tearful passionateness to rush to her embrace, wellnigh overpowered me. She turned to me again. "You are an artist?" she said, enquiringly. "No; though intended for one, I believe, by nature." "And you were born in the year —?" "I was!" With a scream she added the day of my birth, and, waiting an instant for my assent, dropped to the floor, and clung convulsively and weeping to my knees. "Rodolph! Rodolph!" she murmured faintly, as her long grey tresses fell over her shoulders, and her head dropped insensible upon her breast. Her cry had been heard, and several persons entered the room. I rushed out of doors. I had need to be in darkness and alone.

'It was an hour after midnight when I re-entered my hotel. A chasseur stood sentry at the door of my apartment with a letter in his hand. He called me by name, gave me his missive, and disappeared. It was from the baroness, and ran thus:—

"You did not retire from me to sleep. This letter will find you waking. And I must write, for my heart and brain are overflowing.

"Shall I write to you as a stranger?—you whom I have strained so often to my bosom—you whom I have loved and still love with the utmost idolatry of mortal passion—you who have once given me the

soul that, like a gem long lost, is found again, but in a newer casket! Mine still—for did we not swear to love for ever!

“But I am taking counsel of my own heart only. You may still be unconvinced. You may think that a few singular coincidences have driven me mad. You may think that though born in the same hour that my Rodolph died, possessing the same voice, the same countenance, the same gifts—though by irresistible consciousness I *know* you to be *him*—my lost lover returned in another body to life—you may still think the evidence incomplete—you may, perhaps, even now, be smiling in pity at my delusion. Indulge me one moment.

“The Rodolph Iserberg whom I lost possessed a faculty of mind, which, if you are, he, answers with the voice of an angel to my appeal. In that soul resided, and wherever it be, must *now* reside, the singular power.

[The reader must be content with my omission of this fragment of the letter. It contained a secret never before clothed in language—a secret that will die with me, unless betrayed by what indeed it may lead to—madness! As I saw it in writing—defined accurately and inevitably in the words of another—I felt as if the innermost chamber of my soul was suddenly laid open to the day—I abandoned doubt—I answered to the name by which she called me—I believed in the previous existence of which my whole life, no less than these extraordinary circumstances, had furnished me with repeated evidence. But to resume the letter.]

“And now that we know each other again—now that I can call you by name, as in the past, and be sure that your inmost consciousness must reply—a new terror seizes me! Your soul comes back, youthfully and newly clad, while mine, though of unfading freshness and youthfulness within, shows to your eye the same outer garment, grown dull with mourning, and faded with the wear of time. Am I grown distasteful? Is it with the sight only, of this new body that you look upon me? Rodolph!—spirit that was my devoted and passionate admirer! soul that was sworn to me for ever!—Am I—the same Margaret, refound and recognised—grown repulsive? O God! what a bitter answer would this be to my prayers for your return to me!

“I will trust in Him whose benign goodness smiles upon fidelity in love. I will prepare a fitter meeting for two who parted as lovers. You shall not see me again in the house of a stranger, and in a mourning attire. When this letter is written, I will depart at once for the scene of our love. I hear my horses already in the courtyard, and while you read this I am speeding swiftly home. The bridal dress you were secretly shown the day before death came between us is still freshly kept. The room where we sat—the bowers by the stream—the walks where we projected our sweet promise of a future—they shall all be made ready. They shall be as they were! And I—O Rodolph! I shall be the same. My heart is not grown old, Rodolph! Believe me, I am unchanged in soul! And I will strive to be—I will strive to look—God help me to look and be—as of yore!’

“Farewell now! I leave horses and servants to wait on you till I send to bring you to me. Alas, for any delay! but we will pass this life

'and all other time together. We have seen that a vow of eterna' union may, be kept—that death cannot divide those who *will* to love for ever ! Farewell now !

MARGARET."

Such are the pictures of European society which this Free Penciller has sketched. Of the truth of his descriptions of his own country and countrymen, it is not for us to speak. We shall only mention, that, in characterising them, he remarks that they are much more French than English in many of their qualities. 'They are,' says he, 'in dressing, dancing, *congregating*, in chivalry to women, facility of adaptation to new circumstances, *'elasticity of recuperation from trouble,'* (a most delicious expression !) 'in complexion and figure, very French !' Had the 'Dashes' been the work of a native genius, we might have hinted, perhaps, some slight occasional objections, pointed out a very few blunders, questioned, very diffidently, the great modesty of some statements, and the truth and accuracy of others. But, as the case stands, we feel that we are bound to excuse much to a young 'republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time.'

ART. VIII.—1. *The Novels and Miscellaneous Works of Daniel De Foe ; with a Biographical Memoir of the Author, Literary Prefaces to the various pieces, and illustrative Notes ; including all contained in the Edition attributed to the late Sir Walter Scott, with considerable additions.* 20 vols. 8vo. Oxford : 1842.

2. *The Works of Daniel De Foe ; with a Memoir of his Life and Writings.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT, jun. 3 vols. Royal 8vo. London : 1843.

IT is with De Foe dead, as it was with De Foe living. He stands apart from the circle of the reigning wits of his time. Along with their names, his name is not called over. What in this respect was the fashion formerly, is the fashion still ; and whether sought for in the Histories of Smollett or of Lord Mahon, his niche is vacant. He is to be found, if at all, aloof from his great contemporaries. His life, to be fairly written, should be written as the 'Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Daniel De Foe, who lived above Seventy Years all alone, in the Island of Great Britain.'

He was born much about the time of that year of grace, 1661, when Mr Pepys and his wife, walking in Whitehall Gardens,

saw 'the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine, laced with rich lace at the bottom,' that ever they saw: 'it did me good to look at them,' adds the worthy man. There was but little in those days to do any body good. The people, drunk with the orgies of the Restoration, rejoiced in the gay dissoluteness of the court. To be a bad Englishman and a worse Christian, was to be a good Protestant and a loyal subject. Sheldon governed the Church, and Clarendon the State; the Bishop having no better charity than to bring a Presbyterian preacher into contempt, and the Chancellor no better wisdom than to reduce him to beggary. While Sheldon entertained his dinner-table with caricatures of a dissenting minister's sermon, 'till,' says one of his guests, 'it made us all burst;' Clarendon was drawing up that Act of Uniformity, by which, in one day, he threw out three thousand ministers from the benefices they held.

This was in 1662; and the beginning of that system of religious persecution, under which, with God's blessing, the better part of the English character reawakened, and the hardy virtues of Dissent struck root and flourished. Up to this time, vast numbers of the Presbyterians, strongly attached to Monarchy, desired but a reasonable settlement of Episcopacy; and would have given in their adherence to any moderate system. The hope of such a compromise was now rudely closed. In 1663 the Conventicle Act was passed, punishing with transportation a third offence of attendance on any worship but that of the Church; and while the plague was raging, two years after, the Oxford Act banished five miles from any corporate town all who should refuse a certain oath, which no Nonconformist could honestly take. Secret, stealthy worship was the resource left; and other things throve in secret with it, which would less have prospered openly. Substantial citizens, wealthy tradesmen, even gossiping Secretaries to the Admiralty, began to find other employment than the criticism of Lady Castlemaine's lace, or admiration of Mistress Nell Gwynne's linen. It appeared to be dawning on them at last, that they were really living in the midst of infamy and baseness; that buffoons and courtesans were their rulers; that defeat and disgrace were their portion; that a Dutch fleet was riding in their Channel, and a perjured and pensioned Popish despot sitting on their Throne.

The indulgence granted to Dissenters in the year of the Dutch war, (the previous year had been one of fierce persecution,) opened, among other meeting-houses, that of Little St Helen's, Bishopsgate; where the Rev. Dr Annesley, ejected from his living of Cripplegate by the Act of Uniformity, administered his

godly lessons. Under him there sate, in that congregation of earnest listeners, the family of a wealthy butcher of St Giles, Cripplegate; and the worthy minister would stop approvingly, as he passed the seats of Mr Foe, to speak to that bright-eyed lad of eleven, by name Daniel, whose activity and zeal in the good cause were already such, that, in fear their Popish governors might steal away their printed Bibles, he had 'worked like "a horse till he had written out the whole Pentateuch.' For the gleam of liberty to Dissenters had been but a veil for the like indulgence to Papists; and it was known at this very time, that the high-minded Richard Baxter had refused a bribe of £50 a year, to give in his public approval of these questionable favours of the crown.

Mr James Foe seems to have been proud of his son Daniel. He gave him the best education which a Dissenter had it in his power to give. He sent him to the then famous Academy at Newington Green, kept by Mr Charles Morton, an excellent Oxford scholar, and a man of various and large ability; whom Harvard College in New England afterwards chose for vice-president, when driven by ecclesiastical persecution to find a home beyond the Atlantic. Here the lad was put through a course of theology; and was set to study the rudiments of political science. These things Mr Morton reckoned to be a part of education. He also acquired a competent knowledge of mathematics and natural philosophy; of logic, geography, and history; and when he left the school, was reasonably accomplished in Latin and Greek, and in French and Italian. He had made himself known, too, as a 'boxing English boy;' who never struck his enemy when he was down. All this he recounted with no immodest or unmanly pride, when assailed in after life for his mean Dissenter's education; and he added that there was a fifth language, beside those recounted, in which it had been Mr Morton's endeavour to practise and improve his scholars. 'He read all his lectures; gave all his systems, whether of philosophy or divinity; and had all his declaimings and dissertations; in English. We were not critics in the Greek and Hebrew, perfect in languages, and perfectly ignorant, if that term may be allowed, of our mother tongue. We were not destitute of languages, but we were made masters of English; and more of us excelled in that particular, than of any school at that time.'

So passed the youth of Daniel Foe, in what may be well accounted a vigorous and healthy English training. With sharp and strong faculties, with early and active zeal, he looked out from his honest father's home and his liberal teacher's study,

upon a course of public events well fitted to enforce, by dint of bitter contrast, the value of high courage, of stern integrity, and of unbending faithfulness. He would be told, by all whom he esteemed, of the age of great deeds and thoughts which had lately passed away; and thus early would learn the difference, on which he dwelt in one of his first writings, between the grand old blind schoolmaster of Bunhill-fields, just buried in his father's parish of Cripplegate, and the ribald crowd of profligate poets lounging and sauntering in St James's. There is no better school for the love of virtue, than that of hatred and contempt for vice. He would hear discussed, with fervid and honest indignation, the recall of the indulgence in 1674, after the measures for relief of Dissent had been defeated; the persecution of Baxter and Manton in the following year; the subsequent gross interference of the Bishops against a final effort for accommodation; and the fierce cruelty of the penal laws against Nonconformists, between 1676 and 1678. Then, in the latter memorable year, he would find himself involved in that sudden, and fierce reaction of the Anti-Papist feeling of the time, which, while Protestants and Presbyterians were groaning under a Popish prince, sent numberless innocent Roman Catholic gentlemen to Protestant and Presbyterian scaffolds.

When the rage of the so-called Popish Plot burst forth, Mr Morton's favourite pupil was in his seventeenth year. We need not say how freely we condemn that miserable madness; or in what scorn we hold the false-hearted spies and truculent murderers, whose worthless evidence sacrificed so many noble and gentle lives. But we as little doubt that, to honest Presbyterians then existing, the thing was not that cruel folly it now seems to us; and we can understand their welcoming at last, in even that wild frenzy, a popular denunciation of the faith which they knew to be incompatible with both civil and religious liberty, yet knew to be the faith of him who held and of him who was to succeed to the throne. Out of the villany of the Court sprang this counter villany of Titus Oates; and the meetings in which that miscreant harangued the London citizens, were the first effectual demonstration against the government of Charles II. We will not wonder, then, that there was often to be seen among his crowds of excited listeners, but less excited than they, a middle-sized, spare, active, keen-eyed youth—the son of Mr Foe of Cripplegate.

At these meetings were first heard bandied from side to side, the two not least memorable words in English history. Then broke forth, when the horrible cruelties of Lauderdale were the theme, groans of sympathy for those tortured Cameronians who lived on

the refuse, the 'weak' of the milk, and so had got the Scotch name of *Whigs*; then, when justification was sought for like cruelties and tortures against the opposite faith, shouts of execration were hurled against the Papists who would murder Titus Oates, and who, for their thieving and villanous tendencies, had got the Irish name of *Tories*. Young Foe remembered this in after life; and described the blustering hero of these scenes, with a squat figure, a vulgar drawling voice, and (right in the centre of his broad flat face) a mouth of fit capacity for the huge lies it uttered, "calling every man a Tory that opposed him in due course." For be it noted to the credit of the youth's sagacity, he did not even now, to adopt his own expression, 'come up to' all the extravagances of some people in their notions of the 'Popish plot.' He believed, indeed, that wherever sincere Popery was, a conspiracy to act in conformity with it would not be far off. 'I never blame men who, professing principles destructive of the constitution they live under, and believing it their just right to supplant it, act in conformity to the principles they profess. I believe, if I were a Papist, I should do the same. But when we ran up that plot to general massacres, fleets of pilgrims, bits and bridles, knives, handcuffs, and a thousand such things, I confess, though a boy, I could not then, nor can now, come up to them. And my reasons were, as they still are, because I see no cause to believe the Papists to be fools, whatever else we had occasion to think of them.'

So saved from the general folly of the Presbyterian party, and intolérant only because a larger toleration was at stake, this manly and sagacious lad needed neither knife nor handcuff to save himself from a Papist. He walked through the thick of the riots with reliance on a stout oaken cudgel, which he called his 'Protestant flail;' and laughed at the monstrous lies that fed the vulgar cravings, and kept taverns agape with terror. See him enter one, and watch the eager group. A fellow bawls forth the last invention against 'the Papishes.' It concerns the new building honest men took such pride in, and Papists, for a reason, hated so. It is about the 'tall bully' of a Monument; and every body pricks up his ears. What has happened? 'Why, last night, six Frenchmen came up and stole away the Monument; and but for the watch, who stopped them as they were going over the bridge, and made them carry it back again, they might, for aught we know, have carried it over into France. These Papishes will never have done.' Is the tale incredible? Not half so much, as that some of those assembled should stare and doubt it. But now steps forward 'Mr Daniel Foe.' He

repeats the story; and tells the unbelievers to satisfy their doubts by going to the spot, 'where they'd see the workmen employed in making all fast again.' The simpletons 'swallowed the joke, and departed quite satisfied.' The touch of reality sent it down. A genius for homely fiction had strolled into the tavern, and found its first victims. They deserved a ripe old age, and the reading of *Robinson Crusoe*.

But the strolling into taverns? It is little likely that Mr Morton or the elder Mr Foe would have sanctioned it; but the Presbyterian ministry was no longer, as it once had been, the youth's destination. He seems to have desired a more active sphere; and was put to the business of commerce. His precise employment has been questioned; but when his libellers in later life called him a hosier, he said he had never been apprentice to that craft, though he had been a trader in it; and it is tolerably certain that, in seven years from the present date, he had a large agency in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, as a kind of middleman between the manufacturer and the retail trader. He was a freeman of London by his birth; on embarking in this business of hose-factor, he entered the livery; and he wrote his name in the Chamberlain's book, 'Daniel Foe.'

Seven eventful years. Trade could not so absorb him, but that he watched them with eager interest. Nor without hope. Hope would brighten in that sensible manly heart, when it most deserted weaker men's. When the King, alarmed, flung off his lounging sloth for crueller enjoyments; when lampoons and ballads of the streets became fiercer than even Portsmouth's impudence; when such serious work was afoot, that a satire by Dryden counted more at court than an indecency by Rochester; when bills to exclude a Popish succession were lost in the Upper House, but by a phalanx of Protestant Bishops, and the Lower House, that had passed them, rudely dissolved by a furious Monarch and intemperately assailed by his servile churchmen, was calmly defended by a Sydney and a Somers; when, the legitimate field of honest warfare closed, dark conspiracies and treasons took its place, and the boasts of the reckless Shaftesbury passed from mouth to mouth, that he'd walk the King leisurely out of his dominions, and make the Duke of York a vagabond on the earth like Cain;—no fear was likely to depress, and no bragging was needed to keep in hope, a shrewd, clear intellect. The young Cornhill merchant told his countrymen afterwards, how it had gone with him then; how tyranny had taught him the value of liberty, Popery the danger of passive pulpits, and oppression how to prize the fence of laws; with what interest he had observed the sudden visit of the King's

nephew, William of Orange, already the hero of the Protestant liberties of Europe, and lately wedded to the presumptive heiress of the throne; of what light esteem he held the monarch's disregard of that kinsman's prudent counsel; and with what generous anger, yet unshrinking spirit, he saw the men who could not answer Algernon Sydney's Book, erect a scaffold to take off his Head.

It was his first brave impulse to authorship of his own. In the year made infamous by the judicial murders of Russell and Sydney, he published his first political essay. It was a prose lampoon on High Church absurdities; and, with much that would not bear present revival, bore the stamp of a robust new mind, fresh from the reading of Rabelais. It stirred the veteran libeller L'Estrange, and pamphlet followed pamphlet. It needs not to touch the controversy now. It is dead and gone. Oxford herself repudiates, with shame, the decree she passed in full Convocation on the day of Russell's execution; promulgating, on pain of infamy here and damnation hereafter, the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience; and anathematizing twenty-seven propositions from Milton, Baxter, and Godwin, Bellarmine, Buchanan, and Hobbes, as seditious, scandalous, impious, blasphemous, heretical, and damnable.

Having fleshed his maiden pen, the young merchant soon resumed it, in a cause again involving religious liberty; with a spirit in advance of his party; and with force, decision, and success. The reign of Charles was now setting, in a sullen, dire persecution. Chapels were shut; ministers dying in jail; congregations scattered. A man who would not take the sacrament was whipped or pilloried; a man who would not take it kneeling, was plundered or imprisoned. 'See there!' cried the sharp strong sense of Daniel Foe, (business had taken him to Windsor, and he had sauntered into St George's Chapel with a friend)—'See that altar-piece! Our Saviour administers his last supper to his disciples sitting round the table; and, because we would copy that posture, the government oppresses us.' Almost as he spoke, the end was approaching. Evelyn had seen the King the past Sunday evening, sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine. A French boy sang love-songs in a glorious gallery; and, round a table groaning with a bank of two thousand golden pieces, a crew of profligate courtiers drank and gambled. 'Six days after, all was in the dust; and caps in the air for James the Second.'

Of the new monarch's greetings, the most grovelling were the churchmen's and the lawyers'. The Bishop of Chester preached the divinity and infallibility of Kings; the Temple

benchers and barristers went to court with the assurance that high prerogative, 'in its fullest extent,' was the subject's best security for liberty and property; and in every pulpit thanksgivings resounded. In the first months of the reign, our hose-factor of Freeman's Yard heard it publicly preached from one of these pulpits, that if the King commanded the subject's head, and sent his messengers to fetch it, the subject was bound to submit, and, as far as possible, facilitate his own desapitation. Close upon this came the sudden tidings of Monmouth's ill-fated landing; and of a small band of daring citizens who took horse and joined him, Daniel Foe was one. Perhaps he thought his head nearer danger than it was, and worth a stroke for safety. He knew, at any rate, but the better sides of Monmouth's character. He admired his popular manners. 'None so beautiful, so brave 'as Absolon.' He had seen him among the people in their sports; at races and at games; and thought his bearing sensible and manly. What matter if Lucy Waters was his mother? He knew him a sincere Protestant, and a lover of civil freedom. He remembered the more kindly his disgrace in the reign just passed, for having vainly striven to moderate Episcopal cruelties in Scotland, when he saw the first Scottish act of the reign just begun, in a law to inflict death on conventicle preachers. In a word, our incipient rebel made no nice balance of danger and success. He saw what seemed to him liberty on the one side, and slavery on the other; and resolved, with whatever fortune, to strike a blow for the good cause. He mounted horse and joined the invaders; was with them in Bristol and at Bath; and very narrowly escaped the crash that followed.

There is little doubt that while Bishops Turner and Ken were prolonging Monmouth's agonies on the scaffold, for the chance of a declaration in favour of divine right and non-resistance; and while Jeffreys' bloody campaign, through the scenes of the late rebellion, was consigning his master and himself to eternal infamy; the young rebel-citizen had effected a passage over seas. At about this time, he certainly was absent from England; as certainly had embarked some capital in the Spanish and Portuguese trade; and no one has questioned his narrow escape from the clutch of Jeffreys. The mere escape had been enough for other men. His practical, unwearying, versatile energy, made it the means of new adventure; the source of a larger experience; the incentive to a more active life. He had seen Spain, Germany, and France, before he again saw Freeman's Court, Cornhill; and when he returned, it was with the name he has made immortal. He was now *Daniel De Foe*.

Whether the change was a piece of innocent vanity picked up

in his travels, or had any more serious motive, it would be idle to enquire. By both names he was known to the last; but his books, in almost every instance, bore that by which he is known to posterity. He found a strange scene in progress on his return. * The power of the King to dispense with the laws, had been affirmed by eleven out of the twelve judges; and he saw this monstrous power employed to stay the as monstrous persecution of Nonconformists and Dissenters. A license purchased for fifty shillings had opened the prison doors of Richard Baxter; but the sturdy lovers of freedom who purchased that license, acknowledged, in the act of doing it, that they placed the King above the laws. It was a state of things in which men of the clearest sight had lost their way, and the steadiest were daily stumbling. William Penn had gone up to court with a deputation of thanks; he was seconded by not a few Presbyterians; he had the support of all those classes of Dissent whose idea of religion rejected altogether the alliance of civil government; and though the main Presbyterian body stood aloof, it was in an attitude of deference and fear, without dignity, without self-reliance. For a while De Foe looked on in silence; and then resolvedly took his course.

Of James the Second's sincerity there is no doubt; and as little of his bigotry and meanness. He had the obstinate weakness of his father. 'There goes an honest gentleman,' said the Archbishop of Rheims, some year or two later, 'who lost three 'kingdoms for a mass.' His unwearied, sole endeavour, from the hour in which he ascended the throne to that in which he was hurled from it, was to establish the Roman Catholic religion in England. When the church that had declared resistance unchristian, and proffered him unconditional obedience, refused him a single benefice, fat or lean, and kept his hungering Popish doctors outside the butteries of her Oxford Colleges; the Dissenters became his hope. If he could array Dissent against the Church, there was an entrance yet for Rome. It was his passion. He had none other. It stood him in the stead of every other faith. * When the game went wholly against him, he had no better courage. He thought but of 'raising the Host,' and winning it that way,

" De Foe understood both game and gambler. We could name no man of the time who understood them so clearly as this young trader of Cornhill. He saw the false position of all parties; the blundering clash of interests, the wily complications of policy. He spoke with contempt of a Church that, with its 'fawning, whining, canting sermons,' had played the Judas to its Sovereign. He condemned the address-making Dissenters, who, in

their zeal for religious liberty, had forgotten civil freedom. He exposed the conduct of the King, as, in plain words, a fraudulent project, 'to create a feud between Dissenters and the Establishment, and so destroy both in the end.' And, with emphatic eloquence, he exhorted the Presbyterian party, that now, if ever, they should make just and reasonable terms with the Church; that now, if ever, should her assumption of superiority, her disdain of equal intercourse, her denial of Christian brotherhood, be effectually rebuked; that between the devil sick and the devil well, there was a monstrous difference; and that, failing any present assertion of rights and guarantees, it would be hopeless to expect them when she should have risen, once more strengthened, from her humble diet and her recumbent posture.

The advice and warning were urged in two masterly publications. The Dissenters condemned them, and took every occasion to disclaim their author. De Foe had looked for no less. In his twenty-sixth year, he found himself that solitary, resolute, independent thinker, which, up to his seventieth year, he remained. What he calls the 'grave, weak, good men' of the party, did not fail to tell him of his youth and inexperience; but for all that fell out, he had prepared himself abundantly. 'He that will serve men, must not promise himself that he shall not anger them. I have been exercised in this usage even from a youth. I had their reproaches when I blamed their credulity and confidence in the flatteries and caresses of Popery; and when I protested against addresses of thanks for an illegal liberty of conscience founded on a dispensing power.' He was thus early initiated in the transcendent art of thinking and standing ALONE.

Whoso can do this manfully, will find himself least disposed to be alone, when any great good thing is in progress. De Foe would have worked with the meanest of the men opposed to him, in the business of the nation's deliverance. He knew that Dyckvelt was now in England, in communication with the leaders of both parties in the state. He had always honoured the steady-purposed Dutchman's master as the head of the league of the great European confederacy, which wanted only England to complete its noble purposes. He believed it to be the duty of that prince, connected both by birth and marriage with the English throne, to watch the course of public affairs in a country, which by even the natural course of succession he might be called to govern. But he despised the Tory attempt to mix up a claim of legitimacy with the greater design of elective sovereignty; and laughed with the hottest of the Jacobites at the miserable warming-pan plot. He felt, and was the first to state

it in print at the time, that the title to the throne was but in another form the more sacred title of the people to their liberties. So he mounted his 'rebel' horse once more when he heard of the landing at Torbay. He was with the army of William when James precipitately fled; he was at the bar of the House of Lords when Hampden took up the vote of non-allegiance to a Popish sovereign, and when the memorable resolution of the 13th of February declared that no King had reigned in England since the day of James's flight; he heard William's first speech to the Houses five days later; and, 'gallantly mounted and richly accoutred,' he was foremost in the citizen troop of volunteer-horse, who were William and Mary's guard of honour at their first visit to Guildhall.

De Foe never ceased to commemorate William's bearing in these passages of his life. While the Convention debates were in progress, the calmly resolute Stadtholder had staid, secluded, at St James's. Sycophants sought access to him, counselors would have advised with him in vain. He invited no popularity; he courted no party. The only Tory chief who spoke with him, came back to tell his friends that he set 'little value on a crown.' The strife, the heat, the violent animosity, the doubtful success—all which in these celebrated debates seemed to affect his life and fortune—moved him not. He desired nothing to be concealed from him: he said nothing to his informants. This only was known—he would not hold his Crown by the apron-strings of his wife. He would not reign but as an independent sovereign. 'They are an inconstant people, Mar-shal,' he quietly observed to Schomberg.

Here, then, was a man who could also stand alone. Here was a King for such a subject as De Foe. And the admiration conceived of him by the citizen merchant deepened into passion. He revered him, loved, and honoured him; and kept as a festive day in his house, even to the close of his life, the day on which he was born and landed. Its first celebration was held at a country house in Tooting, which it would seem De Foe now occupied; and the manner of it was in itself some proof of what we do not need to be told, that the resolute, practical habits of this earnest, busy man, were not unattended by that genial warmth of nature which alone gives strength of character such as his, and without which never public virtue, and rarely private, comes quite to its maturity. In this village, too, in this year of the Revolution, we find him occupied in erecting a meeting-house; in drawing together a Nonconformist congregation; and in providing a man of learning for their minister. It was an object always near his heart. For every new foundation of

that kind went some way toward the rendering Dissent a permanent separate interest, and an independent political body, in the State; and the Church's reviving heats made the task at once imperative and easy. Wherever intemperate language, and overbearing arrogant persecution, are characteristics of the highest churchmen—should we marvel that sincere church-goers turn frightened from the flame incessantly flickering about those elevated rods, which they had innocently looked to for safe conductors?

But in the midst of his labours and enjoyments, there came a stroke of evil fortune. He had married some little time before this, (nothing further is known on that head, but that in the course of his life he had two wives, the first named Mary, and the second Susannah;) and, with the prospect of a family growing up around him, he saw his fortune swept suddenly away by a large unsuccessful adventure. One angry creditor took out a Commission of Bankruptcy; and De Foe, submitting meanwhile to the rest a proposition for amicable settlement, fled from London. A prison paid no debts, he said. 'The cruelty of your laws against debtors, without distinction of honest or dishonest, is the shame of your nation. He who is unable to pay his debts at once, may be able to pay them at leisure; and you should not meanwhile murder him by law.' So, from himself to his fellow men, he reasoned always. No wrong or wretchedness ever befell De Foe, which he did not turn to the use and profit of his kind. To what he now struggled with, through two desperate years, they mainly owed seven years later, that many most atrocious iniquities prevailing in the bankrupt refuges of *Whitefriars* and the *Mint* were repressed by statute; and that the small relief of William's act was at least reluctantly vouchsafed. He had pressed the subject with all his power of plain strong sense; and with a kind of rugged impressiveness, as of the cry of a sufferer.

His place of retreat appears to have been in Bristol. Doubtless he had merchant friends there. An acquaintance of his last excellent biographer, (Walter Wilson,) mentions it as an honourable tradition in his family, that at this time one of his Bristol ancestors had often seen and spoken with 'the great De Foe.' They called him the *Sunday Gentleman*, he said; because, through fear of the bailiffs, he did not dare to appear in public upon any other day; while on that day he was sure to be seen, with a fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side, passing through the Bristol streets. But no time was lost with De Foe: whether watched by bailiffs, or laid hold of by their betters. He wrote, in his present retirement, that famous Essay, which went far to form the intellect and direct the pursuits of

'the most clear and practical genius' of the succeeding century. 'There was also,' says Benjamin Franklin, describing the little library in his uncle's house, 'a book of De Foe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had 'an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.'

He composed the *Essay* here; though it was not published until two years later. What the tendency of the age would be (partly by the influence of the Revolution, for commerce and religious freedom have ever prospered together; partly by the financial necessities of the war, and the impulse thereby given to projects and adventure) he had promptly discerned, and would have turned to profitable uses in this most shrewd, wise, and memorable piece of writing. It suggested reforms in the system of banking, and a plan for central country banks; it pointed out the enormous advantages of an efficient improvement of the public roads, as a source of public benefit and revenue; it recommended, for the safety of trade, a mitigation of the law against the honest bankrupt, and a more effectual law against practised knavery; it proposed the general establishment of offices for insurance, 'in every case of 'risk;' it impressively enforced the expediency of Friendly Societies, and of a kind of Savings Bank, among the poor; and, with eloquence and clear-sightedness far in advance of the time, it urged the solemn necessity of a greater care of Lunatics, which it described as 'a particular rent-charge on the great family of 'mankind.'

A man may afford to live alone who can make solitude eloquent with such designs as these. What life there is in them! what a pregnant power and wisdom, thrown broad-cast over the fields of the future! It might not be ill, it seems to us, to transfer to this bankrupt fugitive, this Sunday Gentleman and every-day earnest Workman, with no better prospect than a bailiff visible from his guarded window, some part of that honour and glory we too freely assign to more prosperous actors in the busy period of the Revolution. Could we move by the four days' Bristol coach to London, from the side of our hero, it would be but a paltry scene that awaited us there. We should find the great sovereign obliged to repose his trust where no man could trust with safety. There would the first rank growth of the new-gotten Liberty greet us in its most repulsive forms. There we should see the double game of treachery to the reigning and to the banished sovereign, played out with unscrupulous perfidy by rival statesmen; opposition and office but varying the sides of treason, from William to James. There would be the versatile Halifax, receiving a Jacobite agent 'with open arms.' There would be the dry, reserved Godolphin, engaged in double ser-

vice, though without a single bribe, to his actual and to his lawful sovereign. There would be the soldier Churchill, paid by William, taking secret gold from James, and tarnishing his imperishable name with an infamous treachery to England.

And all this, wholly unredeemed by the wit and literature which graced the years of noisy faction to which it was the prelude. As yet Pope was an infant in the cradle; Addison and Steele were boys at school; Bolingbroke was reading Greek at Christ Church; and Swift was amanuensis in Sir William Temple's house, for his board and twenty pounds a-year. The laureateship of Dryden has fallen on Shadwell; even Garth's *Dispensary* has not yet been writ; Mr Tate and Mr Brady are dividing the town; the noble accents of Locke on behalf of toleration are inaudible in the press;—but Sir Richard Blackmore prepares his Epics; and Bishop Burnet sits down in some terrible passion, to write a character in his History. We are well content to return to Bristol, and take humbler part with the fortunes of Daniel De Foe.

We have not recounted all the projects of his *Essay*. The great design of Education was embraced in it, and a furtherance of the interests of Letters. It proposed an Academy, on the plan of that founded in France by Richelieu, to 'encourage polite learning, establish purity of style, and advance the so much neglected faculty of correct language;'—urging upon William, how worthy of his high destiny it would be to eclipse Louis *Quatorze* in the peaceful arts, as much as he had eclipsed him in the field of battle. Nor let us omit recital of the military college he would have raised; of his project for abolition of impressment; and of his college for the education of women. His rare and high opinion of women had given him a just contempt for the female training of his time. He could not think, he said, that God ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves. 'A woman, well-bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; she is all softness and sweetness, love, wit, and delight.' The passage reminds us of the best writings of Steele.

His Bristol exile was now closed, by the desired arrangement with his creditors. They consented to compound his liabilities for five thousand pounds, and to take his personal security for the payment. In what way he discharged this claim, and what reward they had who trusted him, an anecdote of thirteen years later date (set down in the book of an enemy) will tell. While the coffee-houses raged against him at the opening of the reign.

of Anne, a knot of intemperate assailants in one of them were suddenly interrupted by a person who sat at a table apart from theirs. 'Come, gentlemen,' he said, 'let us do justice. I know this De Foe as well as any of you. I was one of his creditors; I compounded with him, and discharged him fully. Years afterwards he sent for me; and though he was clearly discharged, he paid me all the remainder of his debt voluntarily, and of his own accord; and he told me, that, so far as God should enable him, he meant to do so with every body.' The man added, that he had placed his signature to a paper of acknowledgment, after a long list of other names. Of many witnesses to the same effect, only one other need be cited. Four years later, when the House of Lords was the scene of a libel worse than that of the coffee-house disputants, but with no one to interrupt it, De Foe himself made an unpretending public statement, to the effect that the sums he had at that time discharged of his own mere motion, without obligation, 'with a numerous family, and no help but his own industry,' amounted to upwards of twelve thousand pounds. Not as a matter of pride did he state this, but to intimate that he had not failed in duty. The discharge of law could not discharge the conscience. 'The obligation of an honest mind can never die.'

He did not return to Freeman's Court. He had other views. Some foreign merchants, by whom he was held in high esteem, desired to settle him as a large factor in Cadiz; but he could not be induced to leave England. It was his secret hope to be able to serve the King. Nor had many months passed before we find him 'concerned with some eminent persons at home,' in proposing ways and means to the government for raising money to supply the occasions of the war. Resulting in some sort from this employment, seems to have been the office he held for four years, (till the determination of the commission,) of Accountant to the Commissioners of the glass duty. And without violence, one may suppose it to be not distantly a part of the same desire to draw round him a certain association with the interests and fortunes of his sovereign, that he also at this time undertook a large adventure in the making of what were called Dutch pan-tiles. He established extensive tile-kiln and brick-kiln works at Tilbury, on the Thames; where it was his boast, for several years, to have given employment 'to more than a hundred poor workmen.' He took a house, too, by the side of the river, and amused himself with a sailing boat he kept there. €

We fancy him now, not seldom, among the rude, daring men who made the shore of the great London river, in those days, a place of danger and romance:—'Friends of the sea, and foes of all

‘that live on it.’ He knew, it is certain, the Kyds as well as the Dampiers, of that adventurous, bucaniering, Ocean breed. With no violent effort, we now imagine him fortifying his own resolution and contempt of danger by theirs; looking, through their rough and reckless souls, face to face, with that appalling courage they inherited from the vikings and sea-conquerors of old; listening their risks and wanderings for a theme of robust example, some day, to reading landmen; and already, it may be, throwing forward his pleased and stirred imagination into solitary wildernesses and desert islands, ‘placed far amid the melancholy main.’

But for the present, he turns back with a more practical and earnest interest to the solitary resident at St James’s. It will not be too much to say, that the most unpopular man in England now, was the man who had saved England. The pensioner of France, the murderer of Vane and Sydney, had more popularity for lounging about with his spaniels, and feeding the ducks in St James’s Park, than was ever attained by him who had rescued and exalted two great countries; to whom the depressed Protestant interest throughout the world owed its renovated hope and strength; and who had gloriously disputed Europe with Louis XIV.

We are far from thinking William a faultless Prince; but what to Princes who have since reigned has been a plain and beaten path, was rendered so by his experience and example; and our wonder is, not that he stumbled, but that he was able to walk at all in the dark and thorny road he travelled. He undertook the vexed, and till then unsolved, problem of Constitutional Government; but he came to rule as a monarch, and not as a party chief. He, whom foolish bigots libel with their admiration, came to unite, and not to separate; to tolerate, and not to persecute; to govern one people, and not to raise and depress alternate classes. Of the many thousand Churchmen who had been preaching passive obedience before his arrival, only four hundred refused to acknowledge his government of resistance; but he lived to find those four hundred his most honourable foes. He was overthrown by his Church in his first attempt to legislate in a spirit of equal religious justice. His Whig ministers withdrew from him what they thought an unjust prerogative, because they had given him what they thought a just title; his Tory opposition refused him what they counted a just prerogative, on the ground of what they held to be an unjust title. Tories joined with Whigs against a standing army; Whigs joined with Tories against a larger toleration. ‘I can see no difference between them,’ said William to the elder Halifax, ‘but that the Tories

'would cut my throat in the morning, and the Whigs in the afternoon.'

And yet there *was* a difference. The Whigs would have given him more than that 'longer day.* In the Tory ranks there was no public character so pure as that of Somers; in the High-Church Bishops there was no intellect equal to Burnet's; among the Tory financiers, there was no such clear accomplishment and wit as those of Charles Montagu, the later Halifax. When De Foe flung himself into the struggle on the King's behalf, he was careful to remember this. In all his writings he failed not to enforce it. When he most grieved that there should be union to exact from the Deliverer of England what none had ever thought of exacting from her Enslavers, it was that men so different should compose it. When he supported a moderate standing army against the Whigs, it was with a Whig reason; that 'not the King, but the sword of England 'in the hand of the King, should secure peace and religious 'freedom.' When he opposed a narrow civil-list against the Whigs, it was with no Tory reason; but because 'William's 'perils have been our safety, his labours our ease, his cares our 'comfort, his continued harassing and fatigue our continued 'calm and tranquillity.' Nay, when he opposed the King himself in his *Reasons against a War with France*, it was on a ground which enabled the Whigs, soon after, to prosecute and direct the mighty struggle which for ever broke the tyranny and supremacy of France. 'He that desires we should end the war 'honourably, ought to desire also that we begin it fairly. Natural antipathies are no just ground of a war against nations; 'neither popular opinions; nor is every invasion of a right a 'good reason for war, until redress has first been peaceably demanded.'

If William was to find himself again reconciled to the Whigs, it would be by the influence of such Whiggery as this. Indeed it soon became apparent to him, even in the midst of general treachery, by which of the traitors he could most efficiently be served; and when, aware of the Jacobite correspondence of the Whig Duke of Shrewsbury, he sent him a colonel of Guards with the seals of office in one hand and a warrant of treason in the other, to give him choice of the Cabinet or the Tower, he but translated, in his decisive fearless way, the shrewd practical counsel of Daniel De Foe.

That this merchant financier and speculator, this wary advocate, this sagacious politician, this homely earnest man of business, should soon have made his value known to such a sovereign, we cannot doubt. It was not till a later service, indeed, that

the private cabinet of William was open to him; but, before the Queen's death, it is certain he had access to the palace, and that she had consulted him, in her favourite task of laying out Hampton Court Gardens. It is, to us, very pleasing to contemplate the meeting of such a sovereign and such a subject, as William and De Foe. There was something not dissimilar in their physical and moral aspect. The King was the elder by ten years; but the middle size, the spare figure, the hooked nose, the sharp chin, the keen grey eye, the large forehead, and grave appearance, were common to both. William's manner was cold, except in battle; De Foe's, unless he spoke of civil liberty. There would be little recognition of Literature on either hand; and less expected. When the Stadtholder, in his practical way, complimented St Evremont on having been a major-general in France, the dandy man of letters took offence; but if the King merely spoke to De Foe as one who had borne arms with Monmouth, we would answer for it there was no disappointed vanity. Here, in a word, was profound good sense on both sides; substantial scorn of the fine and the romantic; impassive firmness; a good, broad, buffering style of procedure; and dauntless force of character:—A King who ruled by popular choice; and a Subject who represented that choice without a tinge of faction.

Of how few then living, but De Foe, might that last remark be made! Of how few even of the best Whigs, that their Whiggism found no support in personal spite! At this very time, old Dryden could but weep when he thought of Prior and Charles Montagu, ('for two young fellows I have always been 'civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner:'), but De Foe, even while assailing the license of the stage, spoke respectfully of Dryden, and when condemning his changes in later years, made admission of his 'extraordinary genius.' At this time, Prior, so soon to become a Jacobite, was writing to Montagu that he had 'faced old James and all his court, the other 'day, at St Cloud; *vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a 'strange figure as the old bully is; lean, worn, and riv'led,' but De Foe, in the publication wherein he most had exalted William, had described with his most manly pathos James's personal mal-treatment and desertion.

We repeat that the great sovereign would find, in such a spirit as this, the nearest resemblance to his own; and, it may be, the best ultimate corrective of that weary impatience of the Factions, which made his English sovereignty so hard a burden. It was better discipline, on the whole, than he had from his old friend, Sir William Temple, whom, on his difficulty with the

ultra-faction's Triennial bill, he went to Moor Park to consult. The wary diplomatist could but set his Irish amanuensis to draw up wise precedents for the monarch's quiet digestion of the bill, Whigs, Tories, and all; and the monarch could but drily express his thanks to Mr Jonathan Swift, by teaching him to digest asparagus, against all precedent, by swallowing stalks and all.

These great questions of Triennial bill, of Treason bill, of Settlement Securities bill, whether dictated by wisdom or by faction, we need touch but lightly here. All worked wisely. Urged by various motives, they tended to a common end. Silently, steadily, securely, while the roar of dispute and discontent raged and swelled above, the solid principles of the Revolution were rooting themselves deep in the soil below. The censorship of the press expired in 1694; no man in the state was found to suggest its renewal; and it passed away for ever. What, before, it had been the interest of government to impeach, it was now its interest to maintain; what the Tories formerly would have checked in the power of the House of Commons, their interests now compelled them to extend. All became committed to the principle of resistance; and, whether for party or for patriotism, liberty was the cry of all. De Foe turned aside from politics, when their aspect seemed for a time less virulent; and applied himself to what is always of intimate connexion with them, and of import yet more momentous—the moral aspects of the time.

We do not, however, think he always penetrated with success to the heart of a moral question. He was somewhat obstructed, at the threshold, by the more formal and limited points of Presbyterian breeding; and there were depths in morals and in moral causes, which undoubtedly he never sounded. The more practical and earnest features of his character, had in this respect brought their disadvantages; and on some points stopped him short of that highest reach and grace of intellect, which in a consummate sense constitute the ideal, and take leave of the merely shrewd, solid, acute, and palpable. The god of matter-of-fact and reality, is not always in these things a divine god. But there was a manliness and courage well worthy of him, in the general tone he took, and the game at which he flew. He represented in his essay, the *Poor Man*; his object was to show that Acts of Parliament were useless, which enabled those who administered them to pass over in their own class what they punished in classes below them; he arraigned that tendency of our laws, which has since passed into a proverb, to 'punish men for being poor;' and he set forth a petition, pregnant with sense and wit, that the stocks and house of correction should be

straightway abolished, 'till the nobility, gentry, justices of the peace, and clergy, will be pleased to reform their own manners.' He lived in an age of Justice Midases and Parson Trullibers, and assails both with singular bitterness. 'The parson preaches a thundering sermon against drunkenness, and the justice sets my poor neighbour in the stocks; and I am like to be much the better for either, when I know that this same parson and this same justice were both drunk together but the night before.'

He knows little of De Foe who would suspect him of a class-prejudice of his own in this. When, in the present year, the Presbyterian Lord Mayor, going in his robes and chain in the morning to the church, and in the afternoon to the Pinners' Hall meeting-house, raised a vehement and bitter discussion on the question of Occasional Conformity; ardent Dissenter though he was, De Foe did not hesitate to take part with the Church. He could not see, he said, why Sir Humphrey Edwin should wish, like a boy upon a holiday, to display his fine clothes at either church or meeting-house. In a religious view, he thought that if it was a point of conscience with a Dissenter not to conform to the Established Church; he could not possibly receive a dispensation to do so from the mere fact of his holding a civic office; in a political view, he thought what was called Occasional Conformity, a surrender of the dignity and independence of Dissent, likely to lead to larger and dangerous concessions; and he maintained these opinions with great force of argument. He was in the right; and the party never forgave him. On no question, no matter how deeply affecting their common interests, could they afterwards bring themselves to act cordially with De Foe. Ministers took his moral treatises into their pulpits with them, but they were careful to suppress his name.

Another point of attack in his publications on the manners of his time, had reference to the Stage. With whatever views we approach the consideration of this subject, there can be but one opinion of the existing condition of the theatres. They were grossly profligate. Since that year after the Restoration in which Mr Evelyn saw the performance of *Hamlet*, and had reason to note that 'the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad,' vice had made its home in the theatres. Nor had any check been at this time given to it. The severe tone of William's Court had made the contrast but more extreme. Collier had not yet published his *Short View*. Burnet had not yet written that volume of his *Own Time* wherein he described, with perhaps more sense than logic, the stage as the corrupter of the town, and the bad people

of the town as the corrupters of the stage; and proclaimed it 'a shame to our nation and religion to see the stage so reformed in France, and so polluted still in England.' Neither was the evil merely left unrestrained. It had lately received potent assistance from the unequalled wit of Congreve, whose *Maswell* and *Lady Touchwood* were now affecting even the Lobbies with a touch of shame. Nevertheless, while we admit his excellent intention, we cannot think De Foe made any figure in the argument. He many times returned to it, but never with much effect. His objections would as freely have applied to the best-conducted theatre. Nor, in the special immoralities assigned, had he hit the point exactly. To bring women into the performance of characters, was a decided improvement. The morals of Charles II.'s age, though openly and generally worse, were, in special respects, not so bad as those of James I.; neither was the stage of even Wycherley and Etherege so deeply immoral as that of Beaumont and Fletcher.

We do not know if the Muses resented, in De Foe's case, this unfriendliness to one of their favourite haunts; but, when he attempted to woo them on his account, they answered coyly to his call. A collection of *Fugitive Verses*, published by Duntun, appeared at this time—'made,' says the eccentric bookseller, 'by the chief wits of the age; namely, Mr Motteux, Mr De Foe, Mr Richardson, and, *in particular*, Mr Tate, now poet-laureat.' (Swift was among them too, but not important enough to be named.) And we must confess, of De Foe's contribution to the memory of his old Presbyterian pastor, that it seems to us rightly named fugitive; whether we apply the word actively to the poetry that flies away, or passively to that which makes the reader do the same. He lost a part of his strength, his facility, and his fancy, when he wrote in verse. Yet, even in verse, he made a lucky, nervous hit, now and then; and the best of his efforts was the *True-born Englishman*.

It appeared in 1701. It was directed against the bitter attacks from which William at that time suffered, on the ground of his birth and the friends he had ennobled. They were no true-born Englishmen: that was the cant in vogue. Mr Tutchin's poem of *The Foreigners* was on every body's tongue. The feeling had vented itself, in the previous year, on that question of the dismissal of the Dutch Guards, which the King took so sorely to heart. The same feeling had forced the Tories into power; it had swelled their Tory majority with male-content Whigs; and it now threatened the fair and just rewards which William had offered to his deserving generals. It is recorded of him at this juncture, that even his great, silent

heart gave way at last. 'My guards have done for them what they could not do for themselves, and they send them from me.' He paced his cabinet in uncontrollable emotion. He would have called out his assailants, he said, if he had been a private man. If he had not had the obligation of other than private duties, he would have resigned the crown.

Then it was that De Foe stepped in with his timely service. The *True-born Englishman* was a doggerel, but a fine one. It was full of earnest, weighty sense; of excellent history; of the nicest knowledge of our English character; and it thrust right home at the point in issue. It proved the undeniable truth, that, so far from being of pure birth and blood, Englishmen are the most mixed race on the earth; and owe their distinction over other feebler races to that very circumstance. While it exposed a vulgar prejudice, it flattered a reasonable vanity; and few things of a merely temporary interest have ever equalled its success. Its first two lines—

• 'Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there'—

are all that can be said to have survived, of couplets that were then shouted from street to street. Beside the nine editions of which De Foe himself received the profit, upwards of twelve editions were pirated, printed, and sold, in defiance of his interdiction. More than eighty thousand copies, we are told, were thus disposed of in the streets alone. But it is more important to have to remark, that it destroyed the cant against which it was directed. 'Whereas, before, you had it in the best writers, and in the most florid speeches, before the most august assemblies, upon the most solemn occasions,'—now, without a blush or a laugh, you never heard it named.

It may be doubted if this great King had ever so deeply felt a service. His opportunities were few. De Foe has recorded how he was sent for to the palace, on the special occasion of his book; with what kindness he was received; 'how employed; and how, above his capacity of deserving, rewarded.' His free access to William's cabinet never ceased from this time. There are statements throughout his writings of the many points of public policy he had been permitted frankly to discuss with the sovereign. On the agitated questions of the partition-treaties, he was throughout consulted; and there was one grand theme, nobly characteristic of the minds of both, often recurred to in these interviews. It was the Union of Scotland with England. 'It shall be done,' said William; 'but not yet.' Other things more nearly and closely pressed him then.

The rapid growth and march of the Revolution might be aptly

measured by the incidents and disputes of the last year of his reign. They turned solely on the power claimed by the Lower House of legislature. In several ably-written pamphlets, and particularly in a *Letter* distinguished for its plain and nervous diction, (and in which the grounds of popular representation were so happily condensed and clearly stated, that it has been a textbook of political disputants from the expulsion of Walpole and of Wilkes to the days of the Reform Bill,) De Foe impugned the full extent of the claim on the ground of a non-representation of the people; but a power had lately arisen within that House itself, indicative of the changed relations of the government of England; wiser in effect than the wisdom of Somers, more cunning than the cunning of Sunderland. 'The Tories,' said the latter to William, 'are better speakers than the Whigs in the *House of Commons*.' It had arisen into a peculiar art—the art of oratory—there. Confessedly one of the most influential of its members was he whom the last three Parliaments of William elected for their Speaker; yet no man would have listened patiently for five minutes to Robert Harley, any where but in the House of Commons. There, he was supreme. The country gentlemen voted for him, though they remembered that his family went to a meeting-house. The younger members put forth their most able and graceful representative to honour him, when Henry St John seconded his third nomination. Posterity had cause to be grateful to him, when he joined Tory and Whig in a common demand for the best securities of the Act of Settlement. It was not genius, it was not eloquence, it was not statesmanship, that had given Harley this extraordinary power. 'It was House of Commons tact.' A thing born of the Revolution; and destined, through whatever immediate effects, to strengthen and advance it in the end. For it rested on the largest principles, even while it appealed to the meanest passions.

There was something very striking in the notion of De Foe, to bring it suddenly face to face with those higher principles. His *Kentish Petition* and *Legion Memorial*, are in all the histories which relate the Tory impeachment of William's four Whig lords. It was creating a people, it is true, before the people existed; but it was done with the characteristic reality of genius, and had a startling effect. As Harley passed into the house, a man, muffled in a cloak, placed the *Memorial* in his hands. The Speaker knew De Foe's person, and is said by the latter to have recognised him; but he kept his counsel.

No one has doubted, that in the excitement of the debates that followed, the Whigs and William recovered much lost ground; and the coffee-houses began to talk mightily of a pam-

phlet, wherein Lord Portland figured as *Phocion*, Lord Oxford as *Themistocles*, Lord Halifax as *Pericles*, and Lord Somers as *Aristides*. The subsequent declaration of war against France, still further cheered and consoled the King. He sent for De Foe, received from him a scheme for opening new 'channels of trade,' in connexion with the war, and assigned to him the main office of its execution. He felt that he ruled at last, and was probably never so reconciled to his adopted kingdom. But in the midst of grand designs and hopes, he fell from his horse in hunting, sickened for a month, and died.

There are many *Mock Mourners* at royal deaths, and, in a poem with that title, De Foe would have saved his hero's memory from them. He claimed for him nobler homage than such tributes raise, 'to damn their former follies by their praise.' He told what these mourners were, while yet their living King appeared, 'and what they knew they merited, they feared.' He described what has since become matter of history, that toast of 'William's horse' which had lightened their festivities since his accident:—'twould 'lessen much our woe, had Sorrel stumbled thirteen years ago.' And he closed with eloquent mention of the heroic death which Burnet's relation made so distasteful to High Church bigotry—

'No conscious guilt disturb'd his royal breast,
Calm as the regions of eternal rest.'

The sincerity of the grief of De Foe had in this work lifted his verse to a higher and firmer tone. It was a heartfelt grief. There was no speeding the going, welcoming the coming sovereign, for De Foe. Nothing could replace, nothing too gratefully remember, the past. 'I never forget his goodness to me,' he said, when his own life was wearing to its close. 'It was my honour and advantage to call him master as well as sovereign. I never patiently heard his memory slighted, nor ever can do so. Had he lived, he would never have suffered me to be treated as I have been in this world.' Ay! good, brave, Daniel De Foe! There is indeed but sorry treatment now in store for you.

The accession of Anne was the signal for Tory rejoicings. She was thirty-seven, and her character was formed and known. It was a compound of weakness and of bigotry, but in some sort these availed to counteract each other. Devotion to a High Church principle was needful to her fearful conscience; but reliance on a woman-favourite was needful to her feeble mind. She found Marlborough and Godolphin in office, where they had been placed by their common kinsman, Sunderland; and she raised Godolphin to the post of Lord-Treasurer, and made Marlborough Captain-General. Even if she had not known them

to be Tories, she would yet have done this; for she had been some years under the influence of Marlborough's strong-minded wife, and that influence availed to retain the same advisers when she found them converted Whigs. The spirit of The Great lives after them; and this weak, superstitious, 'good sort of woman,' little thought, when she uttered with so much enjoyment the slighting allusions to William in her first speech from the throne, that the legacy of foreign administration left by that great-minded sovereign, would speedily convert the Tories, then standing by her side, into undeniable earnest Whigs.

At first, all was well with the most highflying Churchmen. Jacobites came in with proffered oaths of allegiance; the 'landed interest' rubbed its hands with anticipation of discountenance to trade; tantivy parsons cried their loudest halloo against dissent; the martyrdom of Charles became the theme of pulpits, for comparison of the martyr to the Saviour; and, by way of significant hint of the royal sanctity, and the return of the throne to a more lineal succession, the gift of the royal touch was solemnly revived. Nor did the feeling explode in mere talk, or pass without practical seconding. The Ministry introduced a bill against Occasional Conformity, the drift of which was to disqualify Dissenters from all civil employments; and though the ministers themselves were indifferent to it, court bigotry pressed it so hard, that even the Queen's husband, himself an occasional conformist, was driven to vote for it. 'My heart is *vid* you,' he said to Lord Wharton, as he divided against him. It was very charmingly *foreign* to the purpose.

The bill, passed by the Tory House of Commons, (where Harley had again been chosen Speaker,) was defeated by the Whig lords, to the ministers' great comfort. But the common people, having begun their revel of High Church excitement, were not to be balked so easily. They pulled down a few dissenting chapels; sang High Church songs in the streets; insulted known Dissenters as they passed; and otherways orthodoxly amused themselves. It seemed to De Foe a little serious. On personal grounds he did not care for the bill, its acceptance, or its rejection; but its political tendency was unsafe; it was designed as an act of oppression; the spirit aroused was dangerous; and the attitude taken by Dissenters wanted both dignity and courage. Nor let it be supposed, while he still looked doubtfully on, that he had any personal reason which would not strongly have withheld him from the fray. He had now six children; his affairs were again thriving; the works at Tilbury had reasonably prospered; and passing judgment, by the world's most favoured tests, on the house to which he had lately

removed at Hackney, on the style in which he lived there, and on the company he kept, it must be said that Daniel De Foe was at this time most 'respectable' and well to do. He kept his coach, and visited county members. But as the popular rage continued, he waived prudential considerations. There was a foul-mouthed Oxford preacher named Sacheverell, who had lately announced from his pulpit to that intelligent University, that he could not be a true son of the Church who did not lift up her banner against the Dissenters; who did not hang out 'the bloody flag and banner of defiance;' and this sermon was selling for twopence in the streets. It determined him, he tells us, to delay no longer. He would make an effort to stay the plague. And he wrote and published his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*—without his name, of course.

Its drift was to personate the opinions and style of the most furious of the high-flying Church party, and to set forth, with perfect gravity and earnestness, the extreme of the ferocious intolerance to which their views and wishes tended. We can conceive nothing so seasonable, or in the execution so imitatively real. We doubt if a finer specimen of serious irony exists in the language. In the only effective mode, it stole a march on the blind bigotry of the one party, and on the torpid dulness of the other. To have spoken to either in a graver tone, would have called forth a laugh or a stare. Only discovery could effect prevention. A mine must be sprung, to show the combustibles in use, and the ruin and disaster they were fraught with. 'Tis in vain,' said the *Shortest Way*, 'to tifle in this matter. We can never enjoy a settled uninterrupted union in this nation, till the spirit of Whiggism, faction, and schism, is melted down like the old money. Here is the opportunity to secure the Church, and to destroy her enemies. I do not prescribe fire and faggot, but *Delenda est Carthago*. They are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace or serve God. The light foolish handling of them by fines, is their glory and advantage. If the gallows instead of the compter, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged.'

If a justification of this masterly pamphlet were needed, would it not be strikingly visible in the existence of a state of society wherein such arguments as these could be taken to have grave intention? Gravely, they were so taken. Sluggish, timid, cowardly Dissenters were struck with fear; rabid High Churchmen

shouted approval. A Cambridge Fellow wrote to thank his bookseller for having sent him so excellent a treatise, it being, next to the Holy Bible and the Sacred Comments, the most valuable he had ever seen. But then came a whisper of its true intention, and the note suddenly changed. There arose a clamour for discovery and punishment of the writer, unequalled in its vehemence and intensity. To the lasting disgrace of the Dissenters, they joined the cry. They took revenge for their own dulness. That the writer was De Foe, was now generally known; and they owed his wit no favour. It had troubled them too often before their time. They preferred to wait till Sacheverell's bloody flag was hoisted in reality: such a pamphlet, meanwhile, was a scurrilous irreverence to religion and authority, and they would have none of it. A worthy Colonel of the party said, 'he'd undertake to be hangman, rather than the author should want a pass out of the world;' and a self-denying chairman of one of the foremost Dissenters' clubs professed such zeal, that if he could find the libeller he would deliver him up without the reward. For government had now offered a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of Daniel De Foe. There is no doubt that the moderate chiefs were disinclined to this; but they were weak at that time. Lord Nottingham had not yet been displaced; there was a Tory House of Commons, which not even Harley's tact could always manage, and by which the libel had been voted to the hangman; nor had Godolphin's reluctance availed against the wish of the Court, that office should be given to the member most eminent for opposition to the late King while he lived, and for insults to his memory. De Foe had little chance; and Nottingham, a sincere bigot, took the task of hunting him down. The proclamation in the *London Gazette* described him, 'a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; owner of the brick and pan-tile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex.' But it was not immediately successful. Warrants then threw into custody the printer and the bookseller; and De Foe concealed himself no longer. He came forth, as he says, to brave the storm.

He stood in the Old Bailey dock in July 1703. Harcourt, who before had carried up the impeachment of Somers, and was afterwards counsel for Sacheverell, prosecuted. 'A man without shame,' says Speaker Onslow, 'but very able.' It was his doctrine, that he ought to prosecute every man who should assert any power in the people to call their governors to account;—

taking this to be a right corollary from the undoubtedly existing law of libel, that no man might publish a writing reflecting on the government, or even upon the capacity and fitness of any one employed in it. The Revolution had not altered this law; and it was in effect the direct source of the profligate and most prolific personal libels of the age we are entering on. For Harcourt's policy was found impracticable, and retaliation was substituted for it;—as the denial of all liberty in theory will commonly produce extreme licentiousness in practice. We do not know who defended De Foe; but he seems to have been ill defended. He was advised to admit the libel, on a loose assurance in the court that a high influence was not indisposed to protect him. He was declared guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred marks, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to find sureties for good behaviour for seven years. Alas for the fate of Wit in this world! De Foe was taken back to Newgate, and told to prepare for the pillory. The high influence whispered of made no sign now. But some years after, when it was her interest to say it, the Queen condescended to say, that 'she left all that matter to a certain person, and did not think he would have used Mr De Foe in such a manner.'

But what was the manner to Mr De Foe? He went to the pillory, as in those after years he went to the palace, with the same quiet temper. In truth, writers and thinkers lived nearer to it then than we can well fancy possible now. It had played no ignominious part in the grand age passed away. Noble hearts had been tried and tempered in it. Daily had been elevated in it, mental independence, manly self-reliance, robust athletic endurance. All from Within that has undying worth, it had, in those times, but the more plainly exposed Without. The only Archbishop, that De Foe ever truly revered, was the son of a man who, in it, had been tortured and mutilated; and the saintly character of that Prelate was even less saintly than his father's. A Presbyterian's first thought would be of these things; and De Foe's preparation for the pillory was to fortify his honest dignity by remembrance of them, in the most nervous and pointed verses he had ever written.

On the 29th of July 1703, there appeared, in twenty-four quarto pages, *A Hymn to the Pillory*, by Daniel De Foe; and on that day, we are informed by the *London Gazette*, Daniel De Foe stood in the pillory before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill; on the day following, near the conduit in Cheapside; and on the 31st, at Temple-Bar. A large crowd had assembled to provide themselves sport; but the pillory they most enjoyed was not

of the government's erecting. Unexpectedly they saw the Law pilloried, and the Ministers of State; the dulness which could not comprehend, and the malice which on that account would punish, a popular champion. They veered quickly round. Other missiles than were wont to greet a pillory reached De Foe; and shouts of a different temper. His health was drunk with acclamations as he stood there; and nothing harder than a flower was flung at him. 'The people were expected to treat me very ill,' he said; 'but it was not so. On the contrary, they were with me; wished those who had set me there were placed in my room; and expressed their affections by loud shouts and acclamations when I was taken down.' We are told that garlands covered the platform where he stood; and that he saw the *Hymn* passed from hand to hand, and heard what it calmly said less calmly repeated,—

'Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes.'

An undeniable witness who was present (a noted Tory libeller of the day, Ned Ward) frankly admits this 'lofty *Hymn* to the 'wooden-ruff' to have been 'to the law a counter-cuff; and truly, without Whiggish flattery, a plain assault and downright 'battery.' Had not De Foe established his right, then, to stand there 'unabashed?' Unabashed by, and unabated in his contempt for, Tyranny and Dulness, was he not now entitled to return fearless (not 'careless,' O readers of *Dunciad!*) to his appointed home in Newgate?

A home of no unwise experience to the wise observer. A scene of no unromantic aspect to the minute and careful painter. It is a common reproach to the memory of William of Orange, that literature and art found no encouragement in him; but let us remember that Daniel De Foe and David Teniers acknowledged him for their warmest friend. There is higher art and higher literature: within the field selected by both, there is none so exact and true. But the war of politics has not yet released our English Teniers. He has not leisure yet for the more peaceful 'art of roguery.'

In the Writings he now rapidly sent forth from Newgate, we think we see something of what we may call the impatient restlessness of Martyrdom. He is more eager than was perhaps desirable, to proclaim what he has done, and what he will do. We can fancy, if we may so express it, a sort of reasonable dislike, somewhat unreasonably conceived against him now, by the young men of letters and incipient wits with whom the world

was going easily. His utmost address might seem to have some offence in it; his utmost liberality to contain some bigotry; his best offices to society to be rendered of doubtful origin, by what would appear a sort of everlasting pragmatism and delight in finding fault. It is natural, all this. We trample upon a man; plunder him; imprison him; strive to make him infamous; and wonder if he is only the more hardened in his persuasion that he has a much better case than ourselves. One of the pirate printers of the day, took advantage of the imprisoned writer's popularity to issue the *Works of the Author of the True-born Englishman*; and thought himself grossly ill-used, because the author retorted with a charge of theft, and a *True Collection corrected by Himself*. The very portrait he had affixed to this latter book was a new offence. Here was a large, determined, resolute face. Here was a lordly, full-bottomed wig;—flowing lower than the elbow, and rising higher than the forehead, with amazing amplitude of curl. Here was richly-laced cravat; fine loose flowing cloak; and surly, substantial, citizen aspect. He was proud of this portrait, by the way, and complains of that of the pirate volume as no more like himself than Sir Roger L'Estrange was like the dog Tuzzer. But was this the look of a languishing prisoner? Was this an image of the tyranny complained of? Neither Tutchin of the *Observer*, nor Leslie of the *Rehearsal*, could bring himself to think it. So they found some rest from the assailing of each other, in common and prolonged assaults upon De Foe.

He did not spare them in return. He wrote satires; he wrote polemics; he wrote politics: he discussed Occasional Conformity with Dissenters, and the grounds of popular right with Highliers; he wrote a famous account of the *Great Storm*: he took part in the holdest questions of Scotch and Irish policy; he canvassed with daring freedom the measures of the Court, on whose pleasure the opening of his prison-doors depended; he argued with admirable force and wit against a proposed revival of the censorship of the press; he put the claims of authors to be protected in their copyright with irresistible force; and finally he set up his *Review*.

Its plan was curious, and, at that time, new to English literature. It was at first a quarto sheet, somewhat widely printed, published weekly, and sold for a penny. After the fourth number, it was reduced to half a sheet and sold for twopence, in smaller print and with double columns. After the eighth number, it was published twice a-week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Before the close of the first volume, it sent forth monthly supplements. And at last it appeared on the Tuesday, Thursday,

and Saturday, of every week; and so continued, without intermission, and written solely by De Foe, for nine years. He wrote it in prison and out of prison; in sickness and in health. It did not cease when circumstances called him from England. No official employment determined it; no politic consideration availed to discontinue it. Through all the vicissitudes of men and ministries, from 1704 to 1713; amid all the contentions and the shouts of party, he kept with this homely weapon his single-handed way, a solitary watchman at the portals of the commonwealth. Remarkable for its rich and various knowledge, its humour, its satire, its downright hearty earnestness, it is a yet more surprising monument of inexhaustible activity and energy. It seems to have been suggested to him, in the first instance, as a resource against the uncertainties of his imprisonment, and their disastrous effect on his trade speculations, (he had lost by this prosecution more than L.4000;) and there is no doubt it assisted him in the support of his family for several of these years. But he had no efficient protection against its continued piracy. The thieves counted it by thousands, when worthy Mr Mathews the publisher could only account by hundreds; and hence the main and most substantial profit its writer derived from all the anxiety and toil it cost him, was expressed in the proud declaration of one of its latest Numbers. ‘I have here espoused an honest interest, and have steadily adhered to it all my days. I never forsook it when it was oppressed; never made a gain by it when it was advanced; and, I thank God, it is not in the power of all the courts and parties in Christendom to bid a price high enough to buy me off from it, or make me desert it.’

The arrangement of its plan was not less original than that of its form. The path it struck out in periodical literature was, in this respect, entirely novel. It classed the minor and the larger morals; it mingled personal and public themes; it put the gravities of life in an entertaining form; and at once discussed the politics, and corrected the vices of the age. We will best indicate the manner in which this was done by naming rapidly the subjects treated in the first volume; beside those of political concern. It condemned the fashionable practice of immoderate drinking; in various ways, ridiculed the not less fashionable habit of swearing; inveighed against the laxity of marital ties; exposed the licentiousness of the stage; discussed, with great clearness and sound knowledge, questions affecting trade and the poor; laughed at the rage for gambling speculations; and waged inveterate war with the barbarous practice of the duel. Its machinery for matters non-political was a so-called

Scandalous Club, organized to hear complaints, and entrusted with the power of deciding them. Let us show how it acted. A gentleman appears before the club, and complains of his wife. She is a bad wife; he cannot exactly tell why. There is a long examination, proving nothing; when suddenly a member of the club begs pardon for the question, and asks if his worship was a good husband. His worship, greatly surprised at such a question, is again at a loss to answer. Whereupon, the club pass three resolutions. That most women that are bad wives are made so by bad husbands: That this society will hear no complaints against a virtuous bad wife from a vicious good husband: That he that has a bad wife, and can't find the reason of it in her, 'tis ten to one that he finds it in himself. And the decision finally is, that the gentleman is to go home, and be a good husband for at least three months; after which, if his wife is still uncured, they will proceed against her as they shall find cause. In this way, pleas and defences are heard on the various points that present themselves in the subjects named; and not seldom with a lively dramatic interest. The graver arguments and essays too, have an easy, homely vigour; a lightness and pleasantry of tone; very different from the ponderous handling peculiar to the Ridpaths and the Dyers, the Tutchins and the Leslies. We open at an essay on trade, which would delight Mr Cobden himself. De Foe is arguing against impolitic restrictions. We think to plague the foreigner, he says; in reality, we but deprive ourselves. 'If you vex me, I'll eat no dinner, said I, when I was a little boy: till my mother taught me to be wiser by letting me stay till I was hungry.'

The reader will remember the time when this *Review* was planned. Ensign Steele was but a loungeur in the lobbies of the theatres; Addison had not emerged from his garret in the Haymarket. The details of common life had not yet been invested with the graces of literature; the social and polite moralities were still disregarded in the press; the world knew not the influence of my Lady Betty Modish, and Colonel Ranter still swore at the waiters. Where shall we look for 'the first sprightly runnings' of *Tatlers* and *Spectators* then, if we have not found them in De Foe's *Review*? The earlier was indeed the ruder workman; but wit, originality, and knowledge were yet the tools he worked with; and the later 'twopenny authors,' as Mr Dennis is pleased to call them, found the way well struck out for their finer and more delicate art. What had been done for the citizen-classes, they were to do for the beauties and the wits. They had watched the experiment, and seen its success. The *Review* was enormously popular. It was stolen, pirated

hawked about every where; and the writer, with few of the advantages, paid all the penalties of success. He complains that his name was made 'the hackney title of the times.' Hardly a penny or twopenny pamphlet was afterwards cried in the streets to which the scurrilous libeller, or witless dunce, had not forged that popular name. Nor was it without its influence on the course of events which now gradually changed the aspect and the policy of Godolphin's government. De Foe has claimed for himself large share in preparing a way for what were called the 'modern Whigs;' and the claim was undoubtedly well founded.

Nottingham and Rochester had resigned; and the great House of Commons tactician was now a member of the government. The seals of the Home and War Offices had been given to Harley and his friend Henry St John. The Lord-Treasurer could not yet cross boldly to the Whigs, and would not creep back to the Tories. To join with Robert Harley was to do neither of these things. This famous person appears to us to have been the nearest representative of what we might call the practical spirit of the Revolution, of any who lived in that age. In one of his casual sayings reported by Pope, we seem to find a clue to his character. Some one had observed of a measure proposed, that the people would never bear it. 'None of us,' replied Harley, 'know how far the good people of England will bear.' All his life he was engaged in attempts upon that problem. If he had thought less of the good people of England, he would have been a less able, a more daring, and certainly a more successful statesman. We do not think he was a Trimmer, in the ordinary sense of the word. When he went to church, and sent his family to the meeting-house; when he never asked a clergyman to his Sunday table, without providing a clergyman 'of another sort' to meet him; we should try to find a better word for it, if we would not find a worse for the Revolution. The Revolution trimmed between two parties. The Revolution, to this day, is but the grand unsolved experiment of how much the people of England will bear. To call Harley a mere court intriguer, is as preposterous as to call him a statesman of commanding genius. He had less of mere courtliness than any of his colleagues. The fashionable French dancing-master who wondered what the devil the Queen should have seen in him to make him an Earl and Lord-Treasurer—for he attended him two years, and never taught such a dunce—gives us a lively notion of his homely, *bourgeois* manners. Petticoat politics are to be charged against him; but to no one who thoroughly knew the Queen can it be matter of severe

reproach, that he was at the pains to place Abigail Hill about her person. He knew the impending downfall of Marlborough's too imperious wife; and was he to lose a power so plainly within his grasp, and see it turned against him? His success in the Bedchamber never shook his superior faith in the agencies of Parliament and the Press. These two were the levers of the Revolution; and they are memorably associated with the government of Robert Harley.

As soon as he joined Godolphin, he seems to have turned his thoughts to De Foe. He was not, indeed, the first who had done so. More than one attempt had been already made to capitulate with that potent prisoner. Two lords had gone to him in Newgate! says Oldmixon; in amaze that one lord could find his way to such a place. He says the same thing himself, in the witty narrative at the close of the *Consolidator*. But they carried conditions with them; and there is a letter in the British Museum, (Addit. MS. 7421,) wherein De Foe writes to Lord Halifax, that he 'scorned to come out of Newgate at the price of betraying a dead master.' Harley made no conditions: it was not his way. He sent to De Foe because he was a man of letters, and in distress. His message was 'by word of mouth;' and to this effect—'Pray, ask Mr De Foe what I can do for 'him.' Nor was the reply less characteristic. The prisoner took a piece of paper and wrote the parable of the blind man in the gospel. 'I am blind, and yet ask me what thou shalt do for 'me! My answer is plain in my misery. *Lord, that I may receive my sight!*' What else could such a man wish for but his Liberty? Yet four months passed before a further communication. It seemed to imply reluctance in a higher quarter. Within four months, however, 'Her Majesty was pleased particularly 'to enquire into my circumstances, and by my Lord-Treasurer Godolphin to send a considerable supply to my wife and 'family; and to send to me the prison-money, to pay my fine 'and the expenses of my discharge.'

His health was shattered by his long confinement. He took a house at Bury in Suffolk, and lived there a little while retired. But his pen did not rest; nor could he retire from the notoriety that followed him. His name was still hawked about the London streets; and it was reported, and had to be formally denied, that he had escaped from Newgate by a trick. Then came the exciting news that Blenheim was won, France humbled, Europe saved; and De Foe, in verses of no great merit, but which cost him only 'three hours' to compose, gave public utterance to his joy. Then the dry unlettered Lord-Treasurer went in search of the most graceful wit among the Whigs, to get advice for a regular

poet to celebrate the Captain-General. Then Halifax brought down Addison from his garret; the *Campaign* was exchanged for a comfortable government salary; and communications again opened with De Foe. Two letters of this date, from himself to Halifax, have escaped his biographers. In the first he is grateful for that lord's unexpected goodness, in mentioning him to my Lord-Treasurer; but would be well pleased to wait till Halifax is himself in power. He speaks of a government communication concerning 'paper credit,' which he is then handling in his *Review*. He regrets that some proposal his lordship had sent, 'exceeding pleasant to me to perform, as well as useful to be done,' had been so blundered by the messenger that he could not understand it; and from this we get a glimpse of a person hitherto unnamed in his history—a brother, a stupid fellow. In the second letter, he acknowledges the praise and favours of Lord Halifax; and thus manfully declares the principle on which his own services are offered. 'If to be encouraged in giving myself up to that service your lordship is pleased so much to overvalue; if going on with the more cheerfulness in being useful to, and promoting the general peace and interest of this nation; if to the last vigorously opposing a stupid, distracted party, that are for ruining themselves rather than not destroy their neighbours; if this be to merit so much regard, your lordship binds me in the most durable, and to me the most pleasant engagement in the world, because 'tis a service that, with my gratitude to your lordship, keeps an exact reason with my reason, my principle, my inclinations, and the duty every man owes to his country, and his posterity.'

Harley was at this time in daily communication with Halifax, and doubtless saw these letters. But he managed all things warily. He had not appeared in De Foe's affairs since he effected his release; and that release he threw upon the Queen. In the same temper he sent to him now. The Queen, he said, had need of his assistance. He offered him no employment to fetter his future engagements. He knew that in the last of his publications (the *Consolidator*, a prose satire remarkable for the hints it threw out to *Gulliver*) he had laughed at Addison for refusing to write the *Campaign* 'till he had £200 a-year secured to him;'—an allusion never forgiven. He sent for him to London; told him the Queen 'had the goodness to think of taking him into her service;' and did what the Whigs were vainly endeavouring to do for an Irish Priest who had written the most masterly satire since the days of Rabelais—took him to Court to kiss hands. We see in all this but the truth of the character we would assign to Harley. On grounds independent of either party, except so far as 'reason, principles, inclination, and duty to his country' should prompt,

he had here enlisted this powerful, homely, and popular writer in the service of the government of the Revolution. Compared with Harley, we cannot but think the old Whigs, with every honest inclination, little better than bunglers in matters of this kind. It is true that not even Harley could carry the Vicar of Laracor to the palace;—but he could carry him in his coach to country ale-houses; he could play games of counting poultry on the road, or ‘who should first see a cat or an old woman;’ he could loll back on his seat with a broad ‘Temple’ jest; or he could call and be called *Jonathan* and *Harley*;—and the old Whigs were much too chary of these things. So they had lost Prior, and were losing Parnell and Swift; and he who had compared Lord Somers to *Aristides*, was soon to talk of him as little better than a rascal.

We next see De Foe in the house of Mr Secretary Harley. He has been named to execute a secret commission in the public service, which requires a brief absence on the Continent. He is making preparations for his departure; proposing to travel as *Mr Christopher Hurt*; giving Harley advice for a large scheme of secret intelligence; and discussing with him a proposed poetical satire (afterwards published as the *Diet of Poland*) against the High Church faction. In a subsequent farewell letter he adverts to these things; and, after naming some matters of public feeling, in which one of the minister’s Tory associates was awkwardly involved, characteristically closes with an opinion, that it was needful Harley should know in this, as well as any thing else, *what the people say*.

The foreign service was one of danger. ‘I ran as much danger of my life as a grenadier upon the counterscarp.’ But it was discharged successfully; and, in consideration of the risk, the government offered him what seems to have been a small sinecure. He took it as a debt; and at a later period, when opposed to the reigning ministry, complains that large arrears were then unpaid. On his return he had found the Tory House of Commons dissolved, and the new elections in progress. He threw himself into the contest with characteristic ardour. He wrote; he canvassed; he voted; he journeyed throughout the country on horseback, he tells us, more than eleven hundred miles; and, in addresses to electors every where, still counselled the necessity of laying aside party prejudices, of burying former animosities, and of meeting their once Tory ministers at least halfway. He found many arguments on his road, he adds. He found people of all opinions, as well Churchmen as Dissenters, living in Christian neighbourhood; and he had very often the honour, ‘with small difficulty, of convincing gentlemen over a bottle of wine, that the author of the *Review* was really no

‘monster, but a conversable, social creature.’ His Essays, meanwhile, written in the progress of this journeying, were admirable. They were read in every coffee-house and club; often they were stolen from these houses by Highfliers, that they might *not* be read; they were quoted on every popular hustings; the Duchess of Marlborough sent them over to the camp in Flanders; and the writer, on peril of his life, was warned to discontinue them. His tributes of this latter kind were numerous. Highflying justices followed him about the country with false warrants of arrest; sham actions were brought against him in shoals; compounded debts of long past years were revived; and only his own unequalled and irresistible energy could have stayed the completion of his ruin. But no jot of heart or hope was abated in him. ‘He is not,’ says no friendly critic, ‘daunted with multitudes of enemies; for he faces as many every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, as there are foes to moderation and peace. He *Reviews* without fear, and acts without fainting. He is a person of true courage.’

The elections confirmed the power of the Whigs. The Duke of Buckingham and Sir Nathan Wright retired to make way for the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Cowper; and a renegade Whig and former Dissenter, Lord Haversham, led the first attack upon the ministers. De Foe was dragged forward by this lord as the ‘mean and mercenary prostitute of the *Review*,’ as making his fortune by the way of ‘scribbling;’ and as receiving both ‘encouragement and instructions’ from Godolphin. There was a quiet dignity and eloquence in his answer. He reminds the turncoat peer that Fate, which makes footballs of men, kicks some men up stairs and some down; that some are advanced without honour, others suppressed without infamy; that some are raised without merit, some crushed without crime; and that no man knows, by the beginning of things, whether his course shall issue in a peerage or a pillory. To the charge of writing for bread, he asks what are all the employments in the world pursued for, but for bread? ‘The lawyer pleads, the soldier fights, the musician fiddles, the players act, and, no reflexion on the tribe, the clergy preach, for bread.’ For the rest, he reminds him that *he* had never betrayed his master (William had given Lord Haversham his peerage) nor his friend; that he had always espoused the cause of truth and liberty; that he had lived to be ruined for it; that he had lived to see it triumph over tyranny, party rage, and persecution principles; and that *he was sorry to see any man abandon it*.

Beside the *Review*, he had published in the current year works on trade; on the conduct and management of the poor;

on toleration; and on colonial intolerance in North America. It would be difficult to name a more soundly reasoned or shrewdly written pamphlet than his *Giving Alms No Charity*. He claimed to be heard on that subject, he said, as an English freeholder. His town tenements had been taken from him; the Tilbury works were gone; and the Freeman's Yard house was his no longer; but he still possessed one English freehold. He does not tell us in what county; but he had moved his family to Newington, and it was doubtless in some way connected with that scene of his boyhood. To this date, also, belong several pamphlets on Dissenters' questions; his attempted enforcement of a better scheme for the regulation of madhouses; and his *Jure Divino*. The latter appeared with a large subscription, and was impudently pirated on the very day of its publication. Now, too, there went to him that worthy and much distressed bookseller, who had published a large edition of a very dull and heavy book, called, *Drelincourt on Death*, 'with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well;' which the public, not appearing to relish unauthorized directions of that nature, had stubbornly refused to buy. What was to be done with the ponderous stock under which his shelves were groaning: De Foe quieted his fears. Nothing but a ghost from the grave, it was true, could recommend such a book with effect; but a ghost from the grave the worthy bookseller should have. As speedily done as said: De Foe sent him, in a few days, *The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs Veal the next day after her Death, to one Mrs Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September 1705*. If such a thing was ever to be believed, here it was made credible. The business-like, homely, earnest, commonplace air of truth, was perfectly irresistible. And what said the ghost to Mrs Bargrave? The ghost, in the course of a long gossip, filled with the *says I* and *thinks I*, the *says she* and *thinks she*, of the tea-table of a country town, said—with all the confident dogmatism of her recent mortuary experience—that Drelincourt's book on death was the best book ever written on that subject. Doctor Sherlock was not bad; two Dutch books had merit; several others were worth mention; but Drelincourt, she protested, had by far the clearest notions of death and the future state, of any one who had handled the matter. The narrative was appended to the book, and a new Edition advertised. It flew like wildfire. The copies, to use an illustration of Sir Walter Scott's, (with whom the narrative was an immense favourite,) which had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets, now traversed the town in every direction, like the same bullets discharged from a field-piece. Nay, the book has

been popular ever since. More than fifty editions have not exhausted its popularity. Mrs. Veal's ghost is still believed by thousands. And the hundreds of thousands who have bought the silly piece of *Dreincourt*, (for hawking booksellers have made their fortunes by traversing the country with it in six-penny numbers,) have borne unconscious testimony to the genius of De Foe.

It was now engaged once more in the service of the Ministry. He had, in various writings, prepared his countrymen for the greatest political measure of the time; he was known to have advised the late King on a project for the Scottish Union; and Godolphin, about to immortalize his administration by that signal act of statesmanship, called in the services of De Foe. He describes the Lord-Treasurer's second introduction of him to her Majesty, and to the honour of kissing her hand. 'Upon this second introduction, her Majesty was pleased to tell me, with a goodness peculiar to herself, she had such satisfaction in my former services, that she appointed me for another office.' The greater part of the next two years was passed in this office; which seems to have combined, with the duties of Secretary to the English Commissioners, considerable power and influence derived from the Ministry at home. It was an important appointment, and Godolphin was assailed for it. 'An under spur-leather, forsooth, sent down to Scotland to make the Union!' It carried De Foe at various intervals between Edinburgh and London; involved him in continual discussion leading to or rising out of the measure, as well as in the riots which marked the excitement of the time; procured for him what seems to have been the really cordial and friendly attentions of the Duke of Queensberry and Lord Buchan; directed his attention to various matters which he believed to be essential to Scottish prosperity; and grounded in him a high respect and liking for the Scottish people. He wrote a poem in eulogy of them; busied himself earnestly with suggestions for their commercial and national advancement; and spent some well-devoted labour, in after years, on the compilation of a very minute, and, so to speak, highly dramatic *History of the Union*. We rejoice to have to couple that act, so eminently in the best spirit of the Revolution, so large-minded and so tolerant, with his name. It changed turbulence to tranquillity; rude poverty to a rich civilization; and the fierce atrocities of a dominant church, to the calm enjoyment of religious liberty.

A strange scene was meanwhile going on in London. The easy, insolent Prince George, (whom Charles II. said he had tried drunk and sober, and could do nothing with him,) had been

heard to complain one day, in the intervals of his dinner and his bottle, that the Queen came very late to bed. This casual remark falling on the already sharp suspicions of the Duchess of Marlborough, discovered the midnight conferences of the Queen with Abigail Masham and her kinsman, Secretary Harley; and the good Mrs Freeman, knowing that her dear Mrs Morley had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time, at once peremptorily insisted on the suspension of the Abigail, and the dismissal of the Secretary. We state the fact without comment; but it may be remarked, that if Harley's back-stairs midnight visits implied treachery to his colleagues, it was not of that black kind which would have ruined men who trusted him. It had been clear to the Secretary for some time, that the Whigs would *not* trust him. He says himself, and there is no reason to doubt it, that he was not enough of a party-man for them. One smiles, indeed, with a kind of sympathy for him, to read in Lord Cowper's diary of two years' date before this, his devotion of his best tokay ('good, but thick') to the hapless effort of Whig conciliation. The accession of strength received from the great measure of the Union, had been straightway used to weed his friends from office. Hedges had made way for Sunderland; and even Prior and his colleagues, in the Board of Trade, had been removed. Nor was that an age in which party warfare was scrupulous on either side. In the session just begun, the party motion supported by Rochester and Buckingham, to ruin the Whig chiefs of the ministry, was supported by Somers and Wharton with the sole hope of ruining Harley. In now retreating, the Secretary's principal mortification would seem to have been the necessity it laid him under of joining an ultra-faction. He made a last attempt to conciliate Cowper and Somers. But the arrangements were made. To the ill-concealed grief and distress of the Queen, he and his friend St John retired; Robert Walpole entered the ministry; Somers was made Lord Chancellor; and the imperious Duchess of Marlborough thought herself triumphant. She had known Anne now forty years, but she did not know the strength of her sullen obstinacy. In a few months more, the death of the Prince threw fresh power into Whig hands. Somers became President of the Council, and Lord Wharton went to Ireland. He took with him, as his secretary, Joseph Addison.

Mr Addison was, at this time, less distinguished by the fame of his writings than of his sayings. He was the most popular man in the little commonwealth of Whig wits, who now met nightly (Button's was not yet established) at Will's coffee-house in Covent Garden. They were a kind of offshoot from the more

dignified club who eat mutton-pies at Kit Katt's the pastry-cook's; and of which the principal literary members were Congreve, Garth, Vanbrugh, Steele, and Addison. The Revolution gave a new character, in giving new duties, to associations of this kind. They were no longer what they were, when, in this same coffee-house, then called 'The Rose,' Dryden ruled the town wits from his Tory chair. They were a recognised class, with influence before unknown. In sketching the career of De Foe, we have indicated its rise and growth. The People were beginning to be important, and it was the only direct means of communication with the People. Thus the little party at Will's were not sought or courted for the graces of their wit and literature alone. That pale, bright-eyed, sickly, deformed youth of one-and-twenty, whose *Pastorals* are so much talked of just now, may seek them for no better reason; but not for this are they sought by that tall, stern-looking, dark-faced Irish priest, whose forty-two years of existence have been a struggle of ill-endured dependence and haughty discontent, which he now desires to redeem in the field of political warfare. Here, meanwhile, he amuses himself and the town with Mr Bickerstaff's joke against Mr Partridge, suggesting to hearty Dick Steele those pleasant *Lucubrations* of Isaac, which, in a few months more, are to take the town by storm; or, it may be, showing privately to Addison that bitter sneer against De Foe, which he was about now to give to the world. 'One of those authors, (*the fellow who was pilloried, I have forgot his name,*) is indeed so grave, sententious, dogmatical a rogue, that there is no enduring him.' That was it! There was profiting by his labour; there was copying the suggestions of his genius; there was travelling to wealth and power along the path struck out by his martyrdom; but, for this very reason, there was no enduring him. A man who will go into the pillory for his opinions, is not a 'club-able' man. Yet at this very moment De Foe was labouring for the interests of the literary class. For twenty years he had urged the necessity of a law to protect an author's property in his writings, and in this session the Copyright act was passed. The common law recognised a perpetual right, but gave no means of enforcing it; the statute limited the right, and gave the means. It was a sort of cheat, but better than unlimited robbery.

• Notwithstanding Harley's retirement, De Foe continued in the service of Godolphin's ministry. But at the special desire of Harley himself; to whom, as the person by whom he had been first employed for Anne, and whose apparently falling fortunes were a new claim of attachment, he considered himself bound. 'Nay, not so, Mr De Foe,' said Harley, 'I shall not take it ill,

‘from you in the least. Besides, it is the Queen you are serving, who has been very good to you.’ The words were well selected for continuance of the tenure by which the sagacious diplomatist had first engaged his service. Upon this, he went to the Lord-Treasurer, who received him with great friendliness, and told him, ‘smiling,’ he had not seen him a long while. De Foe frankly mentioned his obligations to Harley, and his fear that his interest might be lessened on that account. ‘Not at all, Mr De Foe,’ rejoined Godolphin; ‘I always think a man honest till I find the contrary.’ The scrupulous author, nevertheless, considered it his duty entirely to cease communication with the rival statesman, till he again appeared as a public minister.

It was not very long. Nor had the Ministry, on the score of moderation at any rate, profited greatly by his absence; while he, by the position of parties, was driven to the extreme of opposition. Despairing of the Queen’s power to second her well-known inclination, the High Church trumpet had again sounded to battle, and De Foe had again buckled on his armour of offence against both ultra-parties. It was now he told the world that fate of the unbiassed writer, with which a witty admirer of modern days has familiarized his readers. ‘If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of their virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless. *And this is the course I take myself.*’ It was now, describing his personal treatment by one of the Tory mobs, he told them the destiny of all that had ever served them. ‘He that will help you, must be hated and neglected by you, must be mobbed and plundered for you, must starve and hang for you, and must yet help you. *And thus I do.*’ Then came again upon the scene his old friend Dr Henry Sacheverell. This brawling priest attacked Godolphin in the pulpit by the name of *Volpone*; inveighed against Burnet and other bishops for not unfurling the bloody flag against Dissent; abused the Revolution as unrighteous; and broadly reasserted non-resistance and passive obedience. The man was such a fool and madman, that a serious thought should not have been wasted on him, whatever might be needful to discountenance his atrocious doctrines. This was the feeling of De Foe. When Harley called the sermon a ‘circumgyration of incoherent words,’ (in a speech thought to merit the same description,) it seems to have been his feeling too. It was certainly that of Somers, and of the best men in the cabinet. They all knew his noisy ignorance. His illustration of ‘paral-

'l'el lines meeting in a centre,' was a standing joke with the wits. But *Tolpone* stuck to Godolphin, and an impeachment was resolved upon. He, little thought, when he took to what Burnet calls the luxury of roasting a parson, that the fire would blaze high enough to roast himself and his colleagues.

Harley made a shrewder guess. He was dining with a friend in the country when the news reached him. 'The game is up!' He cried; left the dinner-table, and hurried to London. In vain De Foe still urged, 'Let us have the crime punished, not the man. The bar of the House of Commons is the worst pillory in the nation.' In that elevated pillory Sacheverell was placed; well dressed, with clean gloves, white handkerchief well managed, and other suitable accomplishments; Atterbury, who secretly despised him, in affected sympathy by his side; the mob without, screaming for their martyr; and women, high and low, frantic with admiration. 'You could never embark the ladies,' said De Foe, 'till you fell upon the clergy. As soon as you pinch the parson, the women are one woman in his defence.' His description of the interest created by the impeachment is one of his happiest pieces of quiet irony. It has also historic value. The ladies, he tells us, laid aside their chocolate, their china, and their gallantries, for state business; the *Tatler*, the immortal *Tatler*, the great Bickerstaff himself, (to whom, let us remark by the way, De Foe, in his hearty admiration, had lately resigned the offices of his own *Scandal Club*,) was fain to leave off talking to them; they had no leisure for Church;—little Miss, still obliged to go, had the Doctor's picture put into her prayer-book; even Punch laid aside his domestic broils, to gibber for the holy nan; and not only were the churches thinned, and the parks, but the very playhouses felt the effect, and Betterton died a beggar. Well had it been, however, if this were all. A series of horrible riots followed. Meeting-houses were pulled down; the bloody flag was in reality unfurled; mounted escorts, carrying Martyr Sacheverell about the country, were every where the signal for the plunder and outrage of Dissenters; the printed defence (filled with abuse of De Foe and his *Reviews*) circulated by tens of thousands; and Lord Treasurer Godolphin was ordered to break his staff and make way for Harley.

He took office; and at once began the work, which, whatever the motives we assign to him, and whatever the just faults we may find with the absence of decision in his mind and in his temper, we must admit that he continued to the last, of opposing, against his own interests, the exterminating policy of the party who had borne him into power. While several leading Whigs

yet retained office, he again unsuccessfully attempted a coalition with Cowper and Walpole; and it was not till wholly rebuffed in this quarter that he completed his High Tory cabinet, and determined to risk a dissolution. St John was made secretary; Harcourt had the great seal; and he himself took the treasurer's staff. The elections gave him a majority, though not very decisive; and Anne's celebrated 'last administration' began its career. A man might predict in some sort the course of it, who had seen the new Premier on the first of October; the eve of the meeting of Parliament. He was not at the palace of the Queen, nor in his office of business with Harcourt or St John; he was stopping in his coach at the St James's coffee-house, to set down Jonathan Swift. 'He knew my Christian name very well,' says the *Journal to Stella*. On that day the ex-Whig partisan had sent forth a lampoon against Godolphin, and paid his first visit to Harley. On the 4th, he dined with him. Afterwards, his visits were daily welcomed. The proud and long-neglected Priest found himself, on the same hopeful October day, dining for tenpence in his old chop-house; then going 'reeking' from thence to the first minister of state; and then, in charity, sending a *Tatler* to Steele, 'who is very low of late.' Others were 'low' too. There was Congreve, a resolute Whig, and member of the Kit Katt, whose little place depended on the ministry. But Harley quieted his fears with a happy quotation from Virgil.

'Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
Of Sol so distant from the race of Tyre.'

Whatever else were the objections to this statesman, they did not lie on the score of his indifference to genius. The administration organized, he sent for De Foe. A different course was needful with Daniel from that taken with Jonathan. Harley knew De Foe thoroughly; and was not grieved to know that the High Church majority in the Commons might have been much larger but for his unwearied personal and public exertions against that faction, in the elections recently closed. De Foe distinctly states the result of the interview to have been, that he capitulated for liberty to speak according to his own judgment of things, and that he had that liberty allowed him. Nor did he wait on Harley till he had first consulted the dismissed Godolphin, who counselled him to consider himself the Queen's servant; to wait till he saw things settled, and then to take her Majesty's commands from the new minister. In the same tone Harley conferred with him now. And if we couple the interview with the paper sent forth in the *Review*, and which first opened the fury of the Whig batteries on De Foe, we shall find every thing to

confirm the impression here taken of it; of the character of Harley himself; and of the honourable grounds of De Foe's conditional support. He states his opinion to be, that the Ministry must be carried on upon the foundation and with the principles of the Revolution. This, he adds, can be the only safe guide where so many parties alternately govern; and where men of the same party have so often been of several opinions about the same thing. He states that he shall not go along with the Ministry unless they go along with him. He exults in Harley's known inclination to the Whigs; and, indeed, he argues, 'the constitution is of such a nature, that, whoever may be in it, if they are faithful to their duty, it will either find them Whigs or make them so.' And upon these plain principles he acted. They were principles professed by Swift two years later; but never, later or earlier, acted on by him. 'I bear all the ministers try to be my witnesses,' he wrote to Steele, in whose *Correspondence* the letter may be found, 'that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them; for I think principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last, you and I differ; but in the other I think we agree; for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig.' And in two months from the date of the letter, he was covering this very 'Dick Steele' with the most lavish contempt, for no better reason than that he held Whig principles. But he wrote for his deanery, and got it; De Foe wrote for what he believed to be the public service, and had no reward or fee but the consciousness of having done so.

Compare Swift's *Examiner* with De Foe's *Review*, and the distinction is yet more plain. It is earnest and manly reasoning against a series of profligate libels. Libels, too, in which the so-called advocate of Harley is denounced by Harley's confidential writer, as an *illiterate idiot*. 'Much wit in that!' quietly answered De Foe; who never was seduced into party lampooning, and, even at moments like these, held Swift's wit and genius in honour. 'Now I know a learned man at this time, an orator in the Latin, a walking index of books, who has all the libraries in Europe in his head, from the Vatican at Rome to the learned collection of Doctor Salmon at Fleet Ditch; but he is a cynic in behaviour, a fury in temper, unpolite in conversation, abusive in language, and ungovernable in passion. Is this to be learned? Then may I still be illiterate.' It was the calm spirit of every return vouchsafed by the author of the *Review* to the cross-fire which now assailed him. He was content,

whether defending or opposing, to stand alone. He did not think the *Brothers' Club* had helped the ministry, nor that the *Scriblerus Club* would be any service to literature. He preferred to stand where he did, 'unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir or 'slave;' in frank and free communication with his countrymen. Let us briefly state his debtor-and-creditor account with the Administration of Robert Harley.

He supported him against the October Club; a party of a hundred country gentlemen, who drank October ale, and would have driven things to extremes against the Whigs. He supported him against the bigot Rochester; and against the fiery, impatient Bolingbroke. He supported him against the Whigs; when the Whigs, to avenge their party disappointments, laid aside their noblest principles, and voted with Lord Findlater for the dissolution of the Scottish Union. He supported him also against the Whigs, when, for no nobler reason, they joined with his old enemy Lord Nottingham to oppress and disable the Dissenters. And again he supported him against the Whigs, when, speaking through their ablest and most liberal representatives, the Walpoles and the Stanhopes, they declared emphatically, and in all circumstances, for a total prohibition of trade with France. It was on this latter question De Foe would seem to have incurred their most deadly hatred. He had achieved the repute of a great authority in matters of this kind; and he threw it all into the scale in favour of Bolingbroke's treaty. He wrote on it often, and largely; with eminent ability, and with great effect. His view briefly was, that the principle of a free trade, unencumbered by prohibitions, and with very moderate duties, was 'not only 'equal and just, but proceeding on the true interest of trade, and 'much more to the advantage of Britain than of France.' What disadvantages of unpopularity such reasoning then had, we need not say; the cry of 'trade and wool' did as much for the Whigs as that of 'Sacheverell and the Church' had done for the Tories; but De Foe opposed both alike, and it is little likely he will be traduced for it now. But we have not yet stated the reverse of the account. It is not less honourable to him.

He did not oppose the Peace when settled; but while it was in progress he opposed the terms. He desired peace; but did not think the Spanish guarantees sufficient. He thought that Europe had been saved by the policy of William and the Whigs, and by the genius of Marlborough; but he did not approve the violent method of winding up the war. He was, in short, glad when it was done; but would have been ashamed to take part in the doing. And the best judgment of posterity, we believe, confirms his judgment. He opposed the creation of Peers. He

opposed strongly, while the Whigs made the feeblest resistance, the Parliamentary Qualification act; which he condemned for a lurking tendency to give preponderance to the landed interest. He opposed the Occasional Conformity bill; though his position respecting it was such that he might fairly have kept his peace. He opposed the tax upon papers; and bitterly denounced the false attack upon the press which signalized Bolingbroke's few days' Ministry. He concentrated all his strength of opposition against the same statesman's Schism Bill; in which an attempt was made to deprive Dissenters of all share in the work of education; grounded on those preposterous High Church claims which we have seen flagrantly revived in more recent days. Let us show, by a memorable passage from the *Review*, how little Church pretences and extravagances alter, while all else alters around them. 'Who are they that at this juncture are so clamorous against the Dissenters, and are eagerly soliciting for a further security to the Church? Are they not that part of the clergy who have already made manifest advances towards the synagogue of Rome? They who preach the independency of the Church on the State; who urge the necessity of auricular confession, sacerdotal absolution, extreme unction, and prayer for the dead? who expressly teach the real presence in the Lord's Supper, which they will have to be a proper sacrifice; and contend for the practice of rebaptizing, wherein they overshoot the Papists themselves? Are they not they who are loudly clamorous for those church lands which, to the unspeakable detriment of the public, were in the days of ignorance given to impudent begging friars?' Finally, when it was imagined that the leading ministers were intriguing for the succession of the Pretender; and when it was reported everywhere that the Manifesto of the Jacobites against a Protestant succession lay splendidly bound in the Queen's closet at Windsor; De Foe wrote and published those three pamphlets, which, for prompt wit and timely satire, may reckon with his best efforts—*A Seasonable Caution. What if the Pretender should come?* and *What if the Queen should die?*

It is almost inconceivable that the Whigs should have led the cry against him on the score of these admirable pieces; but it is another proof of the blindness of party malice. A great Whig light commenced a prosecution against him, at his private cost, for desiring by these works to favour the Jacobite succession. Their mode of recommending the Jacobite succession having been to say, that it would confer on every one the privilege of wearing wooden shoes, and ease the nobility and gentry of the hazard and expense of winter journeys to Parliament! Yet the prosecutors found judges to tell De Foe, 'that they contained matter for

‘which he might be hanged, drawn, and quartered;’ he was thrown again into Newgate; and might possibly again have been taken thence to the pillory, but for the interposition of Harley, now Lord Oxford. He represented the matter to the Queen; and made known to De Foe the opinion expressed by Anne. ‘She saw nothing but private pique in it.’ A pardon was issued by Bolingbroke, and the prisoner released. But not till, with an instinct that the end was now approaching, he had brought his *Review* to a close, within the hard ungenial walls wherein it had begun. It was with a somewhat sorrowful retrospect he closed it, but not without a dignified content. In the school of affliction, he bethought him, he had learned more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit; in prison he had learned to know that liberty does not consist in open doors, and the free egress and regress of locomotion. He had seen the rough and smooth sides of the world, and tasted the difference between the closet of a King and the Newgate dungeon. Here, in the dungeon, he had still ‘with humblest acknowledgments’ to remember that a glorious Prince had ‘loved’ him; and whatever fortune had still in store, he felt himself not unfit, by all this discipline, for serious application to the great, solemn, and weighty work, of resignation to the will of Heaven.

He needed it when the crisis came. It is not here our province to dwell on the memorable scenes of 1714, which consigned Oxford to the Tower and Bolingbroke to exile; shattered the Tory party; settled the succession of Hanover; and fixed the Whigs in power. The principles for which De Foe had contended all his life were at last securely established; and for his reward he had to show the unnoticed and unprotected scars of thirty-two years’ incessant political conflict. But he retired as he had kept the field—with a last hearty word for his patron Harley; and with a manly defence against the factious slanders which had opened on himself. He probably heard the delighted scream of Mr Boyer as his figure disappeared; to the effect of how fully he had been ‘confuted by the ingenious and judicious Joseph Addison, esquire.’ Doubtless he also smiled to observe what Whig rewards for Whig services were now most plentifully scattered. The ingenious Mr Addison, Secretary of State; Steele, Sir Richard and Surveyor of the royal stables; Mr Tickell, Irish Secretary; Mr Congreve, twelve hundred a-year; Mr Rowe, Mr Hughes, Mr Ambrose Philips, all comfortably sinecured. For himself, he was in his fifty-fourth year; and, after a life of bodily and mental exertion that would have worn down a score of ordinary men, had to begin life anew.

Into that new life we shall enter but briefly. It is plain to all the world. It is the life by which he became immortal. It is contained in his works; and there the world may read it. What we sought to exhibit here, we trust we have made sufficiently obvious. After all the objections which may be justly made to his opinions, on the grounds of shortcoming or excess, we believe that, in the main features of the career we have set before the reader, will be recognised a noble English example of the qualities most prized by Englishmen. De Foe is our only famous politician and man of letters, who represented, in its inflexible constancy, sturdy resolution, unwearied perseverance, and obstinate contempt of danger and of tyranny, the great Middle-class English Character. We believe it to be no mere national pride to say, that, whether in its defects or its surpassing merits, the world has had none other to compare with it. He lived in the thickest stir of the conflict of the four most violent party reigns of English history; and if we have at last entered into peaceful possession of most part of the rights at issue in those party struggles, it the more becomes us to remember such a man with gratitude, and with wise consideration for what errors we may find in him. He was too much in the constant heat of the battle, to see all that we see now. He was not a philosopher himself; but he helped philosophy to some wise conclusions. He did not stand at the highest point of toleration, or of moral wisdom; but with his masculine active arm, he helped to lift his successors over obstructions which had stayed his own advance. He stood apart and alone in his opinions and his actions from his fellow men; but it was to show his fellow men of later times the value of a juster and larger fellowship, and of more generous modes of action. And when he now retreated from the world Without to the world Within, in the solitariness of his unrewarded service and integrity, he had assuredly earned the right to challenge the higher recognition of posterity. He was walking toward History with steady feet; and might look up into her awful face with a brow unabashed and undismayed.

His last political Essay was written in 1715; and, while the proof sheets lay uncorrected before him, he was struck with apoplexy. After some months' danger, he rallied; and in the three following years sent forth a series of works, chiefly moral and religious, and of which the *Family Instructor* and the *Religious Courtship* may be mentioned as the types; which were excellently adapted to a somewhat limited purpose, and are still in very high esteem. They have before been remarked upon in this Journal, in an Article on Mr Wilson's Biography of the great writer; and may be briefly dismissed here. They had extraordinary popularity; went

through countless editions; and found their way, not only in handsome setting forth to the King's private libraries, but on rough paper to all the fairs and markets of the kingdom. They were generally, up to the beginning of the century, among the standard prize-books of schools; and might be seen lying, in coarse workman garb, with *Pomfret's Poems* or *Hervey's Meditations*, on the window-seat of any tradesman's house. Grave moral and religious questions had, in truth, not before been approached with any thing like that dramatic liveliness of manner. To the same popularity were also in later years committed, such half satirical, half serious books, as the *Political History of the Devil*; of which strong plain sense, and a desire to recommend, by liveliness of treatment, the most homely and straightforward modes of looking into moral and religious questions, were again the distinguishing characteristics. Other works of miscellaneous interest will be found recited in the careful catalogue of De Foe's writings (upwards of two hundred in all!) prefixed to his Edition by Mr Hazlitt; who has so gracefully inherited, in this and other subjects, his father's tastes. The most remarkable of these works was probably the *Complete English Tradesman*; in which you see distinctly reflected many of the most solid and striking points of De Foe's own character; and, let us add, of the general character of our middle-class countrymen. The plays of Heywood, Massinger, and Ben Jonson do not give us the citizens of their time more vividly, nor better contrast the staidness and the follies of old and young, than De Foe has here accomplished for the traders of William and Anne. We are surprised to be told that this book was less popular than others of its class. Perhaps a certain surly vein of satire which was in it, was the reason. A book which tends, however justly, to satirize any general community, readers included, is dangerous to the author's popularity, however the public may like satire in particular, or when aimed at certain classes. Our hasty recital would be incomplete, without a reference to his many publications on points of domestic economy, and questions of homely domestic morals; or to a timely and powerful series of strictures on London Life, in which he earnestly suggested the necessity of a Metropolitan-University, of a Foundling Hospital, and of a well-organized system of Police. He also again attacked the stage on the success of the *Beggar's Opera*; and here, confusing a little the prose and poetry of the matter, made that excellent piece responsible for a coarse drama on the subject of the recently hanged 'Jack Sheppard.' In this discussion he again encountered his old enemy, the Dean of St Patrick's; and, moving the spleen of Swift's dearest friend, go

himself niched in the *Dunciad*. But the assailant lived to regret it more than the assailed.

Meanwhile, concurrently with these works, there had appeared a more memorable series from the same untiring hand. In 1719, being then in his fifty-eighth year, he had published *Robinson Crusoe*. In 1720, the *Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton*; the *Dumb Philosopher*; and *Duncan Campbell*. In 1721, the *Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders*. In 1722, the *Life and Adventures of Colonel Jack*; and the *Journal of the Plague Year*. In 1723, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. In 1724, *Roxana*. In 1725, the *New Voyage round the World*. And in 1728, the *Life of Captain Carleton*. He was at work upon a new production at the close of 1729, and apologises to his printer for having delayed the proofs through "exceeding illness." It never appeared.

Of *Robinson Crusoe* it is needless to speak. Was there ever any thing written by mere man but this, asked Doctor Johnson, that was wished longer by its readers? It is a standard Piece in every European language; its popularity has extended to every civilized nation. The traveller Burckhardt found it translated into Arabic, and heard it read aloud among the Arabs in the cool hours of evening. It is devoured by every boy; and, as long as a boy exists, he will clamour for *Robinson Crusoe*. It sinks into the bosom, while the bosom is most capable of pleasurable impressions from the adventurous and the marvellous. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that neither the *Iliad* nor the *Odyssey*, in the much longer course of ages, has incited so many to enterprise, or to reliance on their own powers and capacities. We need scarcely repeat, what has been said so well by many critics, that the secret of its fascination is its Reality. The same is to be said, in a no less degree, of the *History of the Plague*; which, for the grandeur of the theme, and the profoundly affecting familiarity of its treatment, is one of the noblest prose epics of the language. These are the masterpieces of De Foe. But, while open to objections on another score, the *Moll Flanders*, the *Colonel Jack*, and the *Roxana*, are not less decisive examples of a wonderful genius. In their day, too, they had no unwise or hurtful effect. They had a tendency to produce a more indulgent morality, and larger fair play to all. But we question the wisdom of now reviving them as they were written, we will frankly confess. As models of fictitious narrative, in common with all the writings of De Foe, they are supreme; the art of natural story-telling has had no such astonishing illustrations. High authorities have indeed thought them entitled to still

higher dignity. Some one asked Doctor Robertson to advise him as to a good historical style. 'Read De Foe,' replied the great historian. Colonel Jack's life has been commonly reprinted in the genuine accounts of Highwaymen; Lord Chatham thought the Cavalier a real person, and his description of the Civil Wars the best in the language; Doctor Mead quoted the book of the Plague as the narrative of an eyewitness; and Doctor Johnson sat up all night over Captain Carleton's Memoirs, as a new work of English history he wondered not to have seen before. In particular scenes, too, of the three tales we are more immediately considering, (those of the Prison in *Moll Flanders*, of Susannah in *Roxana*, and of the Boyhood in *Colonel Jack*,) the highest masters of prose fiction have never surpassed them. But it will remain the chief distinction of De Foe, in these minor tales of English life, to have been the father of the illustrious family of the English Novel. Swift directly copied from him; Richardson founded his style of minute narrative wholly upon him; Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith, Godwin, Scott, and Dickens, have been more or less indebted to him. Shall we scruple to add, then, that while he remains unapproached in his two great masterpieces, he has been surpassed in his minor works by these his successors? His language is as easy and copious, but less elegant and harmonious; his insight into character is as penetrating, but not so penetrating into the heart; his wit and irony are as playful, but his humour is less genial and expansive; and he wants the delicate fancy, the richness of imagery, the sympathy, the pathos, which will keep the later Masters of our English Novel the delightful companions, the gentle monitors, the welcome instructors, of future generations. So true it is, that every great writer promotes the next great writer one step; and in some cases gets himself superseded by him.

While his gigantic labours were in progress, De Foe seems to have lived almost wholly at his favourite Newington. His writings had been profitable. He got little for *Robinson Crusoe*, but was paid largely for its successors. We have occasional glimpses of him still engaged in mercantile speculation; purchasing and assigning leases; disposing of South Sea stock; and otherwise attending to worldly affairs. But we do not see him steadily till 1724. A gentleman named Baker, afterwards known as a somewhat celebrated philosophical enquirer, had then occasion to go to Newington, where he fell in love with a pretty girl, the youngest of three daughters who lived in a large and handsome house in Church Street, which their father had newly built. The father was an old gentleman of sixty-four years, afflicted with gout and stone, but very cheerful, still very

active, with mental faculties in sharp abundance, keeping a handsome coach, paying away much money in acts of charity, and greatly given to the cultivation of a large and pleasant garden. This was Daniel De Foe. We know nothing more with certainty till six years later; when, from one of the most affecting letters which the English language contains, we learn that the conduct of De Foe's second son was embittering the closing days of his long and checkered life. He had violated some large trust reposed in him by his father, and had reduced his mother and sisters to beggary. De Foe writes from a place near Greenwich, where he seems to have been some time wandering about alone, in want, and with a broken heart. The letter is to his son-in-law Baker; possessor of his 'best gift,' his dear daughter; and closes thus:—"I would say, I hope with comfort, that it is yet well I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy. By what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases—*Te Deum laudamus*. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me, and, if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts, to his last breath."

The money was recovered, and the family again prosperous; but Daniel De Foe was gone. In his seventy-first year, on the 24th of April 1731, he had somehow found his way back to LONDON—to die in that parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, wherein he was born; and, as long as the famous old city should live, to live in the memory and admiration of her citizens.

ERRATA.

Page 56, line 7, for "Quané," read "Quant;" and line 8, for "cretés," read "créées."

— 450, line 33, for "Dr Phillimore," read "Mr Phillimore."

— — line 34, for "Lyttelton," read "Lyttleton."

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